THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DECEMBER 30, 1916 — 5c. THE COPY

THE SPREADING DAWN—By Basil King

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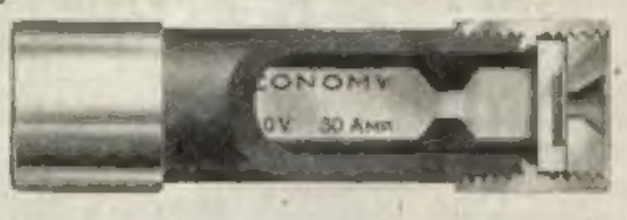

When an Economy renewable Fuse has opened the circuit after an excessive current flow, an accurately rated "Drop Out" Renewal Link, inserted by anyone in a few minutes, renews the fuse to its original efficiency. Thus, instead of discarding an entire fuse after operation, an Economy Fuse is used over and over again to obtain original full protection against the fire and accident hazards of short-circuits, overloads and the effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits.

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Still One-Half Cent Per Dish
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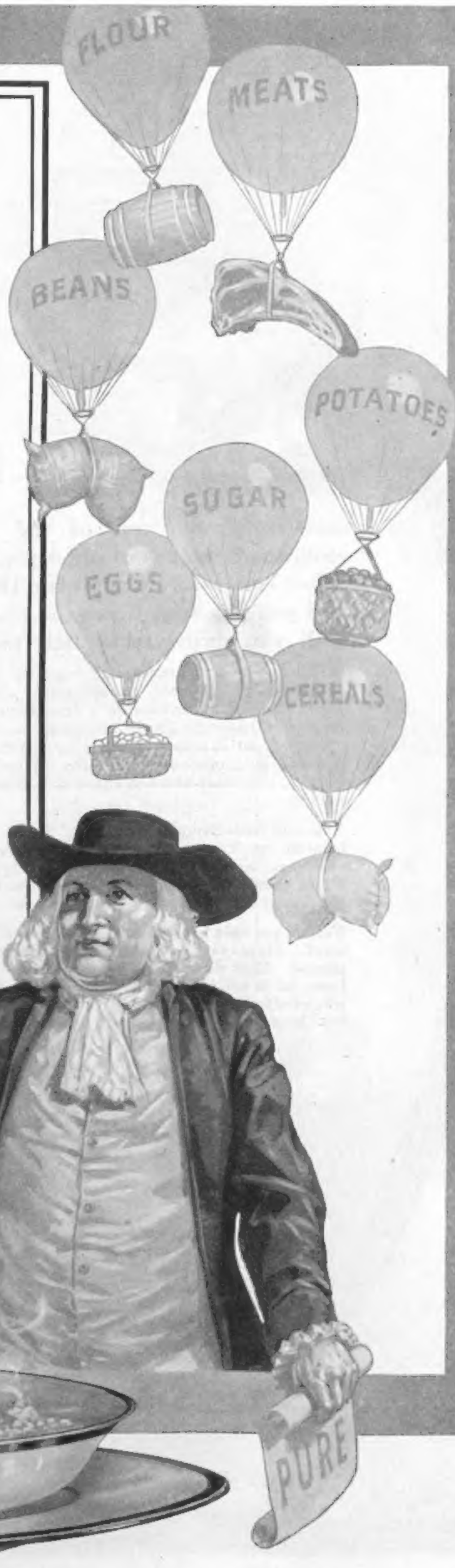

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Made to our order, extra large and heavy, to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way. Send us our trademarks —the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages, or an affidavit showing the purchase of five packages of Quaker Oats. Send $1.00 with the trademarks or affidavit, and this ideal cooker will be sent to you by parcel post prepaid. We require the trademarks or affidavit as assurance that you are a user of Quaker Oats. The trademarks have no redemption value. This offer applies to United States and Canada. We supply only one cooker to a family. If, upon receipt, the cooker does not meet with your entire approval, you are at liberty to return it at our expense. Address

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THE SPREADING DAWN

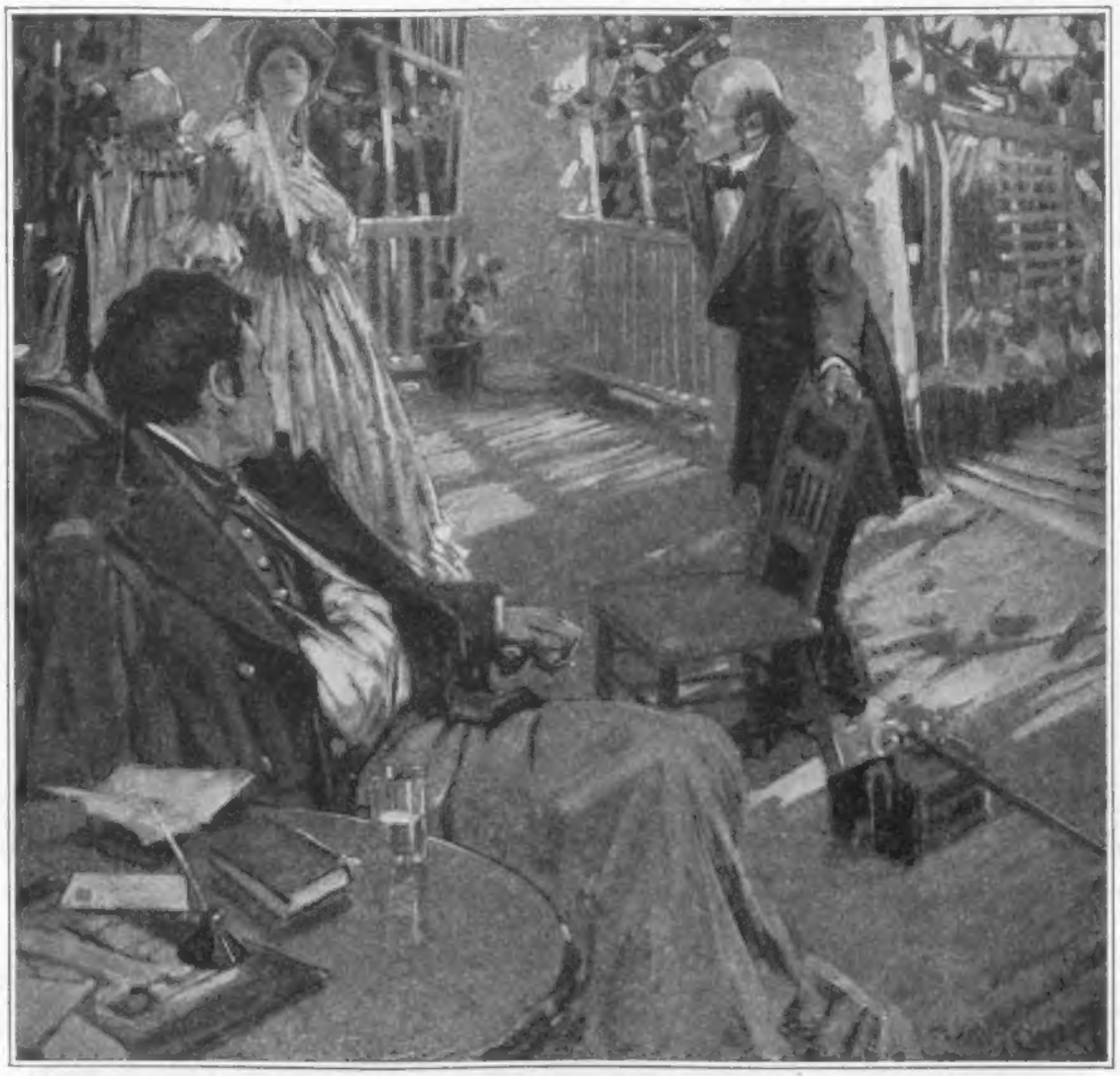
"Love like the light silently wrapping all."
WALT WHITMAN: *Song of the Universal.*

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

OLD Mrs. Vanderpyl found in dying the same grim satisfaction with which she had lived. She had never feared death, though she had always expected it to be disagreeable. It proved to be peaceful, however, and to some extent luxurious. She seemed to herself to be sinking, sinking, sinking, into something downy and delicious and deep that guarded her against a fall. She had no pain; she was not unduly aware of weakness. As for senile decay, the idea wouldn't have occurred to her had she not heard the doctor name it to the nurse as the cause of this tranquil end. She laughed at that—laughed with the remote inward amusement that sent no light to the eye and no ripple to the lips, and that none of the healthy, sturdy living things round her suspected she could feel. When she thought of them—the two nephews and the niece, the cousin and the niece-in-law—death became even more enlivening than life since it brought her nearer to her purposes.

Hugging her purposes, she laughed again. A few days ago she would have been equal to a faint cackle, like the rattle of far-away musketry. As it was, she had no more strength for that, but her capacity for jocose anticipation had not failed her. They supposed she was unconscious because she lay so still, her keen, delicate, hook-nosed profile cutting into the shadowy folds of the pillow. If her eyes appeared to be closed it was only because the lids, that might have been woven of some marvelous ancient tissue, drooped from weariness. Nevertheless, she could see as sharply as she had ever seen in her life, and could read the thoughts of those in the room with a shrewdness that was an enjoyment in itself.



Cornelia Mercer Never Denied That She Fell in Love With Him at First Sight

She knew, for example, that Molly Vanderpyl, Lewis' wife, was bored as well as frightened by this tedious departure, and at three on a winter's morning wanted to go to bed.

"Lewis, why can't we? She doesn't know anyone now."

"She'll not last much longer," the patient heard her elder nephew whisper in response. "We've stuck it out so far. Let us do it to the end."

No one knew better than the dying woman all that this little speech implied. They had stuck it out so far; she herself had seen to it. Having the power to keep them all like puppets on a string, she had got the chief part of her pleasure from doing it. Men though her nephews were, she had skillfully thwarted their efforts to become independent, and as for her niece she had held her bound if not precisely gagged. When, as she was aware, they had groaned and cursed to each other in private, she had been the more completely gratified in the exaction of her dues.

It was because they believed that that part of their trial was over now that they could be so patient. They could watch with her through this one night, since it was to be the last. Lewis, big, stout, kindly, handsome and stupid, had placed himself nearest to her pillow, turning at intervals to where his little terrified wife sat in the shadow, to reassure her or press her hand. For the first time under that roof he risked these endearments openly, believing the eye whose glance would have forbidden them to be glazed in approaching death. The alert mind took in, however, all the significance of these trifling acts, as well as that of Georgina's appraising promenades about the dim, sacred room whose mistress was leaving it forever.

Georgina considered herself free to do to-night what she had never dared in all her eight and twenty years. Nominally occupying a seat at the side of the great canopied bed opposite to her brother Lewis, she got up repeatedly to examine this or that object and speculate as to whose it should be. She lifted the covers of boxes and took out brooches and rings; she opened drawers and inspected their contents. She did this with the languid, distinguished movement which was her special characteristic. Everything about her was languid and distinguished, except perhaps her wishes and her will. Of the three Vanderpyls she was the most stubbornly rebellious to the aged aunt's authority. When, for example, she had announced her engagement to young Frank Stiles, a broker trying to make a fortune in Wall Street without capital, old Mrs. Vanderpyl had contented herself with saying: "There will be no such engagement as long as I live." To this Georgina, with an oblique resting of her dreamy eyes, and in a tone which her *soir trainante* made only the more insolent, had replied: "Oh, well, you won't live forever!" and the matter had seemingly rested there. Georgina remained engaged secretly, and the old lady made no further reference to the subject.

Least of all did she hint at a modification of those purposes in which, as she frequently declared to Lizzie Pentreath, her nephews and her niece by marriage would be the most interested parties.

Nugent, the second nephew, tiptoed softly up and down the room, pausing from time to time to gaze with an awed, expectant fascination on the pale, rigid, exquisite features. Now and then old Mrs. Vanderpyl felt him stoop with his ear to her lips or her heart. "I think she's going," or "I think she's gone," he whispered occasionally to the white-capped nurse who stood at the head of the bed and invariably replied: "No, not yet; it will be more toward morning." Nugent was stout like his brother, but shorter and stockier—the typical New York business man of the type that takes an interest in ward politics. His aunt had destined him for diplomacy, as being a career worthy of a Vanderpyl; but Nugent's taste for the hurly-burly of New York life had gone beyond her intentions and control.

At one of the moments when the nurse had given him her official reply Lizzie Pentreath came sniffling from her seat in a far corner of the room, as if to verify the woman's conclusions for herself.

"Do you know me, dear?"

She had asked the question at least half a dozen times since midnight, bending over her dying patroness, with tears streaming down her pretty, wax-like cheeks. Old Mrs. Vanderpyl could offer no reply but in her customary mute disdain. Lizzie Pentreath with her goodness, her piety and her humbleness of spirit had always been a fool, and was not more so now at seventy than she had been at seventeen. She was the dying woman's cousin on the mother's side, which was not the side that had left the money. When, years ago, her one little love affair had ended without a sequel, leaving no more trace, except in Lizzie's heart, than the perfume of a last summer's flower, Cornelia Vanderpyl had taken her on as a sort of lady-in-waiting in the great house between

Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth Streets in Fifth Avenue, where, faithful, devoted, doglike, she had lived for forty years. Kicks as well as ha'pence had entered into her reward, and she had taken both with a sweetness and a patience that verged on gratitude.

Of this loyalty old Mrs. Vanderpyl was aware. With the exception of foolish Lizzie Pentreath, there wasn't a being left on earth to whom her death wouldn't come as a relief. As for Lewis and Molly, for Nugent and Georgina, she was where for years they had been longing to see her. She bore them no grudge for their joy—or at least no addition to the grudge she had borne them all their lives. Since grudges were part of the game, she took comfort in the reflection that it was a game at which two sides could play. Her zest was heightened rather than diminished by the knowledge that she played alone, while the fact that her ace would be laid on the table only when they felt assured that she could play no more inspired her with patience.

It made dying easier. Death would in a measure not be death so long as her will was imposed on those who stayed behind. As for senile decay, she laughed at it again—her silent, bitter, inward chuckle, of which the repression but added to the mirth. Senile decay when she was only eighty-two! Had they any conception of how short a time eighty-two years could be? Why, it was but yesterday that she had been a little girl. It was no effort whatever to go back to the period, or to reconstruct the fine old house her grandfather had built, in which she herself was born, in Ann Street. An office building now stood on the site, and from it she drew some of her ample means. She hated bequeathing it to the Vanderpyls, nor would she have done so had there been any Mercers nearer than some ridiculously remote cousins in Illinois of whom to make her heirs. Otherwise all the Mercers had died out. She herself, the only child of an only child of an only child, was the last of the line in New York.

They had been great people in their day, the Mercers. The mere sites of their houses were as milestones in metropolitan history. They had lived in Battery Park before moving to Ann Street, and from Ann Street they had migrated to Washington Square. In Washington Square she had come out, with all the *éclat* due to her position as an important heiress. Heiresses were rare in those days, and rarer still those whose fortunes ran over the million mark like hers. At eighteen she had been a personage in the New York of the mid-nineteenth century, and had felt herself equal to the destiny. Nature having created her beautiful and proud, and fate having, as the saying went, put the world at her feet, she had come early to a sense of power. Power rather than love or pleasure had given the secret impulse to her life. Had she been a man, she would have been a general, an admiral or a statesman. She had never expressed it so; she had hardly been aware of it; but a ruling fact was a ruling fact.

A ruling fact was a ruling fact, and she could look back on its persistence now with an odd clarity of analysis. It was extraordinary how vivid the past became in these last hours of summing up. Events she had forgotten—people to whom she had never attached importance as factors in her life—details of which she hadn't appreciated the significance—stood out in dreamlike luminosity, not as vanished or gone by, but as present and potential. They came as illustrations of her appetite for power. That detached itself when much else remained obscure. She saw now that when in her youth she had been courted, flattered or amused, it was not courting, flattery or amusement that had thrilled her most; it was the knowledge that she held the wills of others in her grasp, to thwart, or gratify, or bend to suit herself. In days when she had had no rival in New York—when she had been admired and wooed at the Court of the Second Empire—when, as the phrase went, she turned the heads of half the young men in London—her real joy had lain in the fact that this homage was her due. It was hers to make use of or to fling away—and to fling it away was the use which in general she made of it. She broke hearts and frustrated ambitions without compunction. Her beauty could do the one and her money the other. She had prized both these assets in proportion as they made her a woman to be feared.

They passed before her in a kind of procession, the men who would have married her. Nearly all of them were dead, while those who survived were so old now that covetousness and passion had alike burned out their fires. But she saw them as young, dashing, eager, crowding and battling for her hand. There were all sorts of nooks and corners and green fields and country roads associated with this one's proposal and that one's, of which little remained except in her memory.

There was, for example, the ocean-side dell at Newport where Charlie Evans had asked her to marry him. It was no more than a fold in the coast line through which you could have slipped down into the sea. The Cliff Walk ran above it—then but a frayed, loosely flung ribbon guaranteeing Fisherman's Rights. Charlie had been the first. He had put his question between two bursts of laughter, and had expected the answer she gave him. But he had really cared for her—had married no one else—and nine years later fell at Gettysburg. As under her drooped lids she watched Georgina languidly taking up the silver articles on the toilet table one by one, appropriating them to herself, she wondered if "more toward morning," as the nurse expressed it, she and Charlie Evans would meet again.

Then there was a rocky pasture in that portion of New York where the streets between Sixtieth and Seventieth now ran, and which had been purchased at a bargain by her father. She had invited Loring Brent to walk with her there on purpose to "have it over." It was an afternoon in spring, and whole stretches of the poverty-stricken soil were white and mauve with patches of close-growing eyebright. Loring Brent was a rising young lawyer, clever, crafty, ambitious and well born. He had a right to pretend to her hand, but not as a means of getting hold of her money. It had been a satisfaction to her during all those years in which she watched him climb from a large practice to the Senate, and from the Senate to an Embassy, to remember she had told him so. Though he made a success on another woman's money, he must always have carried in his heart the sting of what she had said to him in the rocky pasture that April afternoon. She herself could recall it almost word for word as her eye followed his coffin up the aisle of St. Thomas' only three years previously.

Then there was a shady corner in a drawing-room that was now part of an establishment for the sale of ready-made clothing. Here Bertie Bell had informed her, with a mixture of humor and crudeness, that as they were two of a kind they had better throw their resources together. By two of a kind he meant that they were both butterflies of fashion, and on her money they could continue an easy, flowery flight. It was the last thing he ever said to her. When they met in the future it amused her to see how he dodged her approach. Though he long kept his status as a leader of cotillons he dropped out of society in time, and she recalled hearing, some quarter of a century later, that he had died, forlorn and almost penniless, in a boarding house in Brooklyn.

There were others—a good many others—American business men, French counts, Italian princes, English younger sons, of each of whom she remembered the name and the looks and the character. And then had come her own great, entrancing, enslaving, miserable fiasco of a romance.

She was thirty when she met at last the man of her dreams. He was Anthony Vanderpyl, of the well-known banking family the ruin of which had supplied New York, in the year 1860, with a topic of conversation almost as burning as that of slavery in the South.

With the downfall of the house Peter Vanderpyl had committed suicide, leaving a widow to struggle with the task of bringing up a family of five sons. Of these Anthony was the eldest and Lewis the youngest. It was fortunate that at the time of his father's death Anthony Vanderpyl had already passed through Yale, and so was able, with the aid of a large and influential cousinship, to act the paternal rôle toward his younger brothers. The position of responsibility rendering him dignified, grave and preoccupied beyond his years, he became an interesting, attractive figure, especially to people older than himself. He won their esteem and confidence. There were few who didn't predict that in him the name of Vanderpyl would speedily be restored. When, therefore, in 1862, he went to the war in the Seventh New York Cavalry, the renunciation of a brilliant future was looked upon as heroic not only on the young man's part but on that of the family who had let him go.

Cornelia Mercer never denied that when she met him, convalescent from a shattered right arm, at the end of 1863, she fell in love with him at first sight. Though she was thirty while he was only twenty-five, sorrow, energy and suffering had so stamped him that he seemed her senior by ten years.

She was then at the supreme moment of a beauty which two generations later had become almost legendary in New York. Tall, slender and strong, quick and free and lithe in her movements, a dancer, a horsewoman, a mistress on the croquet lawn, an actress, a singer, a pianist, a linguist, she commanded all the arts the mid-nineteenth century admired in a woman. The hardness of the eye went unnoticed in contemplation of the brilliant skin, just as one forgot the iciness of the voice in laughing at the spirited repartee. She was not so much loved as worshiped, and not so much worshiped as she was flattered with an almost obsequious deference.

Anthony Vanderpyl of all the men round her knew how to meet her as an equal. He was taller than she and of as good a family, while the tragedy in his life threw over him an atmosphere not without its value. Moreover, he bore in his face that romantic look which men seem to have brought back from the Civil War. It gave to a head which the French would have called *une tête de coiffeur* that something virile and modest and dreamy and sad which belongs to people who have "seen things." In his profound eyes one caught the shadows of men marching and falling and dying. Even the upward curve of his dark mustache, and the strip of close-clipped side whisker before each ear, were oddly fraught with heartbreaking partings and noble strifes in the way that touches sympathies.

She Was Not So Much Loved as Worshiped, and Not So Much Worshiped as Flattered

The fact, too, that his right arm was then and for a year afterward carried in a sling was not without its appeal to a woman who demanded that the man she loved should already have proved himself worthy.

In the almost literal sense of the words Cornelia Mercer threw herself at his feet. Seeing that her position in New York might have been compared to that of a queen regnant, she was not ashamed of making the advances. For the first time in her life, it seemed to her, she had met a man for whom duty and honor meant more than safety and money, and who could give her in the way of character more than she herself possessed. She and everything she owned were, therefore, at his disposal. On his part he accepted all with the high distinction of one who knows himself master—an attitude from which he never receded, not at the very worst of times, to the hour of his death.

So the Mercer money went to the restoration of the Vanderpyls. The second, third and fourth sons being either in the army or in business in the West, it was on Lewis, the youngest, that the eldest brother's newly acquired fortune was expended. Lewis went to Yale in all the style of a rich man's son. His failures and escapades were regarded with indulgence. Even when he married Georgina Nugent, the daughter of an impoverished clergyman in New Haven, the folly was forgiven him. It was wholly forgotten when his wife began to bear him sons. The first real chagrin in Cornelia Vanderpyl's life was in being made to feel the reproach of childlessness. It came to her as a discovery that the primary passion in her husband's life was for the welfare and perpetuation of the name of Vanderpyl.

In Days When She Had Had No Rival in New York She Broke Hearts and Frustrated Ambitions Without Compunction

In its way it was a terrible discovery, since it made her no more than a means to an end. There were hours, there were days, when she told herself that notwithstanding her pride and her astuteness she had been tricked. But love is a harsh conqueror, and it broke her revolt. She came to doing what she would never have supposed herself equal to—to submitting to this new dictation without saying anything about it. She brought herself to fussing over Lewis' two boys because Anthony did it. When after an interval of years Georgina was born and Mrs. Lewis died, she twisted and forced and tamed her nature into acting as a mother to the three motherless children because Anthony expected it. It was the first cup of gall and wormwood that had ever been put to her lips, but she flattered herself that she swallowed it without a grimace.

When Lewis himself died—the Vanderpyls were not a long-lived race—and Anthony exclaimed, almost gloatingly, "They're my children now!" she compelled herself to echo his tone with the words: "And they're my children too." They had built the house between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth Streets by that time, and she enjoyed its spacious solitudes. They gave her the largeness of setting that became her, in which she could entertain with a hint of regality. The coming into the house of two noisy boys and a crying baby girl not only broke into its peace, but destroyed that imposing unity of life which had become a necessity. Gallantly, without a murmur, she bent her will to it. Anything to keep Anthony!

Anything to keep Anthony! She had come to using the argument as a formula. She was over fifty now, and Anthony not much past forty-five. Moreover, like most people who mature early, he had moved but little beyond what he had been at the close of the Civil War. In the late eighties his figure was still lithe and spare. No gray had touched his mustache or those strips of close-clipped side whisker which at that day and date had already become as souvenirs of a greater and more romantic time. In his profound eyes one still caught the shadows of men marching and falling and dying. His virile and modest and dreamy and sad demeanor continued to be that of the man who has "seen things." His wife loved him to desperation—loved him with a more frantic devotion in proportion as she saw herself a person whom others didn't love spontaneously.

That perception had been coming for some years. As the brilliancy of the complexion paled the hardness of the eye grew more apparent; as the wit of her repartee tended to become a mere laying down of law the iciness of the voice was manifest. Being one of the two or three most important women in New York, she maintained her position of authority; and yet she could see more and more plainly as time went on that in the intimate things, in those that imply friendship, affection and regard, the desert was all round her.

Then the tragedies followed rapidly. She never quite knew how she learned that Anthony had a mistress. She never surprised the secret, nor did anyone ever tell her. The knowledge seemed to have come of its own accord, by a process of divination. She went through months during which she called on all the forces she had ever heard of to help her to ignore outwardly that which inwardly was eating out her heart. Anthony never knew that she knew. He never knew it when she learned that there had been not only one other woman in his life, but two and three. When he died she had the consolation of remembering that she had never humiliated herself by so much as a word, that the mask of silence and pride had never once been taken off.

He bequeathed her the three Vanderpyls. It was almost his only legacy. At sixty she found herself mother to two hulking young men and a little girl—none of them her own. While making no secret of her dislike to them she accepted the responsibility. It was what Anthony would have wanted, and she was still under his domination. She had practically promised him on his deathbed to do for them what he himself would have done, and to make them her heirs.

To this task she applied herself with an exactness in which there was never a pretense at any other motive than one of moral compulsion. She was not vulgar or ungenerous; she never stinted them or made them feel they were a burden, while on occasions of misconduct she rarely so much as complained. The boys were sent to Yale; the girl had the advantages of any other girl in her station. It was only little by little, as she grew old and her life of necessity became shut into the circle of their interests, that her hatred toward them showed itself as implacable. In proportion as she put less and less restraint upon herself she perceived that they repaid her with ridicule and scorn.

It was only silently that they could flout her, but silently they flouted her. To her intentions for their future they presented a passive resistance before which she was helpless. It was impossible to make a banker of the elder brother or a diplomatist of the younger. Lewis ended by doing nothing, for the reason that there was nothing he could do. After he had defied his aunt's authority by marrying Mary Bracegirdle, a little nobody whom he had met at a dance in the country, he lived, God knew how, on the prospects of his inheritance. With Nugent her success was no greater, since, in spite of all her influence in high quarters and the wires she pulled, he aimed at nothing worthier than city politics. Between Georgina and herself the antagonism was bitterest; though it was from the girl's quiet, insolent retorts that she learned the degree to which all three of the Vanderpyls considered themselves wronged out of a large income by her own capacity for "hanging on." She pardoned much to Georgina for the sake of the glee which these innocent betrayals afforded her.

And now it was all over. Even the looking backward and the summing up were done. The great fiasco of life, as she called it to herself, had proved a fiasco and no more. It had begun with so much promise and it was ending—in this. There was no longer a being left in the world to be afraid of her. She didn't ask for love. Since it had never been given her—not even by Anthony—she rejected the desire for it with scorn. But she counted on fear's going with her right up to the gates of the tomb; and even that was failing her.

When three o'clock had become four, and four had become five, and her faculties swooped and swam as though they were no longer a part of her, she was, nevertheless, able to note the fact that her departure had been discounted, and that in the opinion of those who were waiting the last breath she was already as good as gone. Molly had retired to the chintz-covered couch, which had been pushed to a distance from the bed, and was quietly dozing. Lewis sat beside his wife, while Nugent had ceased his tiptoeing about the room to draw up a chair and chat in low tones with his brother probably as to the date of the funeral. Georgina was leaning over the foot of the bed, studying the still features with that fascination which approaching death rarely fails to command. But no one was afraid of the dying old woman any more. The last remnant of her power had passed away.

When Lewis had forsaken the armchair beside the bed Lizzie Pentreath had crept forward and dropped into it. She no longer asked her foolish, affectionate questions. Old Mrs. Vanderpyl noted that too, and knew that even Lizzie considered her out of human reach. With large eyes hollowed by much weeping, and tender face straining toward the fixed upturned profile of her mistress, she seemed infinitely grief-stricken and sorrowful. At the sight of this doglike fidelity going with her still, when everything else that was mortal had turned back from her, the dying woman was, perhaps for the first time in her life, humbly and consciously grateful.

It was a little after five when old Mrs. Vanderpyl became aware that her mind went into spaces of eclipse. There were blank spots. She advanced rapidly, with a kind of physical rushing onward, only to reach phases of total darkness, out of which she emerged to find herself lying peacefully in bed.

"I must be really dying now," she said to herself. "I suppose something tremendous will happen soon. I wonder if it will hurt."

Her minutes of recovery had the quality of returns—of returns after absences which she might have considered long had it not been for the condition of the room with its waiting figures and dim, shaded lights. But she couldn't stay with them. Again she felt herself advancing—rapidly—far. She seemed also to be sinking. She couldn't call it falling, because the action was so lulling and so sweet. It was really a delicious sensation, this of wonderful withdrawing, of traveling with incredible swiftness over spaces not to be measured by miles—only to come back with equal speed and find these commonplace living things so listless, so dull, so incapable of doing more than wait sleepily for death and dawn and breakfast. It was amusing to her that they should regard her as weak or pitiable or as at the vanishing point of existence, when, as a matter of fact, the wings of the morning had already been given her and she was moving with some ease among the spheres.

At intervals the nurse rose from the chair where she had seated herself wearily, looked, listened, felt the wrist, felt the brow, shaking her head despairingly at the brothers and Georgina. The patient, however, could regard this dumb show as no more than a funny pantomime, seeing that she felt herself stronger with each instant and more and more free.

There was not much change from this. She sank with an exquisite sense of comfort, or she rose and soared triumphantly—or she knew nothing at all. The process was repeated not once nor twice, but as it might have been an infinite number of times with an infinite variety of experiences. When she came back to the room it was always as if from some far, exciting journey in which there were marvels and delights. Always, too, the stupid creatures who were not dying were in the same places, doing the same things, compassed with sodden limitations which she herself had passed beyond.

She continued to feel scorn of them, but something new had come into her consciousness. She hated them less; she was more tolerant of their existence. She could hardly distinguish her sentiments from those of a contemptuous, benevolent pity.

Suddenly there was a change. The nurse had risen toward six o'clock for one of her periodical examinations. Then Lizzie Pentreath had fallen on her knees beside the bed, burying her face with a low, heartfelt sob. Lewis and Nugent bounded from their chairs and hurried forward. Georgina trailed slowly round from the foot of the bed with an incredulous "*No!*" in which one could hear both surprise and relief.

All were doing something but Molly Vanderpyl, who was still on the chintz-covered couch, breathing lightly, with lips a little parted.

Curiously enough old Mrs. Vanderpyl found herself looking down on Lewis' wife. She felt some astonishment in the fact that she was doing so kindly. She had never looked in this way at Molly Vanderpyl before, or done justice to her sweetness and prettiness. For the first time since the marriage she understood why a great clumsy, fatuous fellow like Lewis should love her so devotedly. With the thought there came a queer little aching twinge with regard to the purposes she had cherished with so much amusement.

She seemed to turn—though the action was not so much a physical turning as it was a direction of the mind. She was surprised yet not surprised to find herself at a distance from the great canopied bed she had occupied so long, round which the others were converging with the same eager, inquiring look in all their faces.

She herself felt the impulse to press forward—it was only thus that she could describe the prompting—and see what they were seeing.

What they were seeing was a delicate, upturned, hook-nosed profile, with exquisite drooped lids—two long, thin, wrinkled, graceful hands lying outside the filmy coverlet—and the lines of a slender, wasted form.

Then old Mrs. Vanderpyl perceived that the expected transition had taken place without her knowing it, and understood that she was dead.

II

OLD Mrs. Vanderpyl understood that she was dead, but if she was startled by this discovery it was not in any way that could be called violent. The change had been too gradual for that; the preparation had been too long. It was the preparation not only of the last few hours but of the last few years. Ever since her seventy-fifth birthday she had been in the habit of saying: "I can't expect many more." Walt Whitman's "Give me your tone, O death, that I may accord with it" had become her favorite

reading. She preferred it to Jerusalem the Golden, or to any other of those effusions of piety which she regarded as theatrical. The absence of the theatrical in her present condition was the first gratifying surprise to her.

"So there is a future life after all!"

She made the observation deliberately, complacently. She had always believed there would be, though the chosen formula of "Something—somewhere" expressed perhaps the limits of her faith. The "Something" was that she remained herself, Cornelia Vanderpyl; the "Somewhere" was her own room with its familiar furnishings. It was comforting to be still within its walls and not to be rushed off to those glorious celestial strangenesses which supplied the theme to so much hymnology. Even that rapid advancing and receding which had given her an ecstasy in dying was over now, and she felt herself firmly and permanently established. She was Cornelia Vanderpyl—Cornelia Mercer. She could not have said that she was either young or old. Age had become suddenly a word without a meaning. She was herself—simply—strong and free. Between her and the slim, composed figure in the bed . . .

But they were turning away from it. Lewis went first, slipping softly to the couch to wake his wife and give her the news. Molly rubbed her eyes and stumbled to her feet, casting one hurried, frightened glance toward the bed.

But Lewis' arm was round her.

"No, dear, no. Better come away."

Cornelia Vanderpyl felt the impulse to go after them, to speak to them kindly, to tell them there was nothing to be afraid of; but somehow, and quite oddly, they seemed to pass beyond her ken.

Nugent and Georgina retired calmly, whispering together of undertakers, sextons and clergymen. For the first time in her experience Cornelia Vanderpyl felt apologetic toward them, sorry for the trouble she was giving them. She would have told them so, only that they, too, were in a sphere with which she was unable to communicate. It was this inability which more than anything else she found disconcerting, troubling.

Deftly and swiftly the nurse attended to small details of her task about the bed, smoothing the pillows, straightening the coverlet, and putting away bottles and glasses for which there was no longer any use. Cornelia Vanderpyl noticed that the features were sweet, the intentions kindly. She was surprised not to have made the discovery before. When the woman had come to her two months earlier her greeting had been: "Are you as stupid as every other nurse? I suppose you are." Beyond that she had hardly ever addressed a word to her except to utter a complaint. She was sorry now; she would have liked to make amends; but when she tried to speak the vocal chords no longer responded to her will. As the nurse proceeded to raise the head lying on the pillow and loosen the strands of white hair in which there was a lingering gleam of gold, spreading it out widely and thinly, she neither saw nor heard. This duty done, she turned with a murmured word or two to Lizzie Pentreath, who was still on her knees, after which she, too, went softly from the room.

Left alone Lizzie drew to herself one of the wrinkled old hands and kissed it. Then she rose, gazing long at the form on the bed, over which she seemed to be praying. When her turn came to withdraw, Cornelia Vanderpyl moved in front of her.

"Lizzie!"

But Lizzie continued her way onward.

"Lizzie!"

Lizzie paused only to turn out one of the useless lights, after which she resumed her walk.

Cornelia Vanderpyl made a third and more eager attempt.

"Lizzie! I want to speak to you."

The effect of this appeal was that Lizzie paused—glanced back at the bed—retraced a step or two toward it—gazed at the still form with its aureole of gold-white hair—and turning again walked swiftly, as if frightened, beyond that barrier which Cornelia Vanderpyl couldn't pass.

They had all gone now, and she was alone with what had once been herself. She had no fear—only a vague melancholy. It was all so different from what she had been led to expect, as far as she had been led to expect anything. There were no angels, and no comforting reunions with those who had preceded her. To see Anthony, or her mother, or even Charlie Evans, would have given her a measure of assurance.

No, she was not afraid; but she was lonely. She would have been glad of the companionship of anyone. She yearned after those whom she had just forsaken, or who had forsaken her. Lewis and Nugent! Molly and the nurse! Lizzie and Georgina! She found herself clinging to them, longing for them, aching for some channel through which to make this known to them.

She would go after them; they had only that minute left the room. She would tell them that she saw them now as they really were—not as she had supposed when she had looked at them through the distorted vision of mortality. Lewis was so fine a fellow—not brilliant, of course, but honest and faithful and loyal. Nugent was so sturdy and sane, so manly, so upright, so eager to free the city of his birth from self-seeking depredation. Georgina was frank and straightforward, devoted to the death to those she loved and who loved her. And Lizzie! Dear, saintly, doglike Lizzie! What charm had been in her affection, what strength in her gentleness, what sweetness in her voice and smile! She wanted them all. She was eager, now that she saw, to reverse the old order. She had left a will. . . .

She must rectify that. A sudden fear swept over her. It was not like the fear to which she had been accustomed, a fear that struck the heart and nerves. It was a new fear, a fear that entered into every part of whatever she had become. She was all fear, to a degree which she had not hitherto thought possible. It occurred to her that in being released from the material she was released from material restrictions—that in finding a new and amazing capacity to live she had found a new and amazing capacity to suffer.

"I'm suffering!"

It was another new discovery. There was so much that was beautiful in her state that it was strange that suffering should be a part of it. It was extraordinary, too, how quick a revulsion there could be in a point of view. What had happened had not been much. She had died—but that had proved to be a simple thing, as natural as waking after sleep, as spring after snow. The others were probably thinking of her as unfortunate, and calling her "Poor Aunt Cornelia"; but she was only "Poor Aunt Cornelia" in the sense that she had begun to see the outrageous follies of which old Mrs. Vanderpyl had been capable.

She looked at old Mrs. Vanderpyl lying in the bed—her profile upturned, her hands lying rigid, her gleaming hair outspread. She was the past, the erroneous, the hurtful. It was astonishing how far she—Cornelia Mercer, or whoever she was!—had been removed from the hurtful. It was the hurtful that was the fearful, and it was with the fearful that she felt herself penetrated through and through.

It was while she was thinking these things, if thought the process could be called, that a light struck on the hair that had been that of old Mrs. Vanderpyl. It responded instantaneously; it grew wholly golden; it grew young. The features, too, grew young. The hands grew young. The lines of the figure under the coverlet grew young. What had been a body turned, under the gaze of the being who had worn it, first into light—and then into nothing. It could hardly be said to have disappeared, unless it was as the colors of dawn disappear in the fullness of day. That which consciousness had created consciousness relinquished—and all went.

All went that had sprung of consciousness as consciousness began to uncreate. Not only the body went but the bed, and not only the bed but the room, and not only

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THE MAGIC OF MIXED METALS

A Sporting Chance in Chemistry

By John Mappelbeck

CONSIDER mortal man—the poor little dub! First, a mechanism, called his body, made up of about a dozen elements. Ninety-three per cent of him oxygen, carbon and hydrogen, and the rest largely coloring and seasoning—a chemist's prescription! And inside this mechanism an intelligence that faces the task of keeping the prescription properly filled, against Nature's constant efforts to upset the balance. Too much carbon, or too little oxygen, or a rise in temperature, or a drop, and—trouble! To the things that the prescription needs for balance are added the things that the intelligence wants for what it terms happiness—wealth, fame, power, love, beauty and so on. An endless bother to get them all in the right proportions, and also a strange joy in the getting, and this conglomeration of paradoxes makes up what man calls life—though it is probably but an unimportant dot on a curve that stretches off through immensity and eternity.

Mortal man finds himself in a queer chemist's shop. His world is composed of about one hundred elements. Nearly half of it is oxygen, and a quarter silicon. Of the elements, about sixty-five are metals, and of those metals man now uses less than thirty for everyday purposes, and not more than fifteen to any great extent.

For ages man got along without metals at all, using stone implements and earthen utensils. It was when he turned to the metals that he began to become what is called civilized. And then he also discovered that Nature had played scurvy tricks with the materials of his civilization. For without exception all the metals are defective for man's uses. Some of them are strong, like iron, but not lasting. Others are lasting, like tin, but weak. Several have wide possibilities for usefulness, as gold and platinum, but Nature has been stingy with them. Others are so refractory that they can only be melted and manipulated with great difficulty, such as tungsten. Hardly any of them can be rendered perfectly pure, and their impurities constantly give trouble.

Some years ago, for example, the big guns in Uncle Sam's navy got the habit of blowing their muzzles off when fired. Metallurgists found that, despite the care taken in making these guns, the iron contained a tiny modicum of sulphur, which formed a compound with manganese and rendered them brittle; and the gun gave way at the muzzle, under pressure from the gases of explosion.

Metal Mysteries

TO BUILD up any sort of civilization at all, man found that he had to improve on Nature, mixing the metals in combinations called alloys, so that the shortcomings of one would be offset by the longcomings of another. The earliest of all metals that he won for his use was an alloy—bronze, the mixture of copper and tin that preceded iron, and is hoary with age, and precious in sentiment. Bronze was, at first, that exceptional product, a natural alloy, made of copper and tin compounded in the right proportions, so that in one instance, anyway, Nature apparently felt ashamed of herself and gave man a helping hand. Later on, when he tried to use copper alone, he discovered that tin had to be added for good results, and so the Phœnicians sailed to the tin mines of England, and thus was John Bull's world trade started.

Man has been mixing metals ever since, overcoming defects in those provided for him by Nature. To-day his material comfort is measured by his ability to find new combinations for strictly modern purposes. The field of alloys is, to quote a chemical expert, "the sportiest branch of chemistry." Many remarkable combinations have been developed the past few years; and in the years ahead many other combinations must be worked out, to meet needs that are now pressing.

Alloys are mysterious. Most of the combinations made, until very recently, have been secured by chance mixing. And although science has now stepped into the field, the why and wherefore of alloys is, in many respects, still about as obscure as ever.

Take gold and lead, for example! Both are soft metals and tough, and gold is so ductile that it can be beaten into leaves of extreme thinness. If one-tenth of one per cent of lead is added to gold, it becomes so brittle as to break like china when dropped on the floor—and nobody really knows why!

Iron is magnetic. Copper, manganese and aluminum are not, or only feebly so. Some years ago a nonmagnetic yacht was built for charting the earth's lines of magnetic force and other phenomena in the oceans. It was made of wood, with sail propulsion only, and every precaution was taken to keep iron and steel out of the vessel, in order that measurements might be computed accurately. The anchors were of bronze, the cutlery was of German silver, and even the sailors' sheath knives were of special alloy.

The metallurgist might have added some interesting refinements to this craft. For iron can be made nonmagnetic by the addition of certain percentages of aluminum or of manganese, while certain alloys of copper, manganese and aluminum are strongly magnetic. In other words, the very metals that rob iron of its natural magnetism give what might be called an unnatural magnetism to copper. Ordinary carbon steel is excellent material for permanent magnets, but the addition of small quantities of the rare metals used for tool steels makes carbon steel unfit for magnetic purposes, while the addition of tungsten makes the best permanent magnet material of all—and nobody knows why. When thirty per cent of iron is alloyed with seventy per cent of the rare metal cerium, the combination has the property of giving off sparks like a flint, when struck with steel, and so is used for cigar lighters. Copper oxidizes under certain conditions and is affected by certain acids. It tarnishes, is too soft in itself to have much tensile strength, and it has other shortcomings. But one of the newer secret copper alloys, said to contain only small quantities of other metals, is nonoxidizable, will resist acids, has a permanent luster, and is comparable with steel for strength.

Absolutely pure brass—that is, brass made of pure copper and zinc—is so refractory that it cannot be machined with steel-cutting tools. But the addition of one-half of one per cent of lead, which makes a soft metal like gold brittle, acts as a shortening for brass—just as butter shortens pie crust—and then it can be machined easily.

A very small quantity of one metal added to another will alter the hardness, ductility, strength, resistance to corrosion, or some other useful property of the primary metal. More than that, it may create an entirely new metal. For the specific gravity of an alloy is almost always entirely different from what the most careful calculation of the specific gravities of its ingredients might indicate, being sometimes greater and sometimes less.

Why Does Iron Rust?

BY MIXING only two metals in varying proportions it is possible to get hundreds of combinations. With three or four metals, the combinations run into thousands. Given fifteen everyday metals, and about fifteen of the rarer ones now available, and some thirty more that are being brought into closer reach, the metallurgist finds plenty of possibilities—indeed, he may fill out a lifetime—in investigating only a small branch of the alloys.

Until a generation ago our alloys were for general purposes—limited to a few broad groups, such as the bronzes, brasses, babbitts and substitutes for gold and silver. The development of a new alloy, like German silver, often made a world-wide stir in manufacturing and led to many improvements in products. It is said that the first piece of German silver—which is composed of copper, nickel and zinc, and was brought to the United States by a German scientist—was charged full duty as silver, because Uncle Sam's customs officials had never seen anything of the kind and had no other basis for appraising it.

With the great advance in invention the past twenty-odd years, introducing such new factors in our life and work as the automobile, the gas engine, the aëroplane, the modern technic of machine shops, and so forth, there has been a development of special alloys for special purposes. Much has been accomplished in the old nonferrous field of copper, zinc, tin and lead; and also in the alloying of iron and steel, a field that was thought to be more or less barren of possibilities a few years ago.

One of the biggest problems tackled has been that of the corrosion in iron and steel. Iron rusts, as everybody knows. But if it just wouldn't—what a saving in repairs, replacements, painting, coating and costs for the world generally! Rust was formerly supposed to be simple oxidization, from the contact of iron with air, largely unpreventable, hence all the painting, coating and galvanizing of iron for protection from the air.

Now, however, the scientists seem to be coming to an agreement on the electro-chemical theory of rust. If two metals, like copper and zinc, are put in a jar with an acid solution, they will corrode fast enough to give off electric current—five or six such little jars will spark your automobile. An iron bolt, with an iron nut screwed upon it, will set up a sluggish galvanic current of the same sort, slowly corroding them. They may be made of exactly the same iron, but slight differences

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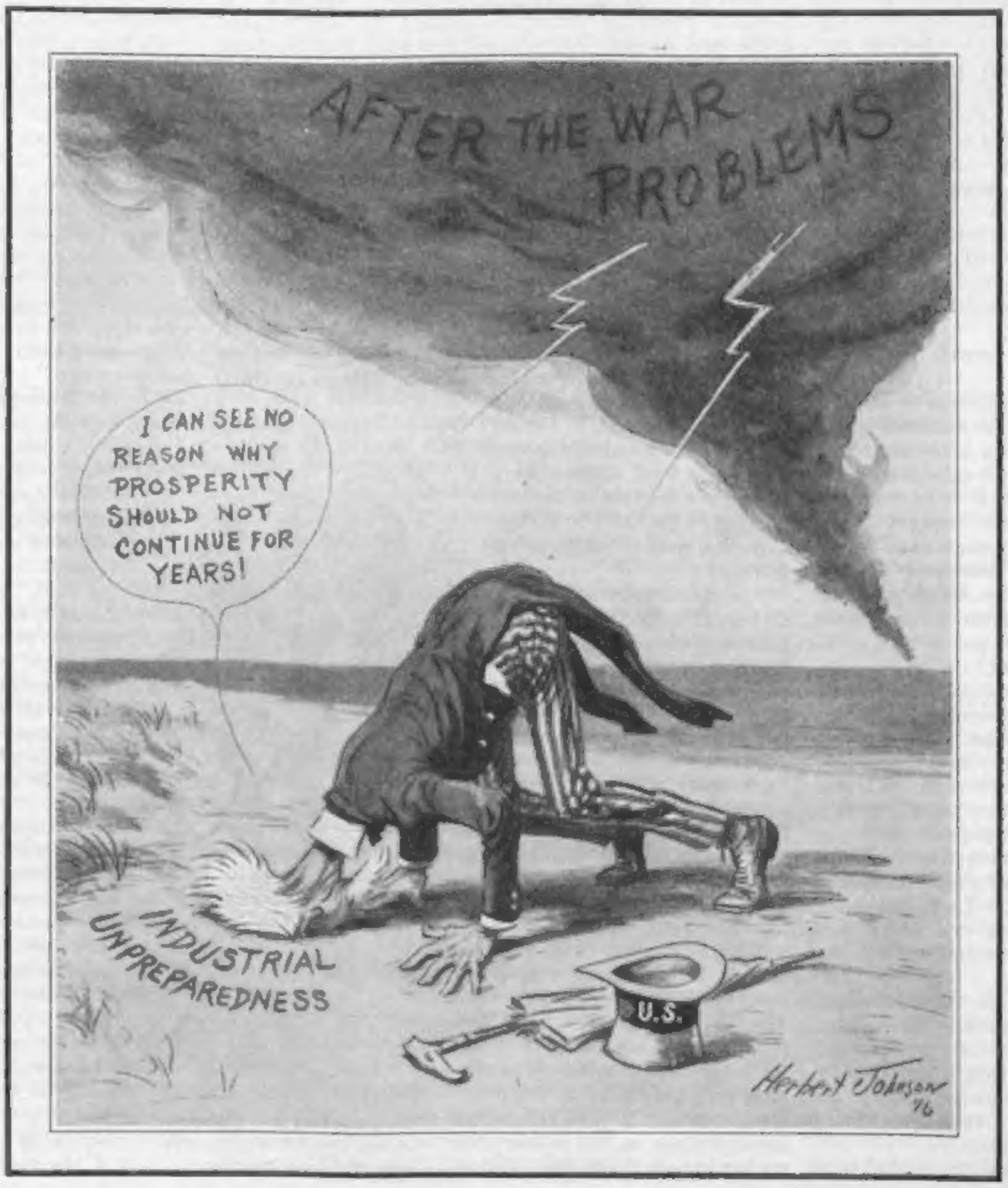
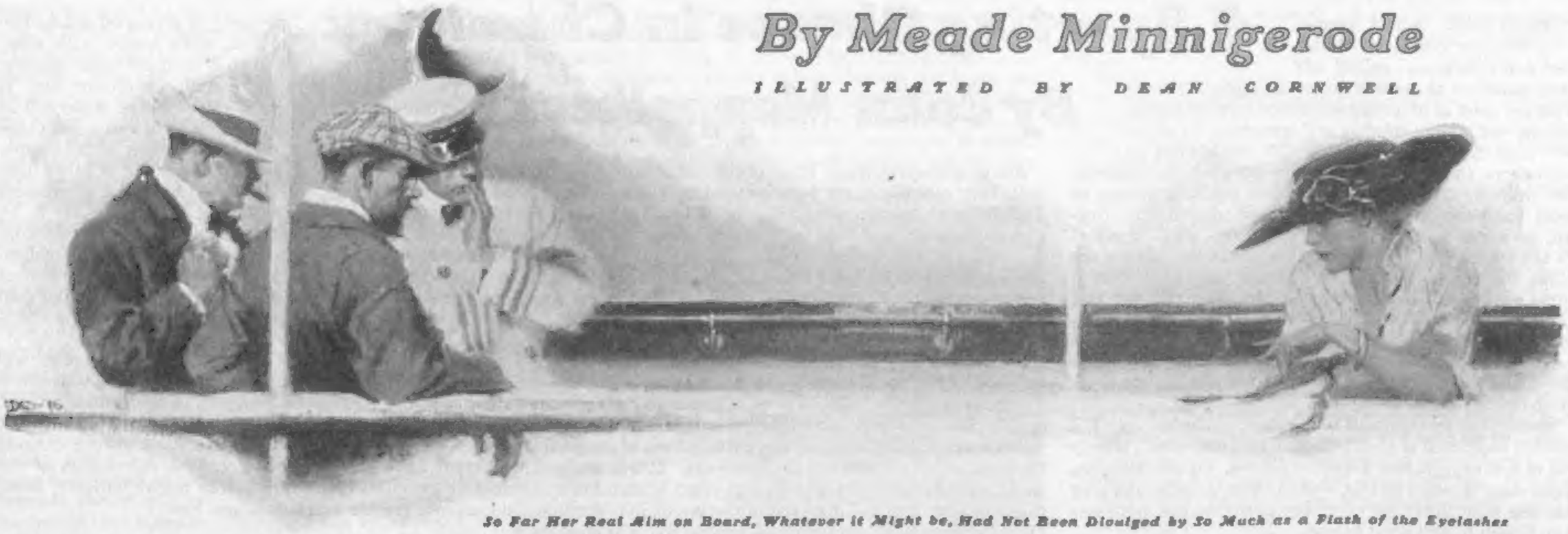

AFTER THE WAR PROBLEMS
I CAN SEE NO REASON WHY PROSPERITY SHOULD NOT CONTINUE FOR YEARS!
INDUSTRIAL UNPREPAREDNESS
U.S.
Herbert Johnson '16

SOME MEN AND A LADY

By Meade Minnigerode

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL



So Far Her Real Aim on Board, Whatever it Might be, Had Not Been Divulged by So Much as a Flash of the Eyelashes

EVERYONE knew all about her very soon after she came on board except the missionaries—oddly enough, or perhaps not oddly at all—and Johnny Marsh.

Poor little Johnny Marsh—or John Randolph Marsh we should say; he did so hate being called Johnny! He was very young, and very good-looking, and so innocent. Quite revoltingly innocent, we all thought. To him women were an ideal, a fluttering hope, a beautiful shining thing on a pedestal. How we used to laugh at him in the smoking room, and how we would have given our souls to possess some remnant of his faith! The fact is, the more we laughed at him the more we loved him, because we all loved our worthless selves and in him we saw the golden reflection of our own youth.

Except in that one matter of heroine worship, he was very normal; aggressively so. He wore usual clothes, extremely well fitting, in a careless manner. He never wore a hat; and he did not have to part his hair, because it lay in tumbled curls, which apparently never needed cutting. In the cool dusk he appeared in a white sweater with a blue letter, and smoked a numeral pipe in a highly efficient manner. He had a pleasant barytone voice and would have jumped overboard rather than sing a solo, which is one of the great tests of a real person. He played an excellent hand at bridge, did his share of mutual entertainment in the smoking room with ease and discretion, and blushed constantly at most of the things he heard there. He laughed a great deal, consumed enormous meals, and played shuffleboard with the little missionary girls as though he enjoyed it—which he did not, but they did, and that probably is popularity.

In short, he was a thoroughly nice person. That was before he met her.

Now she was not a nice person at all—that is to say, not the sort of nice person Johnny Marsh was accustomed to. She dressed very inconspicuously in an arresting style. She was neither tall nor short. In middle-class circles she would have been called petite. She had blond hair; at least Johnny Marsh and the missionaries thought it was blond, but we knew better. The fact is, she was no longer young. In other surroundings, other modes of life, she would have been bordering on respectable middle age; but then she was scarcely respectable, and without respectability there can be no middle age. But she got away with it, as the salesman from San Francisco said.

She had very beautiful hands and splendid teeth and remarkably good manners. She spoke charmingly, in softly pleasant tones clothing a faultless diction. She did not smoke—in public; she used no perfumery, and she had an extraordinary knack for telling fairy stories to children. She really was a godsend to the ship in that respect, purely in parenthesis! She did keep the children quiet, and there are always so many children in missionary families. The missionary ladies thought she was charming, and talked about her constantly over their tea. They called her "dear," and made notes of her clothes, and sought her advice on sundry matters not entirely connected with the missionary field.

The missionary gentlemen thought she was charming, too, but wisely refrained from saying so before their wives. They compromised on the statement that she was refined, and so kind to the children. "Little tots," they usually called them. The little tots were encouraged to seek her company, and spoke of her as "Aunty." Not a few of them remembered her in their prayers.

Oh, she was a dangerous woman.

She came on board at Honolulu. In the general turmoil of departure her advent in our midst was not noticed. Most of us were gathered round Johnny Marsh, watching him toss dimes overboard to the Kanaka boys. The ship had docked the day before, and we had all had a royal outing and a luxurious sleep ashore in that enchanted city of the islands, which must be the secret abode of the God of Things as They Should Be, certainly not of the God of Things as They Are, for there are no such sunsets really as we saw that day in Honolulu.

Johnny Marsh had driven, ridden, walked all over it, from one end to the other, and most of us with him. Up to the Pali, where he said "Gosh!" in a reverential tone; over to the Punch Bowl; down through the Museum Gardens into the Chinese Quarter, where he laughed inordinately at sundry almond-eyed maidens, who laughed back at him in inscrutable Oriental fashion. Then down to Waikiki, where we bathed and sunned, and chased sand crabs, and watched Johnny Marsh get hit over the head repeatedly by a recalcitrant surf board. All winding up with a fantastic meal at the Moana, full of poi and fish, and strange fruits that ought to kill you but do not, because no one ever dies in Honolulu—unless he be extremely wicked. Even the mosquitoes at the Moana never die, and they seemed wicked enough in all conscience!

Then back to the ship, in the morning, the whole crew of us, to watch the missionary families struggle up the dock, loaded down with pineapples and bits of koa wood, and specimens of lava from Kilauea, and all the hundred-and-one odds and ends that an earnest sight-seeing family will manage to accumulate during a hectic day ashore. Of course they all had to have leis, and the ship smelled for hours like a hothouse. And then the Royal Hawaiian Band droning out its haunting Aloha ae, which takes you in the pit of the stomach and makes you feel like a fool, and we were sliding out, waiting for the last Kanaka to dive off the bridge, with Diamond Head dropping astern.

And then we became aware of her. We had expected to take on no passengers at Honolulu and the discovery of a new arrival made a great stir. The First Officer, whose maiden trip it was, discovered her first.

"Observe," he announced, "a strange woman! First-class cabin; beautiful lady with yellow hair and tan shoes. Be it known that she is mine by right of discovery, for she will do much to enliven the waste places between here and Yokohama!"

"Be it known that you are talking through your hat, Number One!" said the doctor from Manila. "I observe your fair stranger, and a number of things tell me that she is mine. You may have seen her first, but I appreciate her more. I shall tell her all my ambitions on the shelter deck while you pace the bridge. You do pace it, don't you? Anyhow, you have no rights whatever; you are only a ship's officer."

"He's Nothing But a Babe in Arms, for All His Six Feet and His Crew Sweater"

"What are you doping up together?" asked the salesman. "You look as though you had discovered gold."

"We have," replied the doctor. "Observe it—much fine gold and precious raiment, under a blue hat. There are times when life is worth living."

The salesman turned and looked in the direction that claimed their attention, and made appreciative sounds in his throat. Then quite suddenly he began to edge along the rail with the obvious intention of getting nearer to the object of their discussion.

"Hey!" exclaimed the First Officer. "Where you going? Come back here!"

But the other ignored him. He reached a convenient spot along the rail and, under pretense of lighting his pipe, managed to obtain a very comprehensive view of the blue hat and the features it sheltered.

He returned to the group in a moment with a knowing look and a furtive smile.

"You've made a discovery, all right all right!" he said. "It's going to be very funny. I know that dame."

"You do!" we chorused.

"Um-m!—that is, I know who she is," he added hastily. "I'm a married man, and all that, and there'd be hell to pay—well, you know how things get round on board a boat."

"Oho!" said the doctor. "So that's it, is it! Well, well! Come on; tell us all about it. Who is she?"

"Well," said the salesman, drawing us nearer to him and looking out to sea, "she's the slickest little proposition that ever dyed her hair in these parts. She does, you know. Why—good Lord!—she must be forty! I knew all about her years ago."

"Before you were married and grew a double chin," said the doctor. "Sure; we know all about that. Go on with your story; and hurry up, before the Angel comes back."

The Angel was Johnny Marsh, at that moment exchanging noisy impressions on the other side of the ship with some lei-bedecked missionary youths and damsels.

"Well," went on the salesman, spitting experimentally at a flying fish, "she came from San Diego, or some place down the Coast a ways. Her family were right swell people too—so I've heard—and educated her up to beat the band; which turned out to be a poor bet, for they lost all their money, and the kid couldn't get all the high-falutin notions out of her head, and she began to act restless.

"You know the sort of thing: couldn't change gears suddenly like that without breaking something. She was brought up to better things; and her home wasn't good enough for her; and if she only had a chance—and so on, and so on. To-day she'd have run off and become a movie actress, for she was some looker—take it from me!—in those days. She still is. She had all the highbrow airs, too, and could have pulled her name in electrics on the billboards almost anywheres; but, of course, there was nothing doing in that line then.

"Well, I guess I don't have to draw a diagram for you of how things went. First, it was parties and one thing and another; coming home at all hours of the morning; playing round with swell guys,

usually near-swells, though she had the brains and could afford to be choosey when she had the chance. Then, one day she ran away with a guy from Pittsburgh and disappeared for several years. Her father died, and her mother and sister opened a boarding house in San Diego.

"She married the dude from Pittsburgh, all right; but one day she turned up at home alone, all dolled up in tailor-mades and diamond rings. Seems she had about worked the gold mine dry; so she fixed it up for a divorce and got away with the loot. That's all she married him for, of course. Don't believe she ever really fell for a fellow in her life. When it comes to deep and cold, the miller's daughter had nothing on this dame—believe me!"

"What then?" asked the doctor. "Did she stick by the parental boarding house?"

"She did not," replied the salesman. "You can bet your sweet life she didn't last long in San Diego. She was too good for that burg! She had to have swell clothes and jewels, and expensive meals, and all the rest of it. Gotten into her blood; couldn't live without it. And there was no Gay White Way in San Diego; so she began looking for it in the most likely places. You see, she worked the boob in Pittsburgh for all he was worth, and she could afford to play the game her own way. And you can bet your last nickel she got what she wanted.

"Oh, she was a wise one, and things came pretty soft for her! Her little fingers are all numb from bending poor boobs round them. She got away with it in great shape. Brains and looks and education—it's a great combination, and you've got to hand it to her. And—take it from me—she's gotten most of the things in her life for nothing. Yes, sir, for nothing! You watch her. Somebody'll pay for this trip—probably that coffee guy from Java; and she'll hang him up to dry before we reach Hong-Kong, or my name's not Mudge."

"By the way, what is her name?" asked the First Officer.

"Lord knows what her real name is," said Mudge; "Nancy something or other—I forget. She changes her name as easy as putting on a new hat. Come on down and look at the passenger list. It's cocktail time, anyway; there goes eight bells. But let me tell you right here, before we go any further: Keep away! That's all. Do you get me?"

We got him.

The list revealed her to be the only passenger booking from Honolulu—Mrs. W. A. Creevy. And the salesman chuckled.

"That's her," he said—"using her own married name this time. Up to something phony, all right."

"Maybe she's traveling incog this trip," suggested the doctor, who rather enjoyed saying things the salesman did not understand; but the latter waved scornful hands in the direction of the passenger list.

"Nix on that stuff!" he remarked. "You leave that dame alone. The deck of a ship's none too wide, at that; and sometimes I think they put dictaphones under every seat. Come to lunch!"

Well, nothing happened for quite a while. Mrs. Creevy kept to her cabin a good deal the first few days, though she came to meals regularly at the Captain's table, and usually strolled round the deck after dinner, with a sad smile for the little tots taking their last romp before bedtime.

The missionary ladies noted the sad smile and built tragic romances on it. "The poor dear!" they thought, and confided to each other: "She has had trouble, one can see that; she has lost her own little loved ones"—and so on, and so on; while Mrs. Creevy's smile continued to shine on the little tots and on the ships at sea.

A day or two after we sailed Sunday came round and the first-class saloon was given over to intermittent hymn singing for the afternoon. Of course Mrs. Creevy lent her gracious, one might almost say her timid, presence to the occasion; and the trick was done. When the doctor looked in at the door about teatime she was enthroned at the piano playing Greenland's Icy Mountains, while some of the more elderly missionary ladies wept discreetly.

"She has come; she has been seen; she has conquered!" announced the doctor.

The first part of her program was now accomplished. Her sway over the missionary group was complete, her position on board assured, her modest leadership in the select circles of the chosen unquestioned. It was a very neat piece of work. So far her real aim on board, whatever it might be, had not been divulged by so much as a flash of the eyelashes. Oh, we were a poor scandal-hunting lot, all right, and only too ready to fall in with the salesman's views!

Johnny Was Playing With Fire in the Most Approved Style

At table she talked to the Captain and to the doyenne of the missionary corps, a bearded lady, who spoke three Chinese dialects and disapproved of the Angel because he smoked. For the coffee man from Java, who sat at the same table, she had no word. Mudge insisted this was a sure indication of her intention to string him up by his thumbs; but Mrs. Creevy gave no sign.

Well, so it went for several days. Shuffleboard and flying fish, and little dove-colored clouds along the horizon, and Mrs. Creevy surrounded by children, ensconced in the very heart of the Church; she had a welcoming smile for all of them, but her deck chair was sacred to the Episcopalian brood. All so intensely correct, and screamingly funny for Mrs. Creevy, who must have had a sense of humor.

Then things began to happen. It was so neatly managed that it found us hopelessly unprepared.

The doctor came over to the afterdeck one afternoon, where we were watching the Chinese steerage at one of their endless gambling games, and called us aside.

"Something rather terrible has happened," he announced, "and it's your fault as well as mine."

"What?" asked Mudge, the salesman.

"Do you know what Johnny Marsh is doing at this moment?" the doctor inquired.

"Search me!" said the drummer. "Standing on his head in the swimming tank probably. Why? Has he broken his neck or something?"

"Oh, no," said the doctor. "He hasn't broken his neck and he isn't standing on his head anywhere. It's much worse than that. He is sitting very comfortably in a deck chair on the shelter deck, talking to her."

"Her! Who? Which?" asked Mudge.

"Mrs. Creevy," said the doctor.

"The hell you say!" exclaimed Mudge. "Well, didn't I tell you she was as slick as they make them? Didn't I? Don't blame me."

"I'm not blaming anybody," said the doctor. "She had me fooled just as much as you. I was so busy watching for her to begin on the coffee planter that it never entered my head she'd go after the kid."

"Say," asked the drummer, "he's got plenty of cash, too, hasn't he?"

"He has," replied the doctor—"or his family have. Pretty even thing between him and the coffee king in that respect, I should say."

"Um-m!" mused the drummer. "Cash and curls—better'n cash and coffee in this case. No two ways about it, that dame's got her hooks out for the kid. It certainly gives me a pain too. I had it all doped for Java and I haven't paid any attention to Johnny."

"Neither have I," the doctor admitted. "He's nothing but a babe in arms, for all his six feet and his crew sweater. We're a bunch of boobs—we are!"

Well, we were. We had none of us thought of it. Johnny Marsh had seen her, of course, the first day, and looked at her, not once but several times, and exclaimed: "Gosh! Pipe the queen!" She, for her part, had looked at him once, a mildly curious glance, ending at his large feet, and the boy had blushed furiously and run away to play shuffleboard. And that had been all. He was as much afraid of grown-up women as a colt of his shadow, and the older missionary circles, where she maintained her state, were far removed from Johnny's daily orbit. They sat at different tables; they were in different worlds—so we thought.

"What's she doing to him?" asked the salesman.

"Nothing, of course," said the doctor. "He's doing all the talking. All she does is laugh at every other thing he says. All perfectly according to Hoyle. Come and see."

We sauntered up the deck, picking up the Chief Engineer on the way. The Chief was a most engaging character, middle-aged, but looking years younger; possessed of unerring discernment and entirely devoid of sentimentality. He had a name, of course, but everyone addressed him as Sam. He was much attached to Johnny Marsh, and he shared with the salesman the distinction of "knowing all about" Mrs. Creevy.

To him we told our news and he laughed uproariously.

"You're a fine lot of nursemaids, you are!" he railed. "So your young man has bolted and now you come to me with your yarn. I'll have nothing to do with it. I haven't spoken to her for fifteen years. I shaved off my mustache the day she came on board so she wouldn't recognize me. I'm afraid of that woman, I tell you!"

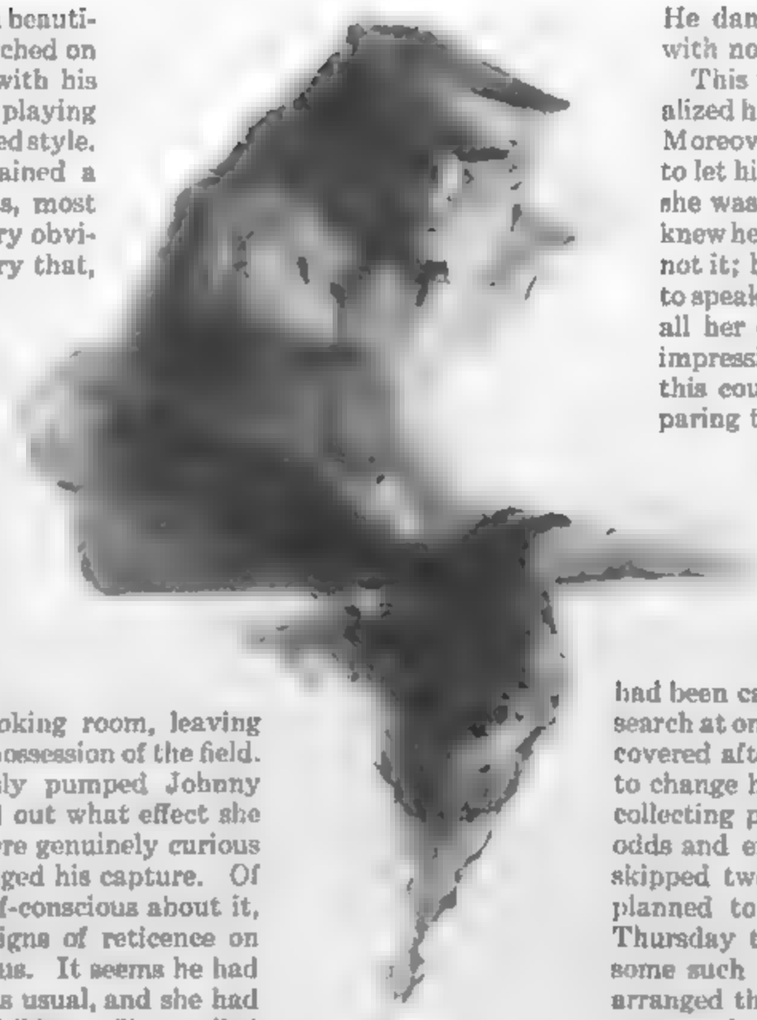
It was true; he had shaved himself clean the morning we left Honolulu, but we were too disturbed to laugh.

"We don't want you to speak to her, Chief dear," said the doctor. "We want you to tell us what to do."

"Nuh," said the Chief scornfully; "there's no soothing sirup for young chaps like that. He'll burn his fingers—and serve him right. You can't interfere. Where are they?"

He was quite right. We could not interfere. With an ordinary boy, perhaps. But we could not tell Johnny Marsh the story of Mrs. Creevy. He would not have believed it. He probably would not have understood what we were driving at.

We found them where the doctor had said. She, in mauve and bareheaded, sitting back in her chair, with her arms behind her head, the most careless pose imaginable.



"All I've Got to Do Is Report This to the Captain and Your Goose Is Cooked; and You Know It"

And so effective! She had a beautiful figure. And Johnny, perched on the flap of another chair, with his back half turned to the rail, playing with fire in the most approved style. How she landed him remained a mystery; but there he was, most conclusively caught, and very obviously enjoying the discovery that, under certain circumstances, a fish can live very comfortably out of water!

He pretended not to see us as we passed before them once or twice; and as for Mrs. Creevy, of course we might just as well have been stanchions in the rail. Johnny's whole manner suggested nothing so much as "No trespassing! Leave all messages and telegrams at the back door!"

We retreated to the smoking room, leaving Mrs. Creevy in undisputed possession of the field.

That night we cautiously pumped Johnny Marsh. We wanted to find out what effect she had had on him and we were genuinely curious to know how she had managed his capture. Of course he was extremely self-conscious about it, and the many unwonted signs of reticence on his part did not encourage us. It seems he had been playing shuffleboard, as usual, and she had strolled by with some of the children. She strolled for a while; then she stood near the rail for a while and watched; and then the children with her wanted to play. Oh, dear! it was too bad; but Mrs. Creevy did not know how. She felt sure she could not manage it.

The result was, they all played together, and to Johnny fell the task of instructing Mrs. Creevy. Then, after a while, they went and sat down. Perfectly simple! We did not get all that from Johnny, but from what he condescended to tell us we could guess the rest. He left us, with the flimsiest excuse, to hunt for her; but after a while he came back and played bridge rather absently. Mrs. Creevy overdid nothing.

Well, for four days we patrolled that boat like a prison yard. We worked in shifts. We divided the deck between us; we sacrificed bridge to tramp about in the evening; we sent search parties below at stated intervals to inspect the writing room and lounges. You might have thought there was some way for them to elope off the ship in mid-ocean, the way we trailed Johnny Marsh round. And all the while the affair went serenely on. They walked together in the morning; they played games together after lunch; they had tea together in the afternoon; they sat together in the evening and watched the Pacific roll by—and the Pacific rolls by in a manner not attained by any other ocean.

They were together all the time; and yet Mrs. Creevy managed it so well that no one noticed it. It must have been a way she had of never being seen with him at times of public gatherings, such as noontime and the periods immediately after meals. In the evening she insisted on sitting in the open and not behind a deck house or in the lee of a ventilator. All this she did because she was a clever woman who knew that the best way to be inconspicuous is to be unobtrusively conspicuous.

Of course the missionary ladies were not entirely oblivious, and they nodded their heads in friendly fashion and spoke of how nice it was to see her taking an interest in the life on board, poor dear! How delightful for her to find company more approaching her own age!

So far the honors were all to Mrs. Creevy.

Then came the night of the ship's dance—like all ship's dances, an intensely dreary function. Ordinarily we should have carefully absented ourselves, but the desire to watch developments obliged us to remain on the outskirts. Johnny Marsh appeared in white flannels and a collar, and danced continually during the greater part of the entertainment. He danced continually and he danced with no one but Mrs. Creevy.

This was not like Johnny and we realized how rapidly he was disintegrating. Moreover, it was not like Mrs. Creevy to let him do it, and it convinced us that she was doing it for a purpose. Oh, we knew her purpose well enough—that was not it; but it convinced us the crisis, so to speak, was at hand. She was playing all her cards at once, regardless of the impression she might be creating, and this could only mean that she was preparing to work her will on him. So she attired herself in black satin and allowed him to hold her in his arms almost continuously for an hour and a half.

Then, between two dances, they disappeared. They went off to get some lemonade and they did not return; and we had been caught napping. We organized a search at once, but without results. We discovered afterward that she had gone below to change her gown, and Johnny was busy collecting pillows and tobacco and various odds and ends; for this was the night we skipped twenty-four hours, and they had planned to sit up all night and go from Thursday to Saturday without a stop, or some such foolishness. Anyway, she had arranged the whole thing very neatly, getaway and all, and we were left stranded. As the doctor said, she won that game entirely on her own service.

And then Fate intervened—Fate and our own unlovely natures. After the dance was over we ran into the First Officer and accepted his invitation to whisky and cigarettes in his cabin. He was anxious to hear the news and we were in need of refreshment; so we invaded his quarters and made ourselves at home on his lounge and in his bunk. It was a beautiful clear night and, with an eye to the ship's regulations concerning officers' cabins, we turned out the lights.

We talked about Mrs. Creevy, and one thing led to another, while the First Officer's supply of cigarettes steadily diminished. After a while the Chief came in, having, as he said, tracked us down by a process of elimination, and added his wisdom to our speculations. And then, in the midst of a hush, we heard Johnny Marsh's voice.

"You've been perfectly wonderful to me!" he said, and we sat shamelessly like stones and waited for the answer.

"Have I—really?" it came, straight and true to the mark. The answering voice was Mrs. Creevy's.

They must have come up very quietly, for we had heard no sound; and by that time we were pretty quiet ourselves, with long silent lapses between remarks, so that we should have heard them. Perhaps if we had had warning of their coming we should have acted differently. Certainly if it had been anyone but Mrs. Creevy we should have given some evidence of our presence; but it was Mrs. Creevy, and we sat like stones, looking at each other.

Well, why not? All is fair in war. It was her wits against our knowledge, and if she chose to spring her trap under our window, that was her affair. There is no use in trying to apologize for our action. We knew she was on the point of playing her big stake for Johnny Marsh, and we felt justified in using any method to defeat her purpose; and that is all there is to it. We kept still and listened for what was to come.

"Yes, you have," Johnny said. "You've simply made this trip what it is to me."

"You low-down pup!" whispered the Chief. "And me feeding him my best marmalade every afternoon!"

"Oh, you mustn't say that!" Mrs. Creevy remonstrated. "It's you who have been wonderful to me. I don't know what I should have done without you."

"Do you really mean it?" asked Johnny; and the salesman waved his hands helplessly before his face.

"Of course I do, you silly boy!" she replied; and there was the sound of a deck chair scraping along the deck.

"I am glad," said Johnny. "You know I've been afraid I was butting in and being a nuisance, and I did so much want to do things for you."

"Oh, now I expect you say that to every girl you meet! You men are all alike." There was nothing stilted in Mrs. Creevy's style.

"Oh, girls!" Johnny exclaimed scornfully. "They're different. But a woman like you—a fellow means what he says when he talks to you."

The Chief made faces signifying profound rage and shook his fist at the window.

"I wish I could believe it," said Mrs. Creevy. "So few people really like me."

Honestly, Mrs. Creevy was playing it pretty low. He fell for it, of course.

"I like you tremendously!" he said, and silent pandemonium reigned for a minute in the First Officer's cabin.

We kicked each other and beat our heads with our fists. No, not in mirth that came afterward—in sorrow.

"I like you too," said Mrs. Creevy, and we stiffened to attention. She had taken a step forward in her negotiations and her voice had dropped a shade. "You remind me so of my brother. He would have been just your age had he lived."

Silence—screaming silence; and the Pacific rolled on.

"Liar!" the salesman muttered. "Never had a brother."

"I wish I were your brother," said Johnny Marsh quite unexpectedly, and we nearly gave ourselves away.

That was not a bad remark at all.

"That's dear of you," Mrs. Creevy replied. "Sometimes I wish there were someone I could turn to when I'm in trouble. Someone who really cared, I mean."

"Your husband—don't you—isn't he—he——" Johnny stammered.

"Oh, don't let's talk of him," she said quickly. "I didn't mean to talk about myself. Tell me all about yourself."

"There's nothing to tell," said Johnny. "I believe you're in trouble now. If there is anything I could do, you know I'd do anything for you—anything at all."

"I wonder!" said Mrs. Creevy.

"Just try me!" Johnny pleaded; and the deck chair scraped again.

"Old stuff!" whispered the salesman. "Old stuff! Why do they fall for it?"

"They haven't changed much since we were that age," replied the doctor; and we all glared at each other.

"I'm sure I could trust you," said Mrs. Creevy musingly, "and it would do me good to tell someone that understood. To-night I feel as though I must tell somebody; but I'm afraid it will bore you."

"You know it won't!" said Johnny. "Please tell me—if you care to. You know I won't tell a soul."

"Of course not," Mrs. Creevy said. "I know that. But you'll think me a poor sport to spoil our lovely party with my silly troubles."

"Oh, no!" Johnny insisted fervently. "I think you're perfectly splendid, and it makes me awfully proud to think you trust me!"

"Lah!" squealed the salesman into the bunk curtains. "Twenty years ago I said that—just that."

But we pretended not to have heard him. The Chief was smiling vacantly at his boots. Perhaps he had said just that too—maybe fifteen years ago.

Mrs. Creevy proceeded to tell her story. It was a good story, dramatically told in carefully chosen, repressed sentences. Some features of it were new to us, while much of it was like reading over again an old familiar classic. We must do her the justice to confess we enjoyed it.

(Continued on Page 38)

THE FAIRVIEW GIRL CROP

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH P. COLEMAN

She Looked Me in the Eye Steadily, But as If She Found It a Little Difficult

THE very first Fairview story I wrote, you remember, dealt with Herman Lutz, who by "retiring," to spend his remaining days in the ease and comfort of the city, did all he could to cut down, as I think, the number of his days, and found little ease or comfort. You remember, too, I hope, the vague reference to that handsome daughter of his, Kate, and her way, all unfitted as she was for that sort of life, of finding ease and comfort in town and city.

Well, I thought then that Kate Lutz had passed from the life of the Fairview Settlement forever; but she returned a few months ago, like one of those comets with an uncertain period of revolution, and passed away again. In passing, she flooded the mind of one old mossback with a lurid light which will not fade for a long time; and she may have done something for the girls she left behind her.

It was this way: I came in from the field one day, unhitched my horses, watered them, and went into the house for a siesta on the sofa before supper, when I found Daisy Wiggins, the minister's wife, waiting for me.

"How-de-do, Daisy?" I remarked.

"Pretty well, Uncle Abner," she replied.

And then for a long time there wasn't anything said. I stretched myself out for my nap, thinking that Daisy was in the sitting room as a waiting place while time ripened some arrangement between herself and my wife. Finally, however, she opened the discussion.

"Uncle Abner," she inquired, "how are the crops?"

"Pretty fair," I replied. "The corn is backward, on account of the cool weather; but it's clean of weeds, because it has been dry and the cultivation has killed them. Hay is a short crop, but the hot season is just coming on; and the corn is sure to boom if we get what August generally gives us; and we can make up in silage what we lack in timothy and clover. The price of cattle is off—the Beef Trust is trying to drive us all out of business, I guess; but the hogs will probably keep us about even with the board in livestock. I have a notion to quit the beef game and go into dairying. The fellows that sell cream and milk are beating me all hollow. But, if everybody goes into cows, won't there be an overproduction of dairy products? I can't see any solution of the farmer's problem, Daisy; and ——"

"Mercy!" said she; and then "What are the farmer's greatest problems, Uncle Abner?" she queried.

"Making a living on the farm and putting a little aside for a rainy day; getting fair profits out of the land without robbing the soil; beating the hardest game ——"

"How's the girl crop in Fairview, Uncle Abner?"

I sat up and stared at her. She was looking at me with the same expression—determined, and at the same time exalted—with which she addressed me when she first brought the Reverend Frank to us and stated that they were going to become pioneers again, as her great-grandfather had been, in the old Fairview Settlement; only they were determined to be pioneers in rebuilding the state their forefathers had built. They were going to become missionaries in the Corn Belt, trying to make our faltering rural Christianity work again through a new and really rural sort of rural church. She had the same sort of holy audacity in her manner now that she had when they flimflammed me out of those fifteen acres of marsh, which Frank drained and made into a glebe land, attached to the Fairview Meetinghouse.

"How's the girl crop in Fairview?" she repeated, seeing me gaping at her with nothing to say.

"Why," said I cautiously, for I knew there was some sort of catch in her question, "I dunno ——"

"You don't know!" she exclaimed as if accusing me of crime. "You don't know! And neither does any man in this district. But you know about hay and corn and silage and cattle and hogs! And yet the girl crop makes a dreadful failure of the life of the whole neighborhood if it fails. What are men better than sheep or goats ——"

"Not much," said I; "but sheep and goats look after their crop of girls, in their way. What's the trouble?"

"Uncle Abner," said she, "I want to go to St. Paul or Minneapolis—I never can remember which—and on to Fargo; and I want Maude Ackerman to go with me—and I haven't the money! And if I undertake to explain why we want to go you'll think it's foolishness—and it is the deepest wisdom!"

"Well," said I, "I used to give my boys and girls a quarter once in a while and tell them to spend it foolishly; it seemed to sort of make up for the times when people gave them nickels with the caution that they were to see that they spent them wisely. That always made the gift worthless to me when I was a boy. The children called them their foolish quarters. Does little Daisy want a foolish quarter?"

"Call it that," said she. "It won't cost so very much. I know college people at both places who have asked me to visit them oceans of times; and they'd be glad to have Maude go with me. Do you think a special fund could be collected—and no questions asked?"

"I suppose," said I, "I may say that it concerns the Fairview crop of girls?"

"You may, if you like," said she; "but it will help the boys and women and men as well as the girls. Such things always do. And I won't say that this trip is actually and essentially necessary to our campaign ——"

"So it's another campaign, is it?"

"Yes. And, Uncle Abner, it grows out of the neglect of the girl crop in Fairview. It grows out of the fact that we've been forgetting that farm girls aren't quite the same as farm boys. This neighborhood has become noted among the countrysides of the United States as being the home of the Fairview Idea in country living; but the Fairview Idea is not complete."

"What blight or mildew has struck the girl crop in Fairview?" I asked. "I haven't noticed anything wrong. I think we have the nicest, prettiest, wholesomest lot of girls we've had in the neighborhood since I went courting—of course the girls were a notch higher then."

"They look happy to you, do they?"

"They certainly do."

"And they are happier, I hope, than the girls were when Frank and I came, and before Tom Whelpley began building happiness into the very basis of our neighborhood life by filling everybody's minds with the wonder and mystery and challenge of farm living through a truly-rural rural school. But girls want something more."

"Something more?"

"Something different."

"Well, by George!" I ejaculated. "I like their nerve! You can't satisfy a woman! It's impossible! Why, when I think of the way your great-grandmother used to live ——"

"Now that will be about all on that line, Uncle Abner," said Daisy. "My great-grandmother rode in the covered wagon and shared the storms and the risks of the prairies. But she stood by my great-grandfather's side, and they fought the same fight—exactly the same fight. There was nothing he expected to achieve that she did not expect to share. Life was simpler then. There were no great cities just beyond the horizon; and who knows, anyhow, what her discontents were as she looked out at the stars from the bed under the wagon! You never can satisfy women? Of course not! Every woman, every girl, is a true daughter of the horseleech, and cries 'Give! Give!' from birth to death.

"We of the Fairview neighborhood have been giving them much; but too much of it—and Frank and I have been partners in the mistake—has been economic. Too much in the way of canning clubs, scientific agriculture, milk, butter, pigs, calves, colts, soils and marketing; not enough of 'the light that never was, on sea or land.' Do you understand? Of course not! I myself scarcely understand."

"I think I have some notion," said I. "Having no wings, a woman wants to fly; without the mermaid's nature, she nevertheless wants to dive to the unfathomable; without any special efficiency she wants to do the undoable; without much of a brain—any more than the rest of us, anyhow—she wants to know the unknowable; and, though everybody knows she hasn't a bit of mechanical knack, she wants to unscrew the unscrutable! That's women for you! And when she can't satisfy these yearnings she pouts and blames it on farm life. Your Great-Grandmother Raymond carried water from the spring, cooked the meals, suckled her children, and didn't care whether the unscrutable was unscrewed or not. And I wish all our girls were back where she was. It would simplify matters a whole lot!"

I spoke with some heat. I hadn't indulged myself in primitive man's ancient luxury—an outbreak against women—for years and years. A little sex antagonism is a part of the game of life, I reckon—anyhow, it comforted me, even while the first little wave of shame rippled through my consciousness. Daisy giggled, just as she always did sooner or later in any serious discussion.

"Poor Uncle Abner!" she poored. "Has to live in a world half full of darned old women!"

"Shame!" said I.

"Just what I say!" she agreed. "But let me tell you a little of this thing that you don't understand: A girl—for remember we are discussing the girl crop—lives two lives. So does a boy. So does everybody, I guess; but let's consider for a moment a girl's secret and sacred life. It is a life of marriage and giving in marriage. Even the oldest old maid marches to the altar often and often in her inner life. It is habitual with her. A girl may not know what it is that she is all the time dramatizing in her visions, and may even deny to herself that she does this thing of which I speak; but she does it, all the same. The white-veiled figure beside the knight in armor looks like an angel or a fairy or a princess, as the girl beholds the cortege passing on with bursts of music and the scent of orange blossoms—but it is she herself every time."

"That's not peculiar to girls," said I. "Much you know of boys, Daisy!"

"Well," said she, "this I know: Boys' natures are more satisfyingly filled with acres and crops and livestock than are the natures of girls—or they seem to be. The boys in Fairview are happier than the girls—though I admit we have made things some better for the girls too. But girls hear of the great world outside as a place of delicious mysteries. They read more than the boys do, and they read of the romantic and wonderful things that happen to girls in cities. They sing more than boys do; and they always sing of love—somehow our song writers never find anything else worth singing. They clip and keep poems—always love poems. Girls need art!"

"Art!" said I. "Crayon enlargements of photographs? Oil paintings from studies that you pay fifty cents for, and which are always prettier than the paintings made from them? Burnt wood? God Bless Our Home! and What is Home Without a Mother?—in colored yarns on perforated paper? Calla lilies and American Beauties on plaques? We've had all these since I was a boy—and none of them seemed to prove Bordeaux mixture for our inward blight."

"You're invaluable to me, Uncle Abner!" said Daisy. "You react so accurately to every test in the average manner. Did you ever hear of dramatic art?"

"It's what the fellows do who paint the scenery in theaters," I answered very promptly.

Daisy giggled again, and said I was a hundred per cent Philistine, net.

"Girls," said she, "need little accomplishments; so that when the boys come round they may do things which will lift them above, or at least seem to put them outside the common life. So much they imperatively need, or they fail to give the boys their due by being mysteries."

"Mysteries!" I exclaimed. "They're worse than that. They're conundrums. Man was the conundrum of the ancient philosophers, and woman is the conundrum of to-day. We can't guess her ——"

"But you'll never give her up, will you, Uncle Abner?" cried Daisy; and then we both giggled together.

"And you think," I inquired, "that you can bring some of this mystery for the girls back from the prairies of Minnesota and North Dakota?"

She nodded affirmatively.

"It don't look reasonable to me," said I; "and I don't think it will look plausible to the men of the church, who'll have to make up this expense fund. Maybe you'd better tell me more about your plans."

"Do you want me to have that foolish quarter?" she inquired. "Or must I spend it not only wisely but tell just how I shall spend it before I get it? Is that the way you give quarters to be spent foolishly?"

"I guess the fellows will leave it to you and Maude," said I.

And so they did.

Daisy and Maude went on their journey; and Abel Bohn, and the others who made up their small purse, kissed their money good-by, and laughed among themselves at the queerness of women—even such sensible women as Daisy Wiggins. At the same time we were curious about their errand, and I sent to Minnesota and North Dakota and got all the literature of their experiment stations I could beg; but none of it seemed quite to the point on the girl proposition.

Finally Daisy and Maude returned, after writing to Adolph Tulp, from somewhere near Bismarck, to call a meeting of the Neighborhood Club at the Assembly Room of the schoolhouse for Friday evening.

That was a Monday. Tuesday we cut our second cutting of alfalfa; and Tuesday night the rain came and spoiled it. Wednesday I couldn't see why anyone should be a farmer, and walked over to have a talk with Frank Wiggins, and to look at that fifteen-acre patch of glebe land, now growing enough celery, potatoes and cantaloupes to support Frank and Daisy and their two babies—with the addition of the milk from three Guernseys, which never went out of the little barn except for exercise, and yielded over ten thousand pounds of milk each a year.

There were some mighty nice swine and poultry about the place too; and I loitered, as I went in by the back way from my own fields, and looked things over.

It was as prosperous a little farm as I ever saw; and, though it did not prove to my mind that intensive farming ought to take the place of extensive farming in the Corn Belt, it did set me thinking and querying as to whether or not Doctor Spillman's finding of facts for extensive farming is necessarily the last word on the subject, when I heard the murmur of voices in the manse—Frank's voice, Daisy's and another. I tapped on the kitchen door and, getting no reply, went on in. This is the custom. It is like entering the house of your son or your father, you know.

I stepped to the door of the little parlor and was met by Frank in a way that suggested that he had suddenly started up to bar out intrusion.

"Hello, Uncle Abner!" said he, making awful faces and motioning me away. "Glad you came! I want to show you the prettiest litter of pigs ——"

"If that's Uncle Abner Dunham," said a voice—not Daisy's—from within, "bring him in. I want him to have the pleasure of meeting the lost sheep."

I went in and saw, seated in Daisy's best wicker chair, a young woman who looked incredibly strange there, and yet familiar. I knew her in a minute—she was Kate Lutz! She was dressed in a flimsy, sleazy stuff which looked like an imitation of something expensive, and something not meant for wear in the country, unless at a party—or something of that sort; kind of out of place, you know, but pretty, for all that. Her skin was pale; yet she looked well-fed, but sort of soft, like a horse that's stood in the barn all winter and had no exercise, but has been kept on full feed. Her face was made whiter by powder and her eyebrows and lashes were jet-black. So was her hair. There was paint on her cheeks—just a little—and her lips were too red. She looked a little desperate, probably on account of the whites of her eyes showing so much, like an excited heifer's; but I could see that it was her ordinary expression. She rose as I went in and, offering her hand, said:

"How's every little thing, Uncle Abner? Kill the prodigal; the calf's returned!"

I took her hand, and held it while she looked me in the eye steadily, but as if she found it a little difficult.

"You're Herman Lutz's girl, Kate!" said I.

"Correct, Sherlock!" she replied. "Sit down and see these good people take me apart. And after the autopsy we'll talk about Aunt Lucy."

I sat; but none of us could say anything at first. Then Daisy began, quite as if talking of some absent person.

"Kate is a Fairview girl," she said, "who has left us, as a great many other girls would like to leave us. She and I are trying to get at the heart of the problem."

"This, then," said I, "is a part of the study of what ails the girl crop of Fairview?"

"Well," said Kate, "you'll never do anything to make things better. The best the farm girl gets is the worst of it; but it's a comfort to know that someone's getting wise to the fact that something's the matter. When I was here nobody thought a girl's life worth studying. It was 'Here, young woman, take that dishcloth and get busy! And no more whimpering round! What do you want, anyhow? As good a home as you've got—I should think you'd be ashamed! When I was your age'—and the rest of it. And I s'pose it's the same yet. Poor kids! And, at that, they're a darned sight better off than some of us, if they only knew it. But some things you never know till you've stuck your finger into the machinery."

She laughed—a laugh that was too loud and defiant. Her voice, even in speaking, was rougher and more brassy than I like to hear.

"Were you as pretty," asked Daisy, "as a young girl as you are now?"

"As I am now?" Kate laughed again, that same out-of-tune brassy laugh. "Say, I like that! I was as pretty, if I'd had any style to me, as a red wagon. I was some kid, wasn't I, Uncle Abner?"

"Yes," said I; "you were."

"Past tense from honest old Uncle Abner!" said Kate with another laugh.

"Every girl, almost," said Daisy, "is pretty in one way or another, and knows it. How did your beauty affect your feeling toward the farm?"

Kate sat silent. For the first time she had no ready answer.

"Did you feel that farm life robbed you of your—your ——" Daisy hesitated.

"My market?" asked Kate, and then hurried on: "Why, not in them words. I just felt that in the city I'd meet more people. I felt that I'd be in society like what I used to read of—wouldn't that simply assassinate you!"

"I see," said Daisy. "You'd meet more people in the city who would like your looks. And perhaps among them would be the man who would make you his idol!"

"Sure to be, I thought," said Kate. "Oh, I was the prize boob! But what did I know, with a family who thought that if I had clothes on my back and plenty to eat it was all I needed?"

"I suppose," went on Daisy softly, "you were all the time waiting for adventure, and never having it come to you?"

Evidently this was too subtle for Kate; for she said "Adventure?" and stopped.

"Things never happened to you on the farm?"

"Never!" said Kate. "Everything was dead—dead! I wanted life. I wanted beaus. I wanted to be in things in which the boys and girls could mingle, and flirt, and dance, and sing, and play round together. While I was from twelve to fifteen I was happy, because I could play with the boys like a boy; but after I had to put on long dresses, and when I got to looking like a woman, all that was over.

"Then the boys never came round except to spark—and I hated that. I didn't want to get married and have a raft of kids, and wash dishes, and bake, and roast myself over a stove or a washtub all the time; and make butter, and fret and stew and mop, and iron and mend and make, and slave all the time; and never stick my head over the front gate except to go to church and hear old Preacher Brown spell Hannah one Sunday, and spell it backward the next!"

"I'm afraid," said Frank, "that all of us preachers are in danger of falling into the habit of spelling Hannah backward. Don't be too hard on us!"

"Oh, you're all right," said Kate. "I wish I'd been able to do as Parson Brown said, at that. But I couldn't—I simply couldn't."

"There wasn't any fun in his religion?" said Frank.

"Fun!" scoffed Kate. "Say, when there's fun in religion, good health will be catching!"

"Both things are true," said Frank, "if we only knew!"

"Things are different here now, Kate," said I.

"Not so different," said Daisy, "as they will be."

"Well," said Kate, "sometimes things get bad for a while, and then take a turn and get worse; but I'll bet you haven't made any changes in Fairview to make it any rottener for the girls."

"Did you know Ethel Wyatt?" I asked. "Her father was a renter in your time and lived over near the Willow Creek Ford."

"Sure I knew her," said Kate. "Little homely thing that was always going round with her nose in a book. What has she done?"

"She's married long ago," said I, "and still lives on the old place. Her husband bought it and is paying for it. She seems to be happy. She writes for the farm papers on the beauties of farm life. She studies birds and insects and plants. She is a nature lover; and is so active in the Woman's Club ——"

"Well," said Kate, "them that likes bug hunting, and learning the first names of flowers and birds and snakes, are welcome to all they get out of it. But excuse me!"

"Ethel is one of the sort for whom farm life was always the most pleasant in the world," said Daisy. "I mean the nature lovers and those to whom the sunrise is a poem. I'm sorry there are so few of them. We can't run things for that kind alone, or we'll run into ruin."

"Give me people," said Kate, "or give me death."

"Me too!" said Daisy.

"And," went on Kate, "I guess getting your fill of people is about the same as the other thing." For the first time she showed signs of emotion. She brushed her handkerchief across her eyes. "Well," she went on, "I guess I'll have to step on the accelerator. The fellow I swiped that flivver from may get out a posse."

"Oh, I guess not!" said Daisy.

"I guess not too," said Kate. "But I must trot along, all the same."

"I'm having a plate put on for you," said Daisy. "I want you to stay. Would it have helped you if there had been dances—nice dances, where the old folks go and take their children home, and there is a musical program or maybe a lecture or a picture show, and something to eat?"

"It would have helped a lot," said Kate, "if I could have had pretty dresses to wear, and my folks would have taken me. They didn't believe in dancing, though."

"You hated housework?" asked Daisy.

"I sure did!" said Kate. "Why, I used to wake up in the night to hate it!"

"If you could have belonged to a canning club, and raised tomatoes or peas or corn, and sold the crop, canning what you could of it, and competed for prizes, and maybe received a free trip to the state capital, and probably to Washington—and had your own bank account and instructions in the work—would that have helped?"

"Why"—Kate hesitated as if considering—"why, I think these things would have been fine! Anything, O Lord, anything to make things sociable and sort of human!"

"And when you were in school in Fairview, if there had been a graded school such as we have now, with several teachers, and many pupils, and classes in cooking, sewing, gardening, and the like; and everything planned to make you think of the problems of farm life as things to be worked out and improved—don't you believe," asked Daisy, "that it would have made things more interesting?"

Kate looked the question over doubtfully.

Adolph Tulp is Scene Painter, Stage Carpenter, and a Watchful Waiter for a Dialect Part

"Well," said she, "a little schooling went a long ways with me, and a little farming a darned long ways! But maybe I could have seen something in them. I don't know."

"But if you'd had socials in the schoolhouse, and all the people of the neighborhood there to talk things over, with maybe people there from town, and a dinner, cooked and served by the girls, and a general good time—wouldn't you have found fun in that?"

"Yes," said Kate; "I see what you mean: A live place instead of a dead one. I'm lively myself; and I used to like things clean and lively at the same time. God knows there ain't any fun in the meanness people get into while they're hitting things up. It's the hitting it up that's fun. Yes; I can see that if you have all these things, a girl such as I used to be might be happy here. And I might not have been so infernal dumb in my studies. I was good in geography for a while, and I used to be the best reader in school—until I got sore at everything. And speak pieces—why, I was a shark at it!"

"Well," said Daisy, looking over at me as if she was opening a new move, "suppose we had had a regular Little Country Theater here, with our regular presentation of plays—plays written by farmer folks for farmer folks—not the feverish plays of the cities, but real studies, even though a little crude, of our own life by folks like us ——"

"Oh, that would be out of sight!" cried Kate. "Say, do you know, my greatest ambition has been to act! There is a man—I may as well tell you he's the feller that owns this car I slipped away with from town—that thinks he can get me into the movies! He says I have the most expressive face!"

"I've just come back," said Daisy, "from a trip to Minnesota and North Dakota, where they are beginning to have these things. I saw in both states real plays written by farm boys and girls, and played by companies of farm people. I never saw such interest in any dramatic entertainments in my life."

"Are the plays any good?" asked Kate.

"They're the best plays ever written in America!" cried Daisy. "But I don't suppose your city theatrical men would do anything but jeer at them."

"Not if they leave the Ten Commandments in any kind of shape," said Kate.

"But," said Daisy, "if the audience is a part of every good play, these plays are great. They deal with life. One of them is a play that shows how unhappy a farmer is likely to be when he retires from the farm and goes to town."

"Like pa," said Kate. "He's about as happy, I suppose, as a brook trout in a sewer."

"They have a Little Country Theater at Fargo," Daisy went on, "and are putting on plays there every season that seem to me to be the beginning of great things. Professor Arvold is the enthusiast behind the movement; but the people of those prairies—they are the movement itself. It started with folk dances and pageants put on by the immigrants—Scandinavians, Germans and Russians.

"The great success that started the movement in a big way was a play of old Icelandic life, written and put on the stage by the people of a neighborhood away out on those bleak prairies who are mainly immigrants from Iceland. And now, in Minnesota, under the leadership of Estelle Cook, and in North Dakota, under Arvold, a new literature and a new stage art are growing up, as distinctive as one can find anywhere in the world."

"So that's what you meant by art?" I inquired.

"Yes, Uncle Abner," said she; "the art we have bungled in the past. The painting, the crayon pictures, and the other things of which you spoke the other day, and most of our generally futile business of music lessons, are pathetic strivings on the part of the girls and their parents to give them something in the way of 'accomplishments.' Little bags of tricks they are for the girls to use in proving to the world and to the young men that they are wonderful girls, and not like other farm girls."

"'Little bags of tricks' is right," said Kate. "But they don't fool anyone."

"But here is a new art," Daisy went on—"an art growing out of life. What do you think, Uncle Abner, of a play telling how a farmer drove his boy away from the farm by sticking to old-fashioned methods, and how the boy went out into the world and made good by the right kind of farming; while his father went on losing money and coming to poverty?"

"It might happen," I admitted; "and then again the old folks might be right and the boy go broke. But I'd like to see the play if there is such a one."

"It's a Minnesota play called Back to the Farm!" said Daisy. "And we're going to put it on in the Assembly Room of the schoolhouse as soon as we can get it ready. It was written by a farm boy named Merline Shumway for farmer audiences. It is a success—among farmers. I hope it never will be anywhere else; for the worst thing that could happen to these young dramatists is to have commercial success. And Estelle Cook has written another play for the Minnesota circuit, called Kindling the Hearth Fire. It's a good play too."

"What's it about?" inquired Kate.

"About the life you ran away from, and how to make it better," answered Daisy. "Cecil Baker, a North Dakota farm boy, has written A Bee in a Drone's Hive—that's the retired-farmer play; and The New Liberator is another rural play of the North Dakota school, dealing with the marketing problem; I don't know who wrote that. The rural-credit question is presented in a North Dakota drama entitled The Prairie Wolf. The people of the farming districts are crazy about them, because they know what they are about."

"Gammer Gurton's Needle," said Frank, "and Ralph Roister Doister, over again."

"And Marlowe and Shakspere over again, too, perhaps," said Daisy. "When thirty million people, whose expression of their own life has been suppressed for centuries, start expressing themselves, nobody can tell what great things may come of it—if they can only escape the blight of New York."

A Young Man Would Sit Up With a Young Woman Until Two in the Morning

"They don't sound very thrilling to me," said Kate; "but for hicks maybe they are just the thing. And I'd give all my old shoes if I was a hick again—the kind of hick you seem to be making these days. I really must be going."

"Won't you come out Friday night to help us start this thing?" asked Daisy. "Or at least to learn more about it? Maybe there's a place for you in Fairview yet."

"Who—me?" replied Kate with one of her laughs. "No; I'm much obliged. It's too late for Fairview to get me. I'm going back to the drone's hive."

"Won't you stay to supper?" urged Daisy.

"No, thanks," said Kate. "I'm just as much obliged; but I must be going. I suppose you think it's funny—me dropping in on you this way; but I drove out on impulse and, seeing this little ranch here and the new church, I thought I'd stop and see what kind of folks you new workers in the vineyard really are.

"You are all right! I wish you'd been here ten years ago. Good-by! Good-by, Uncle Abner!"

"You've helped me greatly," said Daisy.

"And I don't know," said Kate, "but you've helped me. I guess you have."

After she went away in her cloud of dust we talked her over, forgetting the girl crop in our interest in the fate of one spear that looked more like cheat than wheat. Daisy insisted that Kate was not a bad girl, but just a wild and wayward one; and Frank agreed with her. I felt some doubts; though, as a matter of fact, while I have known several dullards of the Lutz breed, never one of them had been crooked. As it turned out, we were to hear more of Kate in the days to come.

This incident was really the beginning of our neighborhood work along the lines of the Minnesota and North Dakota ideas. The rest of the story is written in the lives of our people themselves—especially the young folks. Not that the plays themselves are so awfully epoch-making; but the thought that we can make our own plays, and perhaps our own poetry, pictures, statues, and histories sometime, is a wonderful thing.

Really the word "thought" is too strong. We do these things without thinking; and, most of all, without thinking of fame, as Harriet Bohn used always to be doing when she wrote verses before Isaiah married her. She says as much herself. Maude Ackerman wrote several stanzas of verse for a corn festival we put on last summer, and mixed her own poetry up with Whittier's Corn Song and that part of Hiawatha which deals with the corn myth—and never thought of what Whittier or Longfellow would have thought of the lines she made!

I tell you it was a pretty sight to see a lot of little girls and boys, dressed up to imitate ears of corn, giving a regular little cantata all about the crops. It made us feel proud. And when a fellow from Chicago asked Maude for a copy of her verses she found that she hadn't saved them! He said that Shakspere was just that careless about his poems and plays.

I haven't got to the bottom of this thing yet. It is much more important to the girls than it seems. It has loosened our tongues, so that we can talk and write indirectly about things which embarrass us when we try to approach them directly. We are getting a little less tongue-tied about sentimental things; but I can see that I shall never make myself understood or make you see how the new movement is rendering life pleasanter for the girls of Fairview. A talk I had with Marian may make it plain—if it does not I shall have to give it up.

"What do you think of farm life?" I asked.

"Why—I don't know," said Marian.

"If Clyde Bohn decides to go into the Farmers' Exchange Bank," said I, "will you be glad or sorry?"

We still maintain the custom in our part of the country of almost never speaking of engagements. Our parents never did. They kept it a profound secret, usually even from their parents, though the boy might tell his best boy friends, and the girl might take one or two girls into her confidence; but the rest of the world was supposed to be absolutely ignorant that courtship, no matter how open or obvious, was about to result in marriage.

A young man would sit up with a young woman until two in the morning twice a week for a year; and when the time came for them to wed they would slip off in a semi-elopement, and come home after a day or so to find the house full of cakes and pies—and her mother in tears. And there was an infare at the groom's home, too; as a general thing. My wife and I ran off in this way, though there was absolutely no reason why we should not have celebrated our wedding with any sort of pomp.

I believe I have it! The American farmer of past days, having lost through pioneer life the knowledge of how the wedding should properly be celebrated—or through mingling of nationalities finding himself confronted by the embarrassments of a difference of customs in the traditions of the families concerned—adopted the clandestine way of getting married to avoid the dilemmas and complexities of doing it according to any code of social usage.

We of the elder day were always embarrassed in the presence of any necessity for ceremonious social observance—and it is a good deal the same way in the country yet. Perhaps this fact gets close to the reason why the most abandoned poets and other writers are found among our reserved Northern races—they prove that reserved races and reserved people are not thereby shown to be cold. Marian blushed at my question; but she answered it fairly.

"I shall be satisfied either way," said she. "Whatever is best for Clyde will be best for me; and I think he is making up his mind that he can do better on the farm than in a little country bank. So I think I shall vote for life on the farm. It's so much better than it used to be before Fairview got to be a model neighborhood, you know."

Then she threw her arms about my neck, kissed me, and asked me if I loved her. Why was that? I ask you. Why, it was because she was glad to have her romance brought out into the light and treated by her old grandpa as a serious matter, a thing of consequence. Probably girls are like that; and it would be better for our rural life if we made more of their weddings, their preparations for mating—the greatest things of their lives.

That is why the girls are happier when the neighborhood gives itself over to the expression of itself in verses, plays and pageants. It has been a distinct loss to our American country life, this long abandonment of ceremony and observance. We must build it up again. So I thought that night as I pondered over this almost accidental conversation between Marian and myself. I made up my mind I would talk the matter over with Daisy and Maude.

If girls live so much in their affairs of the heart, why should not these matters be made much of and magnified in ceremony, announcement, festivities, and every feature

(Concluded on Page 29)

The Truth and the Corpus Delicti

Old Reliable Blunders Into a Cotton-Picking Triangle—By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

Buddy Huff Broke Up the Cotton Pickers' Festival, While the Chairman of the Sandwich Committee Broke Down the Front Door

A WARM October night fog wound its strangle coils round Seminole Plantation and a shuddering sense of mystery lurked in the murky air.

Brown-haired Betty Spottiswoode strolled out on the front gallery with Murray Duncan.

They stood in silence, gazing at the levee's crest before them, looming dim and spectral, the final rampart on creation's utmost verge. Beyond that barrier, limitless, immeasurable, stretched the Emptiness Infinite—the fog-enshrouded Mississippi.

Even the familiar objects in the great square surrounding Seminole House—whitewashed servants' quarters, an old stable converted into a garage, the harmless plantation store—even these kindly comrades of the sunshine now seemed threatening and malignant, nameless and unknown.

"Ugh!" Betty shivered. "I feel that something dreadful's going to happen."

Young Duncan laughed and drew her closer to him; yet he, too, felt the mystical oppression of the swamp.

Within doors—they could see him through the window—Colonel Beverly Spottiswoode sat at his table glancing over some gin reports and invoices.

The Colonel had been for several weeks on Seminole Plantation, while Betty, his niece, and Murray Duncan, her sweetheart, came up for the picking—a season of joy and hilarious philandering among the negroes, like vintage time in France.

Old Reliable was helping Sisserilla clear away the supper table; Sisserilla flirted herself from sideboard to china closet and made distracting eyes. Rilla had no business making such eyes—not in cotton-picking time—unless she meant it. For they are the eyes that triangular troubles are made of. Zack forgot all about his wife in Vicksburg, except as a big fat obstruction.

"Jes' wait, Rilla," he whispered; "soon as I kin git some 'vosement papers."

Then Rilla smiled upon him, smiled so dazzlingly that little sportive shivers went chasing each other up and down his spine—just as little yellow boys and girls went chasing each other through the merriment of cotton-picking time.

"Rilla, you better come 'long wid me to de festerval?"

"Dat festerval at Rehoboth Church? Huh! What you take me for?"

"Oh, come 'long ——"

Then Miss Betty called in at the window:

"Uncle Zack, please tell Julius to bring the car."

"Yas'm."

Zack didn't like that bright-skinned chauffeur and was glad of the chance to give him a job.

As Miss Betty and Mr. Duncan started off, Miss Betty said:

"Julius, you needn't wait for us if you want to go to the Cotton-Pickers' Festival."

Julius replied as Rilla had done:

"No'm, I don't care 'bout it."

Which made Zack suspicious; he hustled hotfoot to the dining room.

"Rilla, ain't you gwine to dat festerval wid me?"

"Not me; I don't love to mix up wid nigger doin's."

"Huh! Gittin' mighty uppity! Julius done turned you a plumb fool."

Whereupon Sisserilla Judson swished her starchiness through the doorway, and there might have been good reason for Miss Betty's premonition that something was going to happen.

Buddy Huff broke up the Cotton-Pickers' Festival, while the chairman of the Sandwich Committee broke down the front door. Buddy only made one shot; Brother Zack Foster only made one jump, and landed outside in the big road, with a carving knife in his hand. To begin with, the Sisterhood of Boaz should never have admitted Buddy and his loud-mouthed intention to perforate Sam Bagg for escorting Mamie Matthews. Yet, being a recent straggler from Vicksburg, Buddy had no call to take charge of things by remarking to Sam:

"Hold still, nigger, whilst I draws my bead."

Buddy Huff fired two shots, almost simultaneously. At the second explosion Old Reliable's leading foot struck the hundred-yard bridge. A third shot! Zack accelerated, his high-heeled shoes tattooing across the bridge like that contraption in the movies which registers speedy galloping.

"Halt!"

Old Reliable had been grabbing distance with both feet, hustling forward and gazing back. One eye shifted front. Two horsemen blocked his traffic with upraised shotguns.

"Halt!"

That's when Old Reliable first commenced beginning to get ready to start to stop.

"Halt, nigger! Gimme that knife!"

Zack stopped, and made himself easy in his mind when he recognized Deputy Bagster's big gray horse. But Graybill's rider was a stranger—one of two white men whom Zack had noticed rambling round in a wagon, mending sewing machines for niggers. Zack wondered why the sewing-machine agent should be jabbing his ribs with a shotgun.

"Gimme that knife!"

"Suttinly, suh; I is got a carver—fotch it to slice ham."

"Bring him along, Mr. Doyle."

The second stranger spurred to the church door.

"Who did that shooting?" he called to a fat woman, on her stomach behind an overturned table.

"Dunno, suh! It riz up sudden."

The fat woman rose up slowly. Scattered negroes ventured from the brush, untied their mules and galloped home. A few moved toward the light from the church door, batting their eyes, as bullfrogs do when they curiously approach a camp fire. Mr. Doyle rode up, driving Zack before him and asking questions. He talked like a Yankee; so the negroes wouldn't tell him anything.

"Well, we've caught one of 'em, anyway. Get along, old man!"—prodding his prisoner with the gun.

"Who? Me? White folks, whar'bouts you takin' me?"

"To jail—at Mayersville."

"Boss, lemme git my mule."

Zack rode between his captors. Elder Green and Reverend Fry tagged behind their argumentative pilgrimage to jail, protesting that Brother Foster was an innocent bystander who had failed to stand.

And as chairman of the Sandwich Committee Brother Foster possessed the constitutional privilege to tote a knife.

They reached the jail without rousing Mayersville and hammered long on the door before rousing the jailer. The iron door swung open with a malicious creak; that's when Old Reliable balked.

"Hole up, Boss! Who's gwine to shave Cunnel?"

"He'll shave himself. Get in!"

"No, suh. Cunnel would grow whiskers same as a baboon befo' he teched a razor. Cunnel gits his face all skunt up."

To shut off dilatory debate Mr. Doyle pushed Zack within.

"Is this your man?" Jailer Pete inquired.

"No. We were patrolling the road and heard shooting in a church. Caught this negro running away with a butcher knife; thought he might know something."

The jailer held up a lantern.

"Why this is Colonel Spottiswoode's nigger!"

"Yas, suh; sho is."

As Zack turned for his unpremeditated exit, Mr. Doyle shut the door.

"Lock him up; and make him squeal in the morning."

"Mister Pete, I'm bleeged to hurry home to-night an' press some clo'es fer Cunnel."

"Not this night!"—from Doyle.

"Mister Pete, please, suh, lemme telephone Cunnel to send a nigger fer his mule."

"Mr. Doyle, I reckon that's better—let him ring up."

Zack rang; then waited anxiously.

"Dat you, Cunnel? Dis is me—Zack. . . . No, suh; I ain't on my way home. White folks got me in de jail house. . . . No, suh; I ain't did nothin'. . . . Cunnel, Ise tellin' you de troof, jes' like Miss Betty always say: 'Speak de troof', an' you'll do de res'. . . . All right, suh. Mr. Pete, Cunnel Spottiswoode 'zires to speak wid you."

Zack stood aside as freckle-faced Pete deferentially took the receiver.

"Hello, Colonel! This is Pete. . . . Yes, sir; he's here. . . . Disturbing the peace and exhibiting a deadly weapon. . . . A butcher knife—butcher knife; not a pistol. . . . No, sir; never cut nobody. . . . Sorry I've got to hold him."

Pete suddenly shut up and thenceforward did the long-distance listening. Zack knew precisely what the Colonel was saying about meddling with his niggers, and saying it strong.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir." Pete kept ducking and bowing. "All right, Colonel, if you'll be responsible." Then he hung up the receiver.

"Old man, you can go home. Mr. Doyle, if I held Colonel Spottiswoode's nigger the sheriff would fire me."

"Sho would!" Zack chuckled to himself.

A long-legged sorrel mule hit the road in high places until Zack turned him loose in the Seminole lot and hurried round to report. Miss Betty's car was standing at the garage; she had just got home.

"Well, Zack!"

The Colonel wheeled about in his whirligig chair and looked pestered.

"Wait, Cunnel; lemme spress myse'f how 'twas."

Miss Betty was taking off her veil.

"Shame on you, Zack—disgracing the family!"

"Lemme splain."

"Tell the truth about it!" Miss Betty always said that.

Mr. Duncan likewise held a mournful face while Old Reliable demonstrated his immaculate innocence.

"Miss Betty, I warn't meddlin' wid nobody—jes' slicin' ham an' tendin' to bizness. Cotton pickers had plenty 'noney to buy ice cream an' pop, an' sech; ev'ything passed off pleasant—ontil dis here Buddy Huff busted in—Bang! Bang!—wid a sixshooter. Nacherly I arrived out o' dat church wid Cunnel's carvin' knife. Dat's how come me got 'rested."

Colonel Spottiswoode's expression changed, with an amused smile.

"Who is Buddy Huff?"

"Jes' a biggety nigger what calls hisse'f comin' from Vicksburg."

"Did they turn him up?"

"Turn up Buddy Huff? Lord, Lord! Cunnel, dey warn't gwine to do dat. Buddy mought git loose an' have all yo' niggers scratchin' gravel to move away from Seminole."

"That's right, Zack; don't let 'em scare off my tenants," the Colonel laughed. "Now tell Julius to put up the auto. And he can go for the night."

Swelling with distinction at having been in jail, Old Reliable strutted to the quarters and caught yellow Julius lounging in Sisserilla's rocking-chair. Zack abominated this airified mulatto from Washington, D. C., who talked so "biggety," making Rilla laugh and flash the gold in her front tooth.

The first minute this new chauffeur stepped off the steamboat Zack felt a hunch that Julius would disturb the serenity betwixt himself and Rilla.

"Julius, roust yo'se'f up from dat chair! Cunnel say to put away de car an' git a hustle."

Julius never stirred.

"You niggers makes me tired; gits bluffed ef a white man bats his eye! White man ain't no more'n a nigger to me. Besides dat, I got a notion to curry dat possum face o' your'n."

"Huh! You better ack powerful skittish roun' me, onless I pacifies my disposition. Come nigh carvin' one nigger to giblets a while ago, an' jes' got out o' jail."

"Got out o' whar?" Rilla peartened up and took notice.

"Nothin' much!" Zack replied offhand. "Dis here Buddy Huff——"

"Buddy Huff!" Julius bounded to his feet. "Buddy Huff?"

"Sholy! Is Buddy a friend o' your'n?"

"No." Julius stammered and backed off. "I ain't 'quainted wid cotton-field niggers. But what is Buddy did?"

"Come bulgin' into de festerval wid a gun; I nacherly grabbed Cunnel's carvin' knife an' went atter him."

"But they didn't—didn't—catch Buddy?"

"Huh! Nary jack rabbit couldn't ketch Buddy at de gait I started him off."

Julius appeared to do right smart pondering, which Old Reliable accepted as a tribute to valiant deeds. Then Julius buttoned up his lip real tight, took his lantern, and moved jerkily toward the garage.

"Zack"—Rilla grinned as if something tickled her gold tooth—"Zack, I wouldn't believe yo' brags on nary stack o' Bibles high as dis house!"

"Jes' ax dem constables ef dey didn't 'rest me fer carryin' a carvin' knife. Ax 'em! Ax 'em!"

Rilla patted her foot and listened, unconvinced.

The Seminole residence faced the Mississippi River, from its fenced-in square of rose gardens and live oaks. To the rear a row of cabins sheltered the household servants. At the right-hand corner of the square, outside the inclosure, stood the plantation store. Back from the store ran a fence to the old stable—just inside the inclosure—now used for a garage. Halfway between store and garage hung a substantial gate.

Zack was paying special attention to Rilla, while Rilla skinned one eye cornerwise toward Julius as he lighted his lantern at the garage. Miss Betty's runabout stood on the platform. Very distinctly Rilla saw Julius stop and listen; then a man's figure emerged from the shadow.

"Zack, you brags about chasin' Buddy Huff from de festerval. Yon he is now, talkin' wid Julius. Lemme see you go chase him some more."

Zack felt his legs twitch for speed.

"Sho is Buddy! But yon's annuder nigger. I ain't chasin' three of 'em—jes' me, one!"

"I keeps a-thinkin'," Rilla observed: "Las' night Buddy Huff come an' sot wid Julius on dat platform. An' Julius deny he's 'quainted wid Buddy."

From the best that Zack and Rilla could make out, the two negroes seemed to be squabbling. Buddy Huff lifted his hand and Julius unconsciously raised his voice:

"I ain't goin' nowhar's to-night. Dat settles it! Now git away from here!"

Julius angrily pushed the runabout within the garage, padlocked the door and extinguished his lantern.

"All right, Miss Rilla," he sang out long before reaching her gallery. "Ef you's all ready we kin go an' git dat ice cream."

"Ice cream?" Zack whispered to the woman.

"Sholy—me an' Julius is got a date fer de festerval."

"Festerval done busted up."

"Den we'll go walkin'—dat's a heap mo' nicer."

"Lissen to me, Rilla: ef you don't quit foolin' wid Julius him an' me is nacherly bleeged to tangle."

Coquettishly she tossed her head.

"How you know Ise foolin' wid Julius? Maybe Ise prankin' wid you!"

"Den I'm gwine to stop his clock—stop it sudden!"

Old Reliable's clock-stopping intentions were temporarily postponed by Miss Betty, who called from the back doorway:

"Oh, Zack! Zack! Come along now and press uncle's clothes."

"Yas'm."

Julius and Rilla sasshayed toward the side gate through a mist to which an invisible moon had lent a luminous quality. Zack stood glaring after them and wasn't pestered about luminosities. It was the loving way in which Rilla clung to the chauffeur's arm that got him riled.

"I'm nacherly bleeged to jerk a knot in dat nigger's tail!"

"Come on, Zack!" Miss Betty called again; and Old Reliable shuffled into the house.

None of the white folks at Seminole were looking for trouble except Betty, who always had these premonitions on foggy nights. The whole contention rose up afterward, at the Squire's Court, when the lawyers commenced squabbling about the precise whereabouts of one Zack Foster, alias Old Reliable, between the hours of nine-forty and ten-twenty on the night of the killing.

Of course Miss Betty and Mr. Duncan hadn't paid particular attention to everything Zack did, because they were too busy studying about each other. But Miss Betty and Mr. Duncan agreed that Old Reliable had entered the back door about nine-thirty. The exact time did not matter, for no shot had been fired and Julius Dupre was then alive.

"Whilst I Was Pressin' Cunnel's Clo'es I Seen 'em Prance Out de Side Gate an' Go Gallivantin' 'long de Levee"

Zack went to the Colonel's bedroom and got three suits to be pressed. The Colonel was bending over a table in his private office, checking up cotton pickers' weights.

Subsequently—at ten-seventeen—Colonel Spottiswoode had occasion to use some memoranda on the back of an envelope which he supposed to be in the pocket of a coat that Zack was pressing.

So the Colonel shouted for Zack, who came, holding a hot iron; then returned with the Colonel to search for the envelope, which could not be found—until the Colonel discovered it in his own hand.

Thereupon the Colonel's heated remarks drew Miss Betty and Mr. Duncan to the second room on the ell. Most positively Zack Foster was working in that second room at ten-seventeen.

After which Betty and Murray Duncan strolled back to the sitting room. Almost instantly they heard a shot. Shots in the dark were not unusual since Government laborers came to work upon the levee.

On the other hand, Sisserilla Judson knew nothing whatever as to occurrences in the big house, she being engrossed with the sumptuous conversation of Julius Dupre. They had taken a walk on the levee, then promenaded back to the side gate. There they stopped and talked, Rilla inside and Julius leaning over the gate from the outside. Julius had his head half turned, but Rilla was gazing toward a black-green clump of Spanish daggers growing in a gully. The flash came from that clump, straight at her. Startled by the sudden shot, Rilla never even hollered—just stared; then glanced round at Julius. He had disappeared.

At first she supposed he must have run. Now she heard a groan and saw him lying outside the gate, all crumpled up in a heap.

Being excited, Rilla could not open the gate easily—had to shove hard, because Julius had fallen against it. By pushing his body aside she forced her way through, knelt down, and found that he was dead; which frightened Rilla so she could not call for help. She tried to lift the body; it was as limp as a dish rag and too heavy.

Then she staggered up and ran screaming for the Colonel. It was so far to the front of that big old house that nobody could hear. Rilla burst into the sitting room, shrieking:

"Oh, Cunnel! Cunnel! Julius is kilt! At de side gate."

Colonel Spottiswoode and Murray Duncan sprang up instantly. Miss Betty paused long enough to shout:

"Zack! Oh, Zack! Bring a light—quick!"

All three of them knew positively that Zack came running out of the second room on the ell, through the hallway, with a lamp in one hand and a hot iron in the other. Betty remembered the iron very distinctly, having touched it with her arm and been burned.

They rushed to the side gate, Mr. Duncan slightly in advance of the Colonel, with Betty and Zack together, and Rilla behind.

"Where is he, Rilla?" Duncan called back.

"Lyin' right dere—whar you's standin'."

Colonel Spottiswoode snatched the lamp from Zack and searched in the shadows, behind a wagon body, along the fence—everywhere.

"I don't see him."

The yellow maid stood dazed, with ashen face.

"I lef' Julius here—jes' dis minute—shot plumb through de head."

"Maybe you had a nightmare!" Murray Duncan tried to laugh.

"No, Murray—don't you remember? We heard a shot!"

"Yes—come to think, I heard it too." Duncan bent over a dark puddle. "Here's the blood—the body's gone."

"Dem men!" Rilla's voice quivered with fright. "Dem men—dey got him."

"Who got him? What men?" Colonel Spottiswoode demanded.

"Two niggers what Julius was quawlin' wid dis evenin', an' likewise las' night."

"Who were they?"

"One of 'em was Buddy Huff"—in a whisper.

Old Reliable had not yet opened his mouth; now he promptly corroborated Rilla.

"Yas, suh, Cunnel; I seen 'em too. I knows Buddy real good."

"What was he doing here?"

"Nothin', suh—no more'n hangin' roun' an' skull-draggin' wid Julius."

"Skulldragging?"

"Yas, suh. Dat's poppin' caps an' throwin' alams."

"Rude, angry and threatening?"

"Nacherly, suh; fixin' to fight."

Rilla collapsed flabbily upon the wagon body.

"Dem men! Dem men!" she kept moaning to herself.

Colonel Spottiswoode wheeled toward the house: "Murray, keep everybody away while I telephone for Henry Carnes and the dogs."

"Yes"—Duncan consulted his watch—"it is now ten-twenty-one. You'll catch him at home."

"De high sheriff!" Rilla muttered.

"Dem blood dogs!"—in Zack's awestruck voice.

When the sheriff and Doyle arrived in an auto Rilla glanced up dumbly from her seat upon the wagon body, relapsing into a rhythmic swaying back and forth. Momentarily she roused herself, trying to think; then stared again into vacant darkness.

The sheriff sprang from his car: "Hello, Colonel! Miss Betty! What's the row?"

"Don't know, Henry; can't quite make out." The Colonel was genuinely puzzled.

"Anybody hurt?"

"Must have been; here's a lot of blood. My house girl was standing at this gate, talking to Julius. Somebody shot him from that clump of Spanish daggers."

"Kill him?"

"Rilla tried to pick him up; but he was dead. She ran to the house, and when I came out we couldn't find the body."

"Lemme take a look. Mr. Doyle, get the light."

Doyle produced a powerful electric lamp from the auto; they methodically examined the ground, circling outward from the puddle of blood. First they discovered a smoothing iron.

"What's this?"

"Zack brought that when he followed us from the house."

The iron was yet warm. At the left gatepost Doyle stooped and from the tall grass picked up a pistol—automatic, full-loaded.

"Reached for his gun, and dropped it."

"Julius never carried a weapon," Miss Betty asserted.

The sheriff smiled and shook his head, while Colonel Spottiswoode suggested:

"No, Henry; that gun must have belonged to one of those other men."

"What other men?"

"Zack saw two negroes in altercation with Julius near the garage."

"When?"

"To-night; about supper time."

The sheriff promptly questioned Old Reliable:

"Who were those niggers?"

"Never knowed but one, Mr. Henry; he was Buddy Huff, what done de devilment at Reholoth."

The sheriff nodded at Doyle.

"My dogs will be here presently."

Then he turned again to Zack:

"So Buddy Huff sneaked out here to-night, after the shooting. Why didn't you phone me? You knew we were searching for him."

"I warn't de onliest one what seen him. Rilla seen Buddy too—didn't you, Rilla?"

She cowered upon the wagon body, crooning and wailing.

"Didn't you, Rilla?" Zack repeated.

The woman sprang up, electrified.

"Yas; I seen him—an' here's de nigger what shot Julius!"—with a finger accusing Zack.

Old Reliable wabbled at the knees like a rabbit; then leaped for the darkness. Doyle seized him.

"Lemme go, white folks! Lemme go! I ain't shot nobody!"

"Yes, you did!" Rilla shrieked. "Yes, you did! You got mad at Julius, jes' 'cause Julius an' me went walkin'."

Colonel Spottiswoode stood up, tense and straight.

"Rilla! Rilla, be careful what you say—but tell the truth!"

"Dat's de troof, Cunnel. Ole Zack hid hisse'f right yonder in dem Spanish daggers an' kilt Julius!"

Carnes grasped the woman's shoulder to steady her:

"Killed him! Then where is he?"

"Dem mens toted him off—dem mens what been sneakin' round here fer two or three nights."

"Why did they carry him off?"

"Dunno, suh; but dey done it. Dey done it!"

The black and jagged Spanish daggers stood in shadow beneath an oak. Step by step, casting their light in advance, the sheriff and Doyle went crouching toward them. Behind the daggers was a slight ravine filled with broken brick and lime rubble. Doyle bent close to the ground.

"Look, Mr. Carnes! Somebody has been standing here; but"—he examined the footprints minutely—"but these tracks seem like a woman's."

"Yes; the heels are too narrow and sharp for a man. Yet they measure pretty near to a man-size foot. And here's the print of a knee, as plain as day."

Both officers scrutinized a fresh impression, clearly stamped upon the pulverized brick and decaying mortar.

"Knelt down to take aim," Doyle remarked. "Here's where the shot came from, all right. Now, then, what woman had a grudge against Julius?"

Colonel Spottiswoode knew absolutely nothing about his chauffeur's private affairs. Five weeks before, Julius had answered his advertisement for a chauffeur, and presented credentials from prominent gentlemen in Richmond.

"But, Colonel," Doyle insisted, "those footprints look like a woman's."

"Woman! Woman!" Rilla blurted out. "'Twarn't nary woman! Dat's de way Ole Zack been fixin' his shoes ever since he come sparkin' atter me—tacks a piece o' leather on de heel to make hisse'f tall."

Zack's bulging white eyes rolled appealingly to the Colonel as Doyle focused a pitilesa white light upon his shoes, disclosing the same sharp heels, the rather small foot, with undeniable traces of brickdust and clinging bits of mortar. Even more damnably convincing was the stain on his trousers, proving that Old Reliable had recently knelt in reddish-white rubble.

Swiftly Doyle snapped the nippers on him.

"We've got the right man."

"No, suh," Zack protested; "dem tracks don't signify nothin' 'cept whar I was projectin' roun', tryin' to ketch a rabbit."

For a moment the Colonel stood with his head down:

"Henry, this is utterly absurd; Zack's not that kind of a negro."

"No, suh, Cunnel; I never done so. Rilla's got a prejudy agin me. I ain't tellin' you no lie. You always say, 'Tell de troof,' an' you'll do de res'."

"That's right, Zack; tell the truth—and I'll stand by you."

Doyle promptly loaded his prisoner into the automobile, while the sheriff glanced at Rilla.

"Colonel, we must hold this woman as a witness. She's the only one who seems to know anything."

"No, sir-ree, you won't! What'll I do for a house girl?"

"If you will be responsible for her she can stay."

Old Reliable struggled up from the rear seat:

"Oh, Cunnel, jes' be 'sponsible fer me too."

The suddenness of such a crime staggered the usually alert Betty Spottiswoode, and her mind refused to work. Now she thought in a flash and caught the sheriff's arm:

"Wait, Mr. Carnes! Listen! Zack could not possibly have done this. I heard the shot and Murray heard it. Zack was then in the house, pressing a suit of clothes."

"Sure, Henry; that's true," Duncan instantly agreed.

The Colonel stiffened and added his clincher:

"Yes, yes; I forgot that. Rilla ran in screaming and Betty called for Zack to bring a lamp. I saw him distinctly; could not be mistaken. He came out of the second room on the ell and followed me to this gate with a hot iron. There's the iron to show for itself."

Then all three of them talked—rapidly, positively, with convincing details. Zack could not be guilty because he was actually with them at the moment the shot was fired. This unassailable alibi disconcerted the sheriff.

"But, Colonel ——"

Earlier that same night these potent influences had snatched the same prisoner away from the cold-blooded Mr. Doyle. It should not occur again. While Carnes hesitated and parleyed with his friends, Mr. Doyle started the auto, and heedless of the shouting sheriff conveyed his capture to Mayersville.

"Well, Doyle"—next morning in the jail office Henry Carnes could afford to laugh—"you pulled me out of a hole last night."

"Yes, sir; you were getting in bad."

"Tight fix, wasn't it?"

"So I just relieved you of all responsibility."

"Fine business; fine!" Carnes suddenly ducked from the window. "Now do it again."

"Not on your life!" For Doyle saw the Colonel and Miss Betty rolling up in their auto.

Detective and sheriff dodged together into the corridor, where Carnes beckoned his jailer.

"Pete, let the Colonel see his nigger; but I'll break your neck if you turn him loose."

Then the high sheriff and the fearless sleuth discreetly eliminated themselves from the neighborhood.

"Pete," Colonel Spottiswoode announced through the grating, "we've just dropped in to get old Zack."

"Sorry, Colonel; but you'll have to see Mr. Carnes."

Orders were orders, and Pete let them see the prisoner. The stalwart planter, immaculate in white linens, with grizzled mustache, and glasses dangling from a silken cord—Colonel Beverly Spottiswoode—passed through a doorway into the narrow prison cell.

"Good morning, Zack!"

The Colonel was an old-timer who, like the patriarchs of Israel, regarded his negroes as members of his family, to be guided, protected and disciplined with a kindly tolerance for their invincible limitations. A wrong to them was a wrong to him, and he made it his affair.

"Mornin', Colonel!"

Old Reliable felt safe; the Colonel's friends were the Colonel's friends, and staked their lives upon it. He had the clear skin of a clear mind, dependable eyes that never wavered, and, above all, truth, sincerity, a contempt for subterfuges. Zack felt safe.

Betty Spottiswoode had paused a moment at the door, then followed her uncle, none the less erect, with eyes no less sincere and dependable, but with soft brown hair instead of gray. They were of the same blood and faith.

"Well, Zack, how do you feel?"

"Right tol'able, Miss Betty. But I don't like dis here jail; it's too confinin'."

Colonel Spottiswoode glanced round for some place where a lady might sit, and Pete thoughtfully inserted a rocker, which the Colonel placed for Betty.

"Uncle Zack," she smiled, "we stopped by for you on our way home ——"

"Yas'm." Zack reached for his hat.

(Continued on Page 36)

"Yas; I seen Him—an' Here's de Nigger What Shot Julius!"

A SCRAP OF PAPER

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

TWO people stared at each other across the white cloth of a restaurant table. Their tea grew cold, and the pile of English muffins had not diminished since the waiter had brought them half an hour before. Dimpled elbows on the table and firm chin in palms, the girl stared at the man. Less nervous than he, it nevertheless was evident that the strain under which he so patently labored had communicated itself to her. For the dozenth time she put the question:

"And you're sure it's genuine?"

"I've seen their signatures hundreds of times on stock certificates," replied the young man. "Furthermore, the newspapers have had accounts of Masterman's conferences with Schlossfelt and Montfoucault.

"The papers couldn't guess the reason for the conferences, but we can guess now, eh?"

Her voice did not partake of the triumph that was in his.

"Yes, we can," she agreed soberly. There was a moment's silence. "And you haven't even the vaguest idea of how it came into your coat pocket?"

He shook his head.

"I've told you all I know, Kirby. I went to lunch a bit early to-day. I wore my raincoat, not because it was cloudy but because of my cold. As I was taking it off in Moquin's I felt a paper in the pocket. I took it out and read it. Then—well. I've told you how I felt, what I did, how I wandered the streets for a couple of hours, trying to make up my mind, trying to fathom the mystery of how it got into my possession. I gave up wondering about that. I had it, that was enough. And I knew that it was genuine; I know it now! I couldn't go back to the office; whoever had put that paper in my coat might come back for it. And my title to it was certainly as good as the title of the man who placed it there.

"It was undoubtedly stolen, and it was a dangerous thing to have in one's possession. Men have been killed for things worth a thousandth part what this paper is worth. And as I couldn't quite make up my mind what to do, and knew my danger—well, I went home, packed a suit case, gave up my room, paid my bill, telephoned you, and here we are!"

He tried to laugh, but there was little mirth in his tones.

"Please Excuse Me, Miss Rowland. I Just Wanted to be Sure That You Knew Grant and Thought a Lot of Him"

"You wanted my advice, Dick?" He nodded. She was thoughtful. "And hadn't you planned anything?"

He smiled nervously.

"Well, I'd planned honeymooning with you on one of the finest yachts afloat. I'd planned a place in the hills of Virginia, a suite overlooking Central Park, a bungalow at Palm Beach and a villa at Bar Harbor. I hadn't planned much beyond that, Kirby."

She looked him in the eye. He met her gaze shamefacedly, yet with a certain questioning. She shook her head slowly.

"You really hadn't planned to blackmail them?"

"That's an ugly word, Kirby. Let us say that I—had something to sell worth some millions probably. If they wanted to buy ——"

"You don't mean that, Dick."

"Why not?"

"You couldn't!"

"I might."

He swallowed painfully and reached for a muffin. Between the strong fingers of his right hand he crumpled the bread. He leaned across the table until his face was close to hers. The waiter, who had observed with rising choler their failure to touch either tea or muffins, smiled vaguely to himself. It was a lover's tiff, in process now of being made up. Soon they would ring for fresh tea and would be smiling at each other. The waiter's tip would be very large.

"Look here, Kirby," said the young man, "think what this means! Trips abroad, yachts, automobiles, country houses ——"

"'And he took Him up upon a mountain and showed Him the kingdoms of the earth,'" said the girl. The youth flushed. "Dick," she went on, "you don't, you can't mean it!"

"You think so?" He smiled, a mocking tenderness in his eyes. "You really think that I'm good enough to give up a chance at millions?"

"'Good' isn't the word," she answered. "Strong enough! The man I love is strong enough to put behind him the wrong and to choose the right. There are times when mere goodness is not enough for that; it requires strength, and the man I love is strong."

He flushed.

"And I earn twenty-two dollars a week, Kirby. By the time I'm thirty-five I may be making enough to get married on."

"You're making enough now," she retorted.

"What do you mean?" A light leaped into his eye.

"I mean that I am ready to marry you at any time, Dick; ready to share whatever you may provide—in honesty. In honesty!"

"And if I made a few millions out of this ——"

"I should not marry you," she said slowly.

Let those laugh at love who will. It works its marvels just the same. For Dixon Grant, an average youth of average morals, put behind him the chance for a fortune all because of love. Let those who work for twenty-two dollars a week ask themselves if they can blame Dixon Grant for those dreams which love dispelled. For love did dispel them. His fingers dropped the crumbled muffin.

"I guess, Kirby, that if you're satisfied with an eleven-hundred-a-year man he ought to be satisfied with his job."

For a second her fingers touched his and her eyes smiled at him.

"I knew, Dick, you didn't really mean it."

"Don't rate me too highly," he said ruefully. "I did mean it! Think of those three thieves! What they have is theirs by right of might. My right is as great as theirs ——"

"That sounds well, Dick; but it won't stand the acid, and you know it. Stealing from a *thief* is stealing just the same."

He sighed; then laughed resignedly. "Well, I guess it's exit Mr. Dixon Grant, multimillionaire; enter Dick Grant, clerk. What have you to say to him?"

"Many things—that will wait a more suitable place, Dick." Her eyes shone as she looked at him. "Other things that must be said now. What are you going to do?"

"Go down to Masterman's office, hand in the paper, and maybe accept the job he'll give me," he answered.

"And yet you sent for me—to ask my advice?"

"That was when I planned hang it all, Kirby, I don't suppose I really intended to blackmail them! I only knew the possession of the paper was dangerous; that I might—well," flushing, "I wanted to get away and think with you to help me. I was rattled, dazed! Now, what is there to be done? The paper really isn't mine. If I can't use it to get money out of them I can't use it to get money out of a newspaper. I can't use it at all. I might as well return it to Masterman and get the thing over with, go back to the office to-morrow and take up my job again, and ——"

"And let Masterman and the others go ahead with their plans to scourge the country?"

"What can I do to stop them?" he asked bitterly.

"Is there anything that compels you to return that paper to them?"

"But I can't use it for my own benefit."

"How about a greater benefit than yours or ours, Dick? How about a benefit to the country?"

"You mean ——"

Face flushed, eyes sparkling, she looked at him.

"Dick, to try to acquire benefit for yourself from the possession of this paper is to commit blackmail. To benefit the country is war! This paper shows that Masterman and his crowd are enemies to the nation, desirous of crushing the people into the ground. Masterman would pay millions to you to get that paper back, for it means revolution, Dick, if the people learn of its contents."

He didn't quite grasp her meaning.

"You mean, then, that I should turn it over to some paper—without pay, of course?"

"No, that would mean revolution! And what would revolution gain the people? Masterman and his crowd would be ousted, but the whole system would start all over again, plus the handicap which revolution always imposes."

He shook his head.

"Then what?"

"Organize a new system! You saw enough to realize that whoever put that paper in your pocket would do murder to get it back. But the Masterman crowd, they too would do murder and worse to get that paper back! Don't you see that as long as they can't get it back, as long as it hangs over their heads, we can do what we will with them? They're our servants, Dick, and we—we are the servants of the people."

Again his fingers toyed with the muffin. "Make war on Masterman and his crowd?"

"They are enemies, avowed enemies—this paper proves it—of the people. Because the people would go insane with wrath if they knew of this paper, we will not show it to them. But we ourselves will declare a people's war upon Masterman and the rest. We will make them return what they have stolen from the public. We can do it!"

"King Dick and Queen Kirby, eh?" he smiled. "How long do you suppose we could get away with it? A thousand detectives ——"

"You'd have risked that for money," she countered.

"I'll risk it for the people," he said, flushing. "Only, I can't have you ——"

"Who will know? You have disappeared; we will give no names; no one will know who we are."

"We're taking a lot on our shoulders, Kirby. Wiser and older heads might counsel ——"

"We don't know what wiser and older heads would counsel," she cried; "but we do know what we can do. We can make Masterman return what he has stolen. After all, what can be wiser than justice? And that is all we shall ask. Dick, you and I will accomplish what revolutions could not, because the people are always blinded by false leaders; because, too, the people are themselves selfish, with each out for himself and his own. Where Masterman would have set the world back, we will advance it!"

"All with this little paper," he said—"if it's genuine."

"But you said ——" She pushed back her chair and rose. "Dick, I'll know in a moment if it's genuine. I'll know!"

She made for a telephone booth in the hall outside the restaurant entrance, he following her, still a bit overwhelmed by the magnitude of the plan she proposed. The telephone girl waved her to a booth. She made room inside for Dick.

She asked for Masterman's office.

"Mr. Masterman himself, please," she requested. "Busy? Then tell him it has to do with a certain paper signed by him and two other gentlemen." She gripped Dick's hand with nervous fingers. There was a moment of waiting, then: "Mr. Masterman? You lost a paper to-day signed by yourself, Mr. Blaisdell and Mr. Cardigan. You know to what I refer? Yes? Mr. Masterman, I want you to issue universal transfers for the city. I want you to send for the reporters at once and announce the fact. At once! I shall expect to read of it in the morning papers. You understand? I have that paper. If the announcement is not made, and if its provisions are not carried into effect by to-morrow noon—you may guess the answer, Mr. Masterman."

She hung up the receiver. She pushed Grant before her from the booth.

"What did he say?" queried Grant.

"Pay your check—hurry," she commanded. "Hurry!" She stamped her foot.

Grant stared, but only for a second. He hurried into the dining room and gave the waiter a bill. He did not wait for his change, but seized his hat from the chair on which it lay and came out into the hall. Kirby was not there. He looked round, bewildered.

"Lady went outside," volunteered the telephone girl. "Said for you to ——"

Her instrument engaged her attention then, and Grant waited for no more. As he passed through the street door the telephone girl's dull eyes lighted. She rang a buzzer and in a moment the house detective stood before her.

"Well?"

"Office of Martin Masterman wanted young woman trailed. She just left here—blue tailored suit, hat with green feather, brown hair, gray eyes. Better hustle."

The house detective hustled, marveling, as he did so, at that facility for description of another woman's costume possessed by all women. He hustled, for whatever Martin Masterman wanted he usually got. But the taxi-starter informed him that the couple had driven off "just for a drive round," the girl had said. There was no use in pursuit; they might have gone in any one of a hundred directions once they turned the corner. The chauffeur would tell later where he dropped them. So the house detective returned to the telephone, where he called up the Masterman offices and expressed his great regret that he had been unable to serve the billionaire who, by the way, owned in fee simple the site of the restaurant and, therefore, was so willingly served by its employees. And Martin Masterman, learning of the detective's failure—the second of the kind that day, for it had already been reported to him that the Greenham men had lost Handsome Harry—stared blankly at Blaisdell and Cardigan, still with him in the private office!

"You Really Think I'm Good Enough to Give Up a Chance at Millions?"

Meanwhile, uncomprehending but knowing that Miss Kirby Rowland did nothing without very good reason, Grant had stepped into the taxicab in which the girl was already seated. It had started immediately. As they rounded the first corner the youth looked at the girl.

"Well, for heaven's sake, Kirby, what was the hurry?" he asked with that resentment which comes to everyone on having to obey unexplained instructions.

"I heard Masterman telling someone to find out where my call came from," she answered, "and I'm certain the hotel people would have detained us. That wouldn't do."

"Not if we're going ahead with our people's war," he answered.

She turned and looked at him.

"Dick, we are! And we've won, I know it, the first battle."

"Did he say he'd do it—about the transfers?"

"He begged me to wait a moment," she answered. "He begged me to come down and see him. But I rang off. Dick, he'll do it!"

"If he doesn't, Your Highness, he'll hear from King Dick to-morrow."

But he ceased to smile as he noted the quiver of her lips.

"Dick, we're doing right; I know we are, b-but ——"

She had brain enough to conceive and inaugurate a war upon the most powerful combination of capital the world had ever known, and courage and resolution enough not to be deterred from continuing the war, but she was a woman, and in love. There were tears in her eyes as, in the shelter of the taxicab, Dick drew her to him.

"I—I'm afraid," she confessed.

So, if the truth were told, was he, a little. Millions of money have awed older and wiser men. But her own momentary weakening strengthened his own nerve. Perhaps that was why she permitted herself to show weakness. Women make men in various ways; sometimes they appeal to love, and other times to pride. But they usually know just exactly what they are doing.

"You needn't be," he said. "They'll never find us—not until we've won!"

"And we will—we must!" She drew away from him and dabbed at her eyes with a very small handkerchief. "That's over," she announced with a smile. "Tell the chauffeur to take us to the square."

Grant did so obediently. They alighted a little later and entered the Subway.

"If we should be followed—the starter might have given the number of this car. Dick, we might be located, driving round."

"You think of everything," he said admiringly.

"I don't," she said, "but I'm going to try. Dick, do you know that you might be traced? The man, whoever he was, who put that paper in your pocket may look you up."

"I've thought of that. I've left my room."

"But you mustn't stay in the city," she urged. "The Masterman money will be spent in search for you. Every man that works in your office may be hired to look for you, because they know you."

"But Masterman didn't put the paper in my pocket," laughed Dick.

"He certainly doesn't know I have it."

"But he may find it out," persisted the girl. "Anyway, too many people in this city know you by sight. You must leave the city. Dick, your life isn't safe."

Another man to another girl might have replied soothingly, and laughed at the danger. But Dixon Grant knew Kirby Rowland; knew her to be one of those girls with whom one may talk as with another man; who, despite momentary lapses into fear, is brave and resourceful too. Frankness, the frankness of love and mutual respect, is the only way to deal with such women.

"I know that, Kirby," he said with unwonted solemnity, for him. "And you—how about that telephone girl?"

"She will remember my clothes, supposing that she should be asked," smiled the girl. "I'll not wear these things again, and my hair will be dressed differently. She will never know me if she sees me. But you—Dick, where is your suit case?"

"At the terminal."

"Go there, get it, and go into Jersey."

"And when do we two meet again?" he smiled.

"I'll come over to see you, and plan," she answered.

"Without a chaperon?" he chaffed.

"Dick, conventions are forgotten in war. And this, Dick, this is war—for the people!"

The Subway train in which they rode stopped, and they alighted.

"Don't wait," she ordered. "Go quickly. Someone might get off the trains—someone who knew you. And Dick, take care of that paper, won't you? Keep it safe. If you should lose it—Dick, we have a chance given to few in this world to benefit the people. We mustn't lose it."

"Do you want to keep it?" he asked.

"I wish you'd let me."

He took the paper from his pocket and handed it to her. She folded it and put it in the bottom of her hand bag.

"You trust me, don't you, Dick?"

"Your Royal Highness, Queen Kirby the First, I love you. Is that enough? And where will Your Majesty secrete this document worth a people's ransom?"

She looked at him; her eyes crinkled.

"The Masterman vaults are the best in the world, aren't they?"

He stared.

"Kirby, you're a genius!"

"I'm a woman," she answered.

"The same thing—in your case. And you'll take it there?"

"Now!" He lingered.

"I let you do the fighting, while I run away, eh?"

"To come back and fight another day. It's the same thing."

"Then I suppose I'll have to do it—for the sake of variety," he laughed.

A southbound train roared into the station.

"I'll take it," she said quickly. "And Dick, please get out of the city—now! War has its dogs, and they're unleashed now. Go, will you, please?"

"The minute you're aboard that train," he answered.

That minute came and went; he watched the lights of the train until they disappeared. Then he climbed the steps from the Subway and boarded an open car bound west. At Seventh Avenue he took another car to the terminal. While he rode he wondered how this war, in which he was so suddenly enlisted, would come out; wondered, shamefacedly, how it was that he, a son of people who had worked with their hands for their living, should not have thought at once of the benefits for the people that this strangely found document held, but had to be reminded of them by Kirby Rowland, daughter of cultured ancestors who had been of the professional class, who was herself a miniature painter of promise, and whose every association was with a class of people who often think, if they do think at all, only with tolerant scorn of the submerged nine-tenths. Why was it? It was as mysterious as that other question of why Kirby Rowland, able to choose almost where she willed, should love Dixon Grant, clerk in a bucket shop. He was still puzzling when he alighted from the surface car at the terminal.

It was almost closing hour at the Masterman vaults, in the cellars of the Masterman Building, when Kirby Rowland arrived there. But a pretty girl has privileges beyond other people. The Masterman vaults stayed open five minutes beyond their ordinary closing time in order that "Miss Margaret Blake" might be assigned a box and might deposit therein certain papers of value. She did so, paid a quarter's rent, and left.

The Elevated deposited her at her destination half an hour later. A few minutes afterward saw her in her little Greenwich village studio apartment. Another little while, and she was brewing tea. Still a little later, and she was seated by the window, overlooking a tiny park, staring into the waning day, a tea cup on her knee. She was dreaming, not of love alone but of how complete her love would be when she and Grant had carried into effect their plans, as yet inchoate, along lines suggested by her demand of a short time before upon the master of transportation. In her heart burned fires greater than those of patriotism—the fires of love for her kind. A student of economics, she believed with all the ardor of youth that civilization, by reason of its own complexity, had failed to civilize; that slavery was to-day as real a thing as ever in the feudal ages. Now a great opportunity had been offered her, and she wondered, fearsomely, if she and Grant were capable of using it. Her forehead was crisscrossed with wrinkles; her eyes were narrowed and unseeing. Then a knock at her studio door brought her back to the present.

She opened the door. A man, groomed with a care that made her think of Piccadilly, bowed to her.

"Miss Kirby Rowland, the miniature painter?"

She inclined her head.

"My name is Bray." He handed her a card. She read: "Sir Fitz-Roy Eustace Clavering Bray, Allston, Suffolk."

"Well?"

"I came to see you about a mutual friend, Mr. Dixon Grant. May I come in?" He followed her into the room. He appraised the furnishings with a knowing eye. If he noted her perturbation he hid it from her.

"You're quite a friend of Mr. Grant's, are you not?" he inquired.

"Why do you ask?"

"I found a letter from you on his body," was the reply.

"On his—his body? Has he——"

"Killed," said Sir Fitz-Roy.

She put out a hand and grasped an easel on which stood a landscape, evidence of her attempt at other than miniature painting. The piercing eyes of the well-groomed gentleman read the emotions reflected on her face.

"K-killed?" she whispered. "Oh, not that!"

The well-groomed gentleman sat down and crossed his legs.

"No, not that, Miss Rowland," he said. "I just wanted to be sure that you knew him pretty well and thought a lot of him. I know now. Please excuse my scaring you. Grant's all right, so far as I know. Buck up! I want to talk to you. I want to know if he's told you what he's done with a paper I put in his pocket this morning. That's all, Miss Rowland."

VI

OPPORTUNITY had knocked at the door of Handsome Harry Mack, and had passed on. He had been perched high upon the elevation of his own imaginings, and his fall had been tremendous.

The disappearance of Dixon Grant had been the blow to toss him into the abyss of despair. But he had the elastic nature possessed by every high-class crook, and the harder he fell the higher, after an interval, his spirits rose. For obstacles but spurred him on, defeat but made him the more dangerous.

At first he was overwhelmed by the information given him by the slavey. He entered a saloon, prepared to drown the broken hopes of the morning. He did not stop to reason or to plan, but he had the temperament upon which liquor acts as a spur, not a halter. His first drink he gulped, his second he sipped, his third he carried to a table in a corner.

This drink he did not touch for several minutes, and in the meantime he thought hard.

His position was not so hopeless, now that he began to think. In the first place, young Grant must be a crook like himself. Handsome Harry did not, of course, refer to himself as a crook; he merely stated, mentally, that the young bookkeeper must be "out for himself, like me." It is by equivocation that conscience is soothed. And what would a person "out for himself" do upon discovery of such a valuable document as the paper signed by the millionaires?

Certainly, if he intended to deliver it to its signers he would not steal swiftly away from his lodgings, leaving no address. If he proposed selling it to some newspaper there would be no need for him to disappear. He would need to hide himself only if he purposed doing what Handsome Harry himself had intended doing, and so dreaded the very men he intended to mulct.

And the mulcting would take time! Not very long, but quite a while! There would be the preliminary demand, the negotiations. Handsome Harry lifted his third drink. Into his eyes flashed that avid gleam that had been absent since certainty of Grant's reading of the document had come to him. He seemed to be drinking a toast to himself.

"If I can't locate him before he gets to Masterman then I'll take back all I've ever said about detectives. Their jobs are harder than they look."

He set the glass down empty. Then he left the saloon and retraced his steps to the lodging house. For his search

Young Grant Would Need to Hide Only If He Purposed Doing What Handsome Harry Himself Had Intended Doing

was to begin again where it had left off, and was to start with obedience to that old and wise command: "Find the woman."

The slavey looked surprised at the reappearance of Handsome Harry.

"I want to see your mistress," said the international crook.

"She don't know where Mr. Grant's went, but I'll get her just the same," she added delightedly as her palm came in contact with a bill.

"You came a little while ago asking for Mr. Grant, didn't you?" inquired the landlady a moment later. "Well, I can't tell you where he went; he didn't tell me. He left in an awful rush, just like the police was after him. If it hadn't been that he'd always paid up regular every Saturday night, and never caused any trouble, not being the drinking kind, I'd a thought he'd done something and was doing a Dutch. What you want him for?"

Handsome Harry shoved back his coat lapel. The landlady caught a glimpse of silver.

"You ain't a bull?" she gasped. "What's Mr. Grant been doing? It ain't going to get in the papers, is it, about him rooming with me, and give my house a bad name? Lord knows it's hard enough for a decent woman to get lodgers, without the papers having it that she runs a house for crooks!"

"The papers will print nothing about this," Handsome Harry assured her. "As a matter of fact, it's something that's got to be kept out of the papers. Too big a matter, madam. You understand, of course."

He smiled meaningly. The landlady hadn't the slightest idea what he was driving at, but she nodded emphatically. Here was mystery, and she was keen for mystery.

"And just to think of Mr. Grant being so meek and mild and pleasant, and regular as clock work with the rent, when all the time he was robbing and murdering!" She shivered delightedly. "He ain't murdered anyone, has he?"

"Not yet," said Handsome Harry portentously. "That's why I'm on his trail. You can't tell what he will do."

"Them quiet kind is desperate, ain't they?" said the landlady. "My first husband was like that. All week he was like a mouse, but come Saturday night and the pay envelope, and, mister, you couldn't tell him from a threshing machine after his second drink. Desperate? He'd bat a bull over the chops quick's he'd look at him, come Saturday night. You never can tell!"

"Right," agreed Handsome Harry. "And now—do you know anything about Grant? Where he'd be liable to go? Who his friends are?"

She lifted her hands above her head.

"Honest, mister, I don't. I never butt into my lodgers' private affairs. If I'd known Mr. Grant was a crook—what'd you say he did, anyway?"

"I'll let you know later, maybe," said Harry. "At present I'm trusting you a whole lot in letting you know he's wanted."

"I'm a clam," said the landlady quickly. "Not a word outa me; but I don't know any of his friends at all."

"He left his trunk? Let me see it."

Her eyebrows rose.

"It's locked. You wouldn't open it without a warrant, would you? And if I let you I'd be liable ——"

Handsome Harry drew a roll of bills from his pockets. He stripped off two of them.

"Will that be enough? Mind, Grant will never come back and start anything, but ——"

"I'd do most anything for a couple of these," said the landlady. "Come along."

Harry followed her to a hall bedroom on the second floor, whence the trunk of Grant had not yet been removed to the cellar for storage until he should send for it. It took the crook just two minutes to open the trunk; it took him little longer to discover that there was in it not a scrap of paper, not a picture, not a single thing that would tell who were the friends of Dixon Grant. The clerk either had no friends who wrote to him or he destroyed their letters.

Handsome Harry arose from the trunk.

"Nothing here," he said gloomily. "And you never heard him say anything about any sweetheart, any intimate friends? Nothing like that?"

"He never talked about himself at all," was the reply. "He had friends all right, for he went out quite often at night, but he never mentioned them. And he wasn't only on bowing terms with the people in the house. Kept apart from them. I don't know a thing about him."

"Never saw the addresses on any letter he wrote or received?"

The landlady colored.

"Would I be apt to look, mister?"

But the maid who, unrebuked, had followed them to the hall room, could contain herself no longer; also, she had no false shame. Whatever she did she was willing to admit she did, especially to a gentleman that handed out five-dollar bills to a servant and fifties to her mistress.

(Continued on Page 41)

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School Discipline

HERE is a healthy boy of twelve. What we most want of him is that he shall develop himself in character and ability to the utmost extent of which he is capable. If there is a precious little spark of originality or germ of leadership anywhere about him, we most want him to discover that and develop it, for there is never enough leadership and originality in the world. We are always wanting inventors and leaders in industry, in politics, in science, in art.

So we take this boy at half past eight in the morning and stick him in a hard seat, right behind a hard desk, and tell him he must not budge if he values his hide. He must not even shuffle his feet or look about; he must not whisper to the boy next him.

We give him certain carefully prescribed books, none of which interests him very much, and tell him it makes no difference if one of them happens to interest him more than another; he must give exactly the same attention to all of them for rigidly prescribed periods.

He is "good" in proportion as he takes the books, just as some well-regulated machine takes whatever is fed into it. He is "good" in proportion as he submits to a cast-iron, mechanical regimen, and represses all impulses that are not in strict conformity with unvarying rules—which, for a healthy boy, means repressing practically all natural impulses. The school is a ponderous, close-webbed machine for compelling absolute uniformity. In the matter of rigidity the Prussian military regimen is by comparison quite lax and roomy.

Is that the best way to treat that boy, when what we want of him most of all is that he shall develop initiative and leadership?

The Cost of Education

WE DO not know who first announced that the hope of democracy lies in education; and the fact is so obvious that no particular credit is due him, anyway. A million parrots—among whom we occasionally enroll ourselves—repeat the statement every year; but it is not generally believed. If this democracy believed that its hope lay in education it would be giving much more attention to that subject.

The country is spending this year some five hundred million dollars on public schools—roughly, from two-thirds to three-fourths as much as it spends on automobiles. If you doubt that the country is giving much more attention to automobiles than it is to public schools, stop the first thousand men who pass any given corner, or start in any direction from any point and drop into the first thousand farmhouses you come to, and start a conversation, first on the subject of automobiles and next on the subject of public education. You will find, as to the first subject, a right lively interest and a considerable fund of information. You will find, as to the second subject, a rather vague interest and a general notion that the schools are not nearly so efficient as they might be.

If we were really penetrated by a belief that the hope of democracy lies in education we should be spending five times five hundred million dollars on public schools; and a general notion that the schools are not nearly so efficient as they might be would cause us to sit up nights until we discovered ways of making them more suitable to the tremendous task of realizing democracy by equalizing opportunity, so far as that can be done.

A Fair Warning

NO PRINCIPLE in banking is more universally accepted than that a commercial bank, whose debts to its depositors are payable on demand, should keep almost all of its assets in such form that it can realize upon them in a comparatively short time. Commercial paper falling due in sixty or ninety days, and which will presumably be paid at maturity, is such a form. Only a small part of the bank's assets may safely be tied up in long-term investments.

It was proposed to float here an indefinite quantity of short-term British and French treasury bills. The Federal Reserve Board, in a public statement, pointed out that such bills, though purporting to be short-term investments, were really long-term investments, because the British and French Governments must finally convert them into long-term loans, having no other means of discharging them. As essentially long-term investments, these bills, in the opinion of the board, were not suitable for commercial banks except in a strictly limited degree.

The board's warning has provoked a good deal of expert comment. The consensus of expert opinion seems to be that, though the position taken by the board was sound enough, it should not have been made public, but should have been conveyed to the banks confidentially. Publishing it "disturbed confidence"—that is, it tended to make the public doubt whether such investments, being unsuitable for banks, were suitable for itself.

If the public had bought a lot of these treasury bills, or like investments, and found out afterward—for such things always transpire in time—that the Federal Reserve Board had privately warned banks against buying them, what would have been the state of the public's confidence in the Federal Reserve Board?

The fact that the Federal Reserve Board, believing it saw danger to the banking situation, gave prompt and public notice of it, creates confidence both in the board and in the banking situation.

What Shall We Name Him?

WHEN laymen discuss economics they commonly overlook a principal factor in production, because there is no accepted English word for that factor. There being no word for it, the idea itself is obscurely held or entirely ignored.

The factors in production are land—which term includes all natural resources—labor, capital and the undertaker; that is, the man who sets the business going and manages it, combining land, labor and capital under his direction for that particular production, and assuming the risks. Professional economists call this fourth factor—in some respects the most important one—an *entrepreneur*, because the appropriate English word, "undertaker," was long ago preëmpted by gentlemen engaged in a funereal occupation.

In popular discussion there is no use in calling anybody an *entrepreneur*. The unlearned mind shies away from that strange combination of letters, and so misses the idea intended to be conveyed by it. But it is important that the idea should not be missed, for production cannot be understood if the undertaker is left out of account.

The natural resources, capital and labor necessary to the production of automobiles existed long ago. It was only when undertakers came in, originating, initiating, organizing, managing, that there occurred the large increase of wealth incident to the automobile industry. If a country store is succeeding there is something more in it than the land it occupies, the capital invested in its goods and the labor engaged in handling them. There is management—the person who undertakes the business, managing it, assuming its risks.

Land, labor and capital do not satisfactorily explain production. Ideas count.

In the interest of clear thinking we move that the *entrepreneur* be handed over to the funereal gentlemen mentioned above, and the appropriate English word, undertaker, be given the usage for which it is most fit.

Some Venerable Cant

WE HAVE always understood that Captain John Smith began his first interview with the inhabitants of North America by looking them sternly in the eye and observing that this was a terribly commercial country; which so impressed the poor Indians with a sense of his tremendous intellectual superiority that he had no trouble afterward in making them do what he wished except that once or twice he found it expedient to beat them up for not bringing in corn fast enough.

So simple and efficacious a formula for reducing the American mind to subjection was not forgotten. In three centuries no foreigner or native who wished the populace to understand that his mind was an immensely more lofty affair than theirs has failed to remark that this is an awfully commercial country.

Recently an Indian gentleman, of considerable note in the poetic line, arrived in the United States for the first time. Having penetrated the country as far as New Jersey he informed reporters that the trouble with America was commercialism, which would destroy it unless a remedy was promptly found.

He was bound to say it.

Every other civilized country is commercial, and boasts about it. Even partly civilized India is as commercial as it knows how to be, and of late years has been taking considerable credit to itself because it has found out how to be more commercial. The United States is commercial in no different way and in no different degree from France, England, Germany, Belgium, Holland. The venerable cant about its commercialism contains no more meaning than any other pure cant.

Through long usage, however, it has become very convenient for people who wish to give other people an illusion of intellectual activity. As there are quite a lot of people in the first category, and as many of them would be hard put to it to create the illusion in any other way, we trust the cant will long survive.

A Lesson in Lincoln

THE latest and one of the most appreciative biographies of Lincoln is by an Englishman, Lord Charnwood. Writing in a country at war, one supreme phase of Lincoln's greatness evidently impressed him especially. He says:

The most unrelenting enemy to the Confederacy was the one man who had quite purged his heart and mind of hatred or even anger toward his fellow countrymen of the South. That fact came to be seen in the South too; and generations in America are likely to remember it when all other features of his statecraft are grown indistinct.

No one was more determined than Lincoln that the war should be fought to victory, and dissolution of the Union prevented. But during the war, with all its passions beating upon him, he viewed it as the intelligent historian to-day does, and as the intelligent historian fifty years hence will certainly view the present European war—that is, as a thing evolved out of a continental situation, fateful as a Greek tragedy, amid whose frightful calamities individual blame and rage are foolish. This elevation, hand in hand with an inflexible purpose, was perhaps, as Lord Charnwood says, the supreme proof of his greatness. Not even war could barbarize him or destroy the poise of his mind.

We repeat that Lincoln should be taught in the public schools as well as Cæsar and Vergil.

Come Across!

ON EVERY hand in this country you hear expressions of admiration and sympathy for France. The pro-German takes off his hat to the defenders of Verdun. The plain American finds in French heroism and efficiency a strong vindication of democracy at a time when events elsewhere have cast a doubt upon it. The pro-Ally speaks of France with devotional emotion.

All of which does France no particular good. She has lost a million men. Many of them were breadwinners of families that had no other means of support. Several hundred thousand young orphans face a world whose bare cupboards are not made more nourishing to them by sentimental admiration of the manner in which their fathers died.

A fairer opportunity to prove up could not be desired. Are your admiration and sympathy for France genuine or bogus? If the situation and conduct of France have really touched your emotions, help the orphaned children of France.

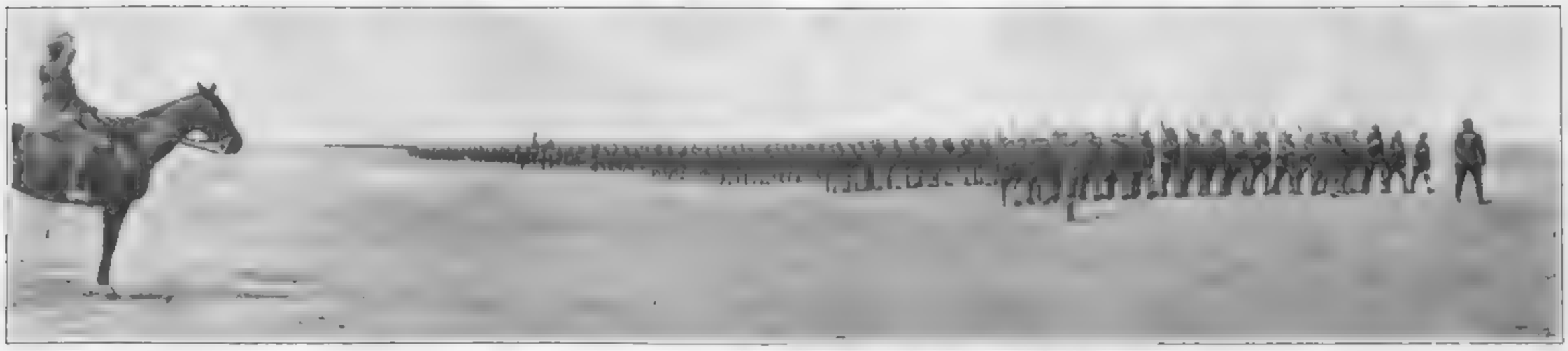
Repeal the Hay Act

THE Hay Army Bill was framed and passed to meet a political situation and not to meet a military situation. Events in Mexico and Europe made the country dissatisfied with a military establishment that for immediately effective purposes comprised less than a hundred thousand men, part of whom were far away. That dissatisfaction created a political situation which Congress met by handing over a lot of public money to the militia of the various states.

As politics, that answered. As national defense, it does not. Developments since then have pretty conclusively demonstrated what everybody who had really considered the matter believed before—namely, that the state militia is constitutionally unsuited to regular-army work.

Having served its immediate political purpose, and disclosed its futility otherwise, the Hay Bill should be repealed. Federal money should be spent only upon a military force completely under Federal control and entirely suitable to Federal needs. The only such force at present is the regular army.

THE TRAGIC TRIANGLE



By Eleanor Franklin Egan

IT WAS after five o'clock in the afternoon when we got to Calais—more than nine hours from Paris. I carried my dressing bag, which was the sum total of my luggage, out to the platform myself; then trudged along with the mob up to the guarded exit. And it was a war zone, sure enough! There were soldiers with fixed bayonets standing like waxworks on each side of the wicket; and behind the wicket there was a long table, at which sat a number of officers, prepared to be as particular and unpleasant as they liked about passports and other papers. When the world is free again I shall always think of this as the Paper Age.

I was about the one hundred and thirteenth person in the line and the situation did not please me. I looked round for somebody who might seem to be a detached and waiting Belgian officer who I had received word would meet me.

When everybody is in khaki it is sometimes difficult to tell t'other from which as to nationality among so many officers. But behind a little gateway in the picket fence, which stretched its new and unpainted length all the way down the center of the waiting room, stood a comfortable-looking gentleman in khaki with just the kind of vacant stare on his face anybody is likely to assume when waiting to meet a stranger. I stepped up and said to him in my best French:

"I expected a Belgian officer to meet me here. Could you ——"

But he interrupted me:

"Are you the American lady, —— ——?"

"I am."

"Well, how do you do? And welcome! I'm from Michigan."

"You're from where?"

"From Michigan—Norway, Michigan; and my name's Brasseur—Dr. John Brasseur; and you are the first American woman I have seen to speak to for exactly eight months! Come right in!"

And he opened the little picket gate, waved a "'S aw right!" to the passport officials, took my dressing bag and my coat, and would have taken my little hand bag if I had let him, and led the way out to the sidewalk.

"That's the way to do it! That's the way to do it!" he pronounced with genial satisfaction, and introduced my real officer, Commandant Le Duc, who stood waiting for us by a big gray war limousine.

The doctor was in Belgian uniform; and he quickly explained to me that, being Belgian, though for twenty years an American citizen, he just could not bear to see his little country in such a mess without lending a hand in some way. But he had never intended to get in so deep. His sisters and other members of his family had been driven from their homes and had taken refuge in England; their houses were burned over their heads and everything they owned was destroyed, and it was his duty to come on over and look after them. He came; and, being here, he considered it his further duty to volunteer for at least six months' service in the field. The six months passed and another six months, he added; and now he cannot think of giving up until the thing is finished and he can see his people safely back in their own country.

"But I do get awfully homesick," he said. "These Belgians are fine people and I like 'em; but they are not like us—now are they? I'm an American. I make everybody understand that at once. I've lived my life in America and such success as I have had has been American success. I have voted for everything, from Presidents to village constables; and I have held office myself.

"I'm interested in my town and in my state. I'm an American to the very marrow of my bones; but—my God!—my poor little country!" Those were his exact words. He was a man torn between two strong loves.

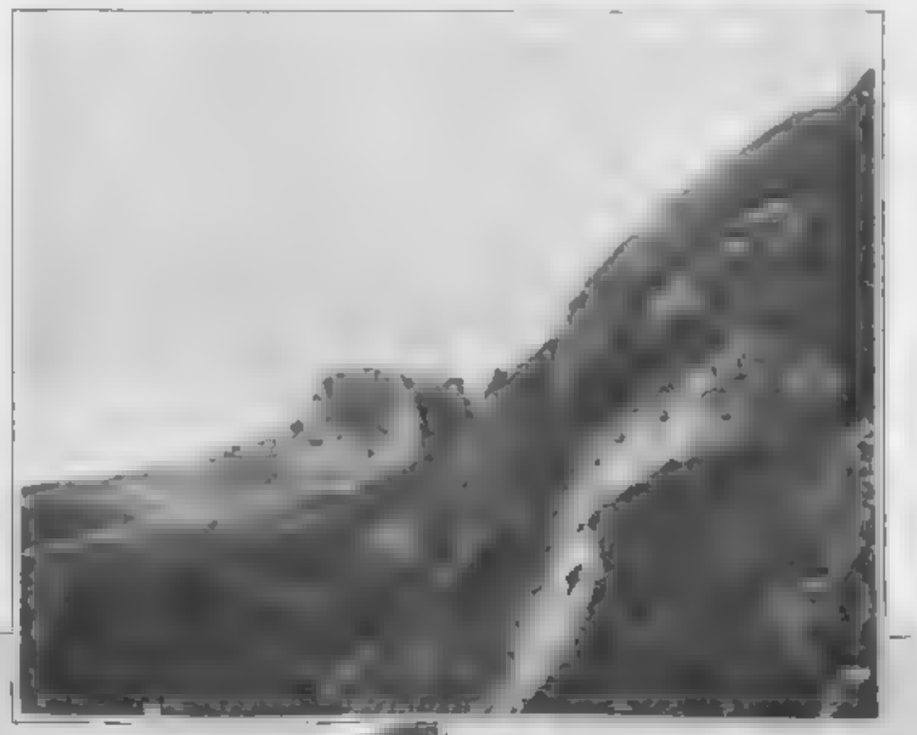
Meantime the commandant had got a few words in edgewise and had decreed that, late though it was, we should push straight on for La Panne, fifty miles or more on a war-crowded road. It meant passing through Dunkirk, of thrilling memories, in a hurry, and I did not care for this. But I saw at once that I was not arranging matters; so I let it go at that.

We started. Marvel, at the wheel, was named by his mother in a vision of what he was to become. He was a Belgian soldier, given to "Oh, never mind!" gestures, and with a sang-froid that froze my blood twenty times an hour. He leaned back in his seat, settled his shoulders down to a position of careless ease, rested the full weight of his foot comfortably on the accelerator, and let 'er go! The commandant sat outside with him, because the commandant had all the passwords and the papers, the papers including my little blue *permis*, decorated with my photograph.

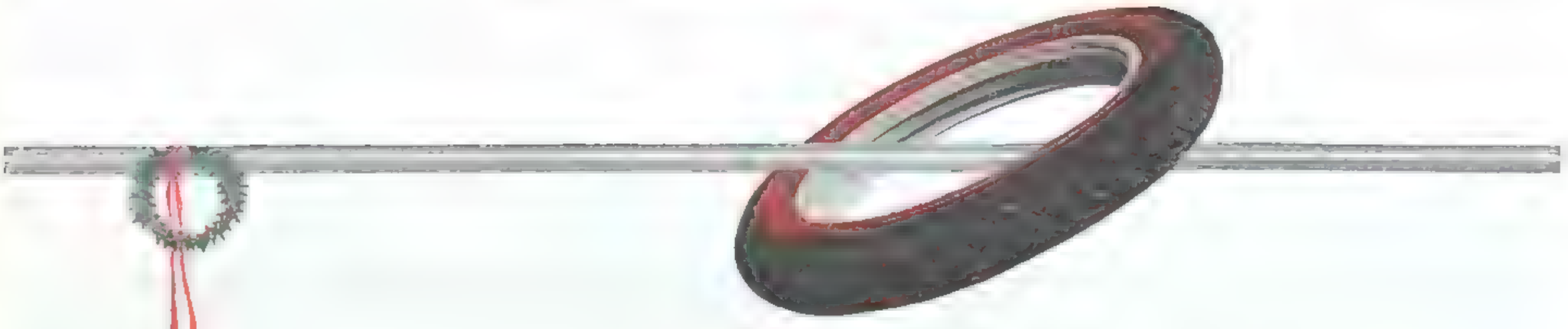
The passwords had to be given and the papers shown to sentinels every few minutes. The doctor sat inside with me; and while we tore along he would make a lot of interesting observations, which I would hold on my suspended breath and wait to answer until the next sentinel stopped us. In this way conversation could be more or less continuous and connected, because within less than ten miles in getting out of Calais we were stopped fourteen times.

The sentinels always stepped to the middle of the road and held their guns out in a horizontal line, on a level with their chests, as much as to say: "Stop! Stop! The rapids are below you!" And Marvel had a little way of bowling right along, as though he meant to run over them, and pulling up short within ten inches of their squarely planted toes. They seemed to be used to this, because they never resented it; nor did they ever dodge or look the least bit nervous.

"Buz-buz-buz!"—that was the commandant, outside, giving the passwords and explaining the papers. The sentinel, to make sure, always peeped inside the car; then he always stepped back smiling, presented arms, and rolled his eyes to see how far Marvel could make the car jump in the get-away. And the doctor kept on talking about his poor little country. *(Continued on Page 23)*



Motors Awaiting Orders at the De Page Hospital. Above: Seat of the Belgian Government Near Havre



Greetings

To Firestone users the world around

At this Holiday Season allow us to express our appreciation of the magnificent endorsement you have given Firestone quality during the year just closing

That our growth in Nineteen Sixteen has eclipsed all previous records is due to your approval not only of Firestone Tires but of Firestone service and Firestone men

On behalf of each and every member of the organization we extend thanks best wishes and hopes that we may continue to enjoy an abiding and mutual good-will

Faithfully yours

Firestone
Tire & Rubber Co.

H. S. Firestone
President

Akron, Ohio
Nineteen Sixteen

(Continued from Page 21)

And then we got a puncture! Think of that great, strong, gray, murderous brute of an automobile slumping down on a flat tire and saying Vunmph! It was a great relief to me, however; for I assure you I never traveled so fast in my life. And I might observe, in passing, that the road was narrow; that it was bounded on one side by an almost continuous row of low Flemish houses, out of which dogs and humans wandered, and on the other by a deep canal; and that it was considerably like an American highway to the picnic grounds on a Fourth of July, except that the vehicles were mostly great cumbersome motor lorries, or automobiles, making as good time as we were or better.

I climbed out when Marvel pulled up at one side of the road, and sought a safe spot on the grassy bank of the canal. All round lay the flat country of French Flanders, which looks enough like Holland to be Holland; and all round lay a horrible stench, which the doctor explained to me as drainage universally out of commission. Incidentally, late autumn though it was, there were hordes of mosquitoes.

"But I should think everybody would have typhoid fever!" I said.

"Oh, no; it's healthy enough," he answered. "Though if these French and Belgians were anything like us they never would stand for this mosquito pest. I told them early in the summer that the thing to do was to put a little coat of oil on all these canals round here; and it would have been the best use they could have made of that much oil. But they didn't do it, and the mosquitoes certainly have been the limit!"

I wanted to know why there are so many sentries.

"Well, it's all right," said the doctor; "a little discommoding to legitimate travelers, maybe, but a very necessary precaution. We are right up here, a few miles from the German lines, and on the coast. Those Germans do beat all hell and hemlock!—as we say out in my country. They come round, on the coast here in the night, wearing Belgian uniforms and speaking French with a Flemish accent, so you couldn't tell them from real Flemings to save you. You can see how they could get almost anywhere they might want to go. But not any more. I couldn't go through here on my uniform alone any more than you could without an escort, though most of the Belgian Army ought to know me by sight by this time."

Wasted Powder

The night was falling and Marvel seemed to be having some trouble with the wheel. The motor traffic kept on whizzing or lumbering by, raising clouds of dust; and many peasants, walking home from the fields, passed us on the narrow canal path, all of them greeting us politely: "*Bon soir, monsieur et madame!*"—as though we were neighbors.

Finally Marvel let the car down, swaggered his tools back into the box, swaggered himself up behind the wheel, glanced round to see whether he had us all; and we were off again. After the puncture the first thing was a town—or a village rather—built round a wide brick-paved square, with a dilapidated old statue in the center of it.

"But we must stop here," said the doctor; "here's where you begin to see death and destruction." And he laughed jovially and tapped on the glass in front to attract the commandant's attention.

Marvel had to use his emergency brake in order to come to a standstill within the village limits; then we got down and walked out through the square, where I said: "Well, well!" The windows were all broken; the walls of the houses were all chipped; and in one or two places houses had crumpled up and fallen in on themselves. The place was a fairly complete wreck.

"The British did it—not the Germans," said the doctor, seeming to consider it a great joke. "They blew up several thousand tons of their own ammunition just outside the village here; and, so far as I know, you are the first stranger who has ever heard anything about it. It was a secret for a good while; but I think the secrecy time limit is about up. You see, the British were so casual with their stuff that they just piled it round anywhere; and they had several thousand tons of shells stacked out here in an open field.

"Something happened and one of them went off. That started the rest of them, and the self-conducted bombardment of this little locality lasted for twenty-four hours or more. It made more noise than they are making on the Somme; and I expect the Germans must have wondered whether we had got to fightin' among ourselves. You may know that the pieces flew over a pretty wide area when you see what they did to this town."

It was dark by the time we got to Dunkirk, and the commandant decided that we should have dinner there and go on to La Panne afterward. There were no lights anywhere—no lights at all, except the paint-dulled glow of side lights on vehicles, which served more to show others the location of the vehicles than to show the vehicles themselves the way. It was a narrow cobbled street, between uneven rows of low tile-roofed houses, that we came into; a street which crooked away round a bend and was lost in alluring mystery. I could have hugged myself with the eeriness and Old-Worldness of it all.

Dinner at an Ancient Inn

On one side of a cramped little square, where we stopped, rose the ancient cathedral, with its spires and lacy façade untouched by shells, but with the faint far-away glow of the night sky showing through its broken windows and its gaping, shattered roof. On the other side was the bell tower, black and gaunt and square, rising in the magnifying dark to a tremendous height. And just so has it stood through the centuries. I said to myself: "Ancient; ancient of days; grown old in the dark of unlighted nights, and incongruous only in the glare of the new and the modern." It was at the old bell tower that the Germans aimed when they wrecked the cathedral across the way; but not a spark has touched its hoary head, and its chimes tell the hours as they have continued to do since before the days of the Spaniards.

We left our automobile, which Marvel had dexterously skidded into the smooth-paved space under the bell tower, and went into an old inn which leans amiably against a bell-tower buttress. And was it not nice of them not to take me to the Grande or the Bellevue, or something of that kind? There are such hotels in Dunkirk and they have tiled entrances and tall Chinese vases in the corners, and plush "drapes" at all the windows. But the old inn by the bell tower—it has blackened rafters and a crazy curling stairway rising right up out of its middle; and its linenless, spotless wooden tables are separated by low partitions, on which are painted, with flourishes and many quaint decorations, the names of the foods one may order.

And how I did laugh! I sat right down facing a broad band of whitewash that had been spread, with unmistakably angry strokes, over a German menu. We ordered our dinner in French; but one could get the same thing in German or any other language—all but the salad; the salad was such as all the world must come to France to get. And to drink? What would we have to drink? There were vine clusters painted on the time-browned rafters and great brassbound casks of beer stood behind the long bar in the corner. And that is a description which ought to make any German sorry this war was ever started.

"But I think we must have champagne with this excellent chicken," said the commandant; "the general would want us to have champagne. We are tired and have a long night's work ahead of us."

I noticed he called it work; and he ordered a bottle of some fine vintage, which came to us with only the chill of some dark old cellar upon it. I did not know who the general was, but assumed that he was our host and, therefore, a friend of mine. The doctor insisted on lifting his glass to Michigan and telling us about his Michigan flag which he had draped in his office above both the Belgian and American flags, and which everybody who came in had to have explained. In these days there is a great deal of sentiment about flags, and a strange emblem is sure to be inquired about.

"And, madame, you are the first American lady I have seen in eight months!" he repeated. "There was another one up here a few months ago, but I was taking a train-load of wounded to the south of France and missed her. You just caught me between trips. Among other things, you see, I am the conductor of a hospital train."

And he went on to explain how they have equipped a number of trains with stretcher racks, with diet kitchens and emergency operating and dressing rooms; and how they get the wounded from the stations at the front, and from the base hospitals, handling them without moving them from their stretchers, and distribute them among the hospitals throughout France.

Incidentally the way the Belgians got their railroad rolling stock out of Belgium was one of the cleverest things they did, and one of the most annoying from a German standpoint. They left almost nothing to be used by the conquerors. There are something like ten acres of Belgian engines in a field alongside the railroad near a certain big town. They stand on temporary sidings, as close together as possible, literally about ten acres of them, and ready for immediate service at any time. Though they are out in all weathers, and one might think they would soon become little more than scrap iron, they are not allowed to deteriorate. A Belgian friend said to me: "They are just standing there waiting to take us home." That was sentiment. The main thing is that they are out of Belgium.

Canal-Boat Hospitals

"And, since we have organized our train system," the doctor continued, "we have handled more than one hundred and fifty thousand wounded men, even from this quiet section. And, say, if you want any information about the kinds and varieties of wounds the Germans hand out you want to come to me. I am going to show you some things to-morrow that will give you bad dreams for the rest of your life."

I discouraged this idea with firmness, and with the support of the commandant.

"The British use the canal boats. This whole country is a perfect network of canals; and the boats can be sent to Calais and Boulogne, and even all the way down into France. They are slow, but they are easy; not a jar or a motion of any kind to disturb a shattered man, which is more than we can say for our trains. The boats are equipped with all kinds of appurtenances, which make them really floating hospitals; and the men are just as well off on them as they would be anywhere. Perfectly splendid!

"Let me tell you that the language has not been invented which would do justice to the British hospital service. I have thought sometimes that it would be a privilege to be a wounded Englishman just for the sake of getting into the hands of one of their doctors. They are great, all right! And talk about nerve! They'll do anything. The only trouble is they do everything in such a damned matter-of-fact way. I beg your pardon; but you know what I mean. And they have women nurses too—mostly women nurses. We haven't—or at least only a few at the base hospitals, and they are all English women.

"We have no Belgian women at all, and I think it's a great mistake. Men don't lose their ordinary man qualities when they get to be soldiers; and when a man comes out of the trenches on a stretcher he wants a woman's hand to hold on to for a bit. I know what I am talking about. Plenty of them have confided in me. After the surgeons and doctors have done what they can for a man, then come the long days and nights for him; just lying in the hospital, waiting—and being sick as all get-out, too, maybe! It's then he wants to hear a woman round; he wants a woman to fix his bandages, and fuss over him, and do things for him."

I am trying to repeat the doctor's own language; but I cannot, quite, because in spots it was too picturesque—unconsciously so—to bear repetition. He was a sentimental old chap, and he would have had me crying in a minute if a burst of merriment from a corner of the inn had not attracted our attention. The place was filled with officers, soldiers and women. The women interested me. Some of them were middle-aged, stolid and stout, and sat talking soberly with their men in khaki or French blue; but most of them were young and hilarious and were dressed rather smartly in a cheap, common kind of way. The commandant must have noticed my inquiring look, for he remarked with a twisted smile:

"Dunkirk is still fully inhabited, you see."

City Gates of Real Service

Our getting out of Dunkirk is a thing I shall wake up thinking about many a night. It was pitch-black dark and there was by that time not a light of any kind showing anywhere. We struck matches to find our way off the high curb before the inn; and until we got right up against it our automobile was invisible, all but the two very dim dimmed side lights, which gave no light at all. The streets we crept through were of storybook and sketch-artist narrowness and crookedness and unevenness and mystery, and the pent-roofed and balconied houses on each side seemed to be leaning out and signaling to each other a mischievous scheme to fall upon us and engulf us.

When one's eyes get used to deep darkness one can see ever so many things that never exist in the daytime. We came out into a wide space presently, crossed a canal, and skirted along its edge until we came to a portcullis—a portcullis in a high stone wall that one could see was deeply embrasured and embattlemented. What, ho! Warder! Open the gates; down with the bridge and let us pass! It was not the twentieth century at all. It was in medieval times, and we—we were messengers from Mars—dreamstuff of what might be but is not.

"And do you mean to tell me they use the old city gates!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, of course! All the towns round here that have any old fortifications and defenses are making practical use of them. And mighty useful they are too—not that they are any good as real defenses, but they make it easier to keep people from going in and out; and these are times when everybody has to give an account of himself—just as everybody did about the time those old walls were built, eh? Does make you feel queer, doesn't it?"

The watchman wore a helmet and an all-enveloping French cape, which made him quite perfectly fit the picture; but, alas, he examined our papers with an electric torch. However, the gates were wholly satisfactory. They were heavy and black; and, though I could not see them in detail, I knew they were nail-studded and worn with the weathers of ages, and they thudded back against the thick wall of the arch with exactly the right kind of an ancient sound.

When we got outside of Dunkirk, Marvel tried to turn on his lights—moving lights being allowed on the open highways—and found they would not burn. That was too awful! He got down

(Continued on Page 26)

· THE · GOLD · CAR—THE · EVOLU

STUDEBAKER will exhibit at the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows one of its New Series 18 Cars finished in 24 carat GOLD—a GOLD car evolved from the famous GOLD Chassis of last year. About 400 ounces of 24 carat gold were used in finishing this car, and as it stands at the Show it is valued at $30,000.

The gold finish exemplifies as nothing else could, the quality, the beauty of finish, and the fineness of workmanship that has made it possible for Studebaker to say with truth: "The day of High Prices for Fine Cars has Passed".

This Gold Car at the Show is but a symbol of Studebaker worth. It is a STOCK car. Your Stude-

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Baker will be exactly the same in every detail except for the finish and top. Your Studebaker will have the same distinction of lines, the same power, the same comfort, the same perfection of design and workmanship. To equal the Studebaker in value you must pay from 50% to 100% more.

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(Continued from Page 23)

and hammered round a little, and fumed and fussed; but it was of no use. We had to travel that road in the dark; and if there is anything on earth blinder than an automobile in the dark I have yet to meet it. If we had had the road to ourselves it would not have been so difficult; but we had not. Occasional big trucks lumbered by; cars passed us from behind, their own lights enabling us to get out of their way; and then came the swift thing in front of us, with just one large bright headlight.

Marvel pulled off on the side of the road as far as he dared, and, I suppose, prayed that it would miss us. And it did—just. It scraped our running board, going at fifty miles an hour, and someone shrieked hysterically in the dark as it flashed by. We plodded on. Meantime the doctor and I had become interested in watching the flash of star shells off to the southeastward, and in the occasional boom and long reverberation of a big gun.

"Something doing over there," he said; "there will be fresh wounded in to-night."

La Panne has a dearly loved sound to the Belgian ear. Up in the tragic little triangle which is all there is left of Belgium, it used to be a rather cheap bathing resort, second or third class, the last of a number on the Belgian coast west from fashionable Ostend. But to-day it is the heart and soul of Belgium, laughed at lovingly by the curiously humorous Belgians, and spoken of by them, with smiles and tears, as "the Belgian capital."

We arrived shortly before midnight and drove up to a hotel that showed not so much as a slender streak of light anywhere. It was so still that in the silence I heard just three distinct sounds—the long, slow wash of distant surf; the barking of a dog somewhere away off; and the soft fuff-fuff of a sentry's feet near by in the darkness. But as my mind unconsciously listened to these sounds they were overborne by the deep boom of that one big gun working somewhere out there to the eastward.

Inside the hotel all was brightness and warmth, and—let me emphasize—thick, bad atmosphere! To "fresh-air fiends"—as lovers of clean breathing are sometimes called—the measures taken to guard against the danger of aircraft raids can be more objectionable than the danger itself. To me the close, stagnant air I have been forced to breathe in hermetically sealed houses, in hotel rooms, restaurants, trains and ship cabins will remain one of the unforgetable features of this war. How often I have wanted to say: "Oh, for heaven's sake, let's put out all the lights and open all the windows!" But nobody ever does that.

There were no women in this place, only men—a crowd of men, and every man in uniform. They sat at small tables in the big dining room, lingering over late suppers and long mugs of beer, and smoking, they were all smoking, and the air was a thick blue cloud. They regarded me with polite curiosity and the doctor assured me that I was the first woman visitor they had seen for months.

The Beach at La Panne

In addition to heavy black curtains and close-fitting blinds, the La Panne windows are covered with a thick coat of dark blue paint, and there are just tiny squares of clear glass left through which one can peep out into the daylight. Also, on all the window panes are pasted strips of paper to lessen the danger of breakage by concussion or vibration. My room had three big windows, and the one next to the sea I had not opened, which proved a bit of luck from my way of thinking, because peering through peepholes was so exactly in keeping with the significance of the thing I peered at the first thing in the morning.

I found myself looking straight down into trenches, and at other things that are not to be written about—yet; but, with these things as a background in my mind, the thrill of the scene on the beach was greatly enhanced. It was low tide, and at this point, as all along this coast of the shallow North Sea, the beach runs out a mile perhaps, or more, and is as flat and smooth as a tabletop. Right in front of the hotel, on this perfect, white, glittering parade ground, with the sea glinting in the morning sunlight beyond, a whole regiment of cavalry was maneuvering; in fact, it was the sound of bugles that had brought me to the window. The men were armed with the new long, shining lances; they were all mounted on good-looking bay horses, and were smart in every way, to the last degree.

Farther on up the beach were some companies of infantry going through setting-up exercises and morning drill. It was a great show; but, so far as I could see, I was the only person paying any attention to it. It was not a show, you see—it was the day's work; but, though I have seen millions of soldiers during the past two years, I never get tired of looking at them when they are acting like that.

The Belgian Army is like a small bright phœnix, risen from its own ashes. It was all but annihilated at the Yser after having fought for three months without respite; and in its annihilation it was cut off from the only population from which it could draw recruits. Therein lies the great mystery and wonder of its subsequent development, from a mere handful of veterans to something very near its normal strength.

There are persons who want very much to get into Belgium who think the Germans stretched an electrified barbed-wire fence the full length of the Holland frontier and manned it with an almost unbroken line of guards, for the sole purpose of keeping them out, which is really an expression of what I myself have felt. But the purpose was to keep the Belgians in. They were escaping—men of military age—in such numbers that an army corps detailed to keep them in was an army corps usefully employed.

Figures I have not. I know that nearly seven thousand interned Belgian soldiers escaped from Holland, for one thing; but the Belgians put a stop to that themselves—not on high moral grounds, under the circumstances, surely, but because the open door for foodstuffs through Holland into Belgium is essential to the welfare of the Belgian population, and Germany began to make alarming "representations" to Holland. Now the Belgian prisoner in Holland is under his own government's order not to try to escape. But those who can get out of Belgium are welcome, and thousands have come. Incidentally the death-charged fence on the frontier has been responsible for a great many tragedies.

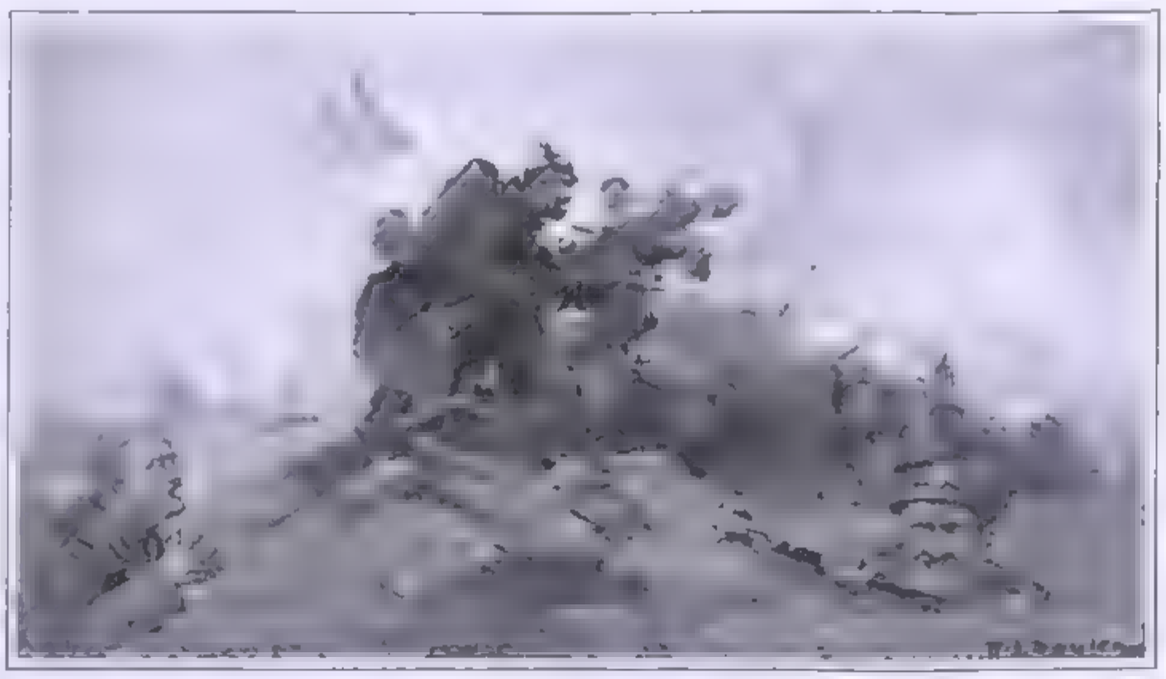
Then there were men of military age, or approaching military age, among the refugees; these have been recruited. Belgians have come home from the Congo and from all quarters of the earth, and the Belgian Army is once more a real army, as well equipped as any in the field, every item of its equipment, even to guns and ammunition, being now manufactured by Belgian refugees in France. And it is the only army in the war—unless one except the Serbian—without reserves. Every man is in active service all the time.

There is one thing about this war that is going to hurt in future years: There are so many of them in it that individual national glory is sure to be dwarfed in the general view. When the time comes to begin to talk things over round the international fire, so to speak, the Englishman is going to say, and he is going to say it first: "I did such and such a valiant and splendid thing." The Frenchman will be justified in answering: "Yes, under my assisting direction, on my grounds, with my general cooperation and while I was doing so and so." The Italian will chip in and say: "I helped to keep a lot of them busy—didn't I?" And he will try to imply that that was his sole reason for being in the fight at all. The Russian will growl: "You! How about me?"

But the Russian is not talkative and will answer the Italian mostly by an occasional suggestive glance at the narrow space between him and the Serb. The Serb will be sitting close up against the hearth, keeping much too warm for comfort, but maintaining a discreet silence. Then the little Belgian, who is not at all modest about his exploits, will smile in a superior kind of way, which will irritate particularly the Englishman, and will say: "Well, if it had not been for me you all would have had a different tune to pipe." And he will probably get cuffed for his boasting, though he will be nearer within his rights than any of them.

I went, first, to see the De Page Memorial Hospital. This is one of the finest military hospitals in Europe; it is altogether an American gift; and there is no sadder small chapter in all history than the story of its founding. Madame De Page, wife of Doctor De Page, chief surgeon and director now, went to the United States with the plea of her people, who were then in fearful straits, even for hospital service, and was able to raise two hundred thousand dollars—a million francs—all the free gift of American friends. She deposited this money in a New York bank and got a certified check for it, a tangible, joyful thing to bring home and put into the hands of her husband and his colleagues. She sailed on the Lusitania! . . .

Her body was among those washed up on the coast of Ireland, and, tightly clasped in her dead hand, she held this check for a million francs! It was as though she had tried to pass it on to someone and say: "Oh, take this and deliver it!" But—she delivered it herself. La Panne was then, as now, the last foothold of the Belgians on Belgian soil, and they took her body there and laid it deep in a sand dune which runs in a little promontory out toward the sea.



On the sand bank behind her they built a small wooden chapel for her soldiers, and into this chapel they have brought many treasures in carved wood and marble from the churches that were destroyed. Some of them are unharmed, but most of them are broken and scarred. The chapel is built of plain rough boards and has a small open belfry, like a country schoolhouse. But in that belfry hangs a bell whose lovely tones have been heard by the soldiers and the peasants and the lords and the ladies of centuries, while, inside, priceless saints and Madonnas are ranged, in curious disregard of rank, along the walls; and the priest speaks to his people from an ancient carved-wood pulpit, which thousands of tourists have traveled miles to see, and have been admonished by printed signs not to touch, because of its delicacy and great price. It was brought out ahead of the guns, because behind the guns came a flame searching for just such treasures.

Spread out now the sand bank and overlooked by the sand dune on which rises the cross over the grave of Madame De Page is the hospital, covering acres of ground on each side of a village street. The main building is a summer hotel, taken as it was, and its rooms have been turned into small wards. One large operating theater was built on and another was made by tiling and extra lighting a room on the ground floor, formerly a reading and writing room for gay summer guests.

Great new kitchens of rough boards and corrugated iron were also added to this building, while a power house, disinfecting plant and a tremendous steam laundry were built off in an area by themselves, which has become cindered and blackened and very industrial-looking. The steam laundry is run by girls in nice blue-checked uniforms—pretty girls, it seemed to me, and expert.

Then come the units of a scheme of wards containing a thousand beds. These are all long, shedlike board-and-tin structures, beautifully floored but not ceiled, and magnificently light and airy. Each section is a complete hospital in itself, the first being the receiving ward. And the doctor was right about fresh wounded coming in; a dozen or more new cases had been brought in during the night. The next ward was nearly full of badly wounded cases, and here all was quiet and hushed and darkened; and so on from ward to ward. The men are moved along as they get better, and one finally comes to the convalescent ward, the largest of them all, a great open, airy room overlooking the sand fields and the sea, and adjoining, at one end, a playroom, in which there is a small stage and a piano, and reading and writing tables, and some light gymnasium appurtenances.

At Adinkerke

In this ward there are rows of snowy beds, mostly made up and unoccupied; there are flowers everywhere and many men are sitting at the windows reading or talking together, and the sun is pouring in, and everyone is very happy—while across the sands rises the white cross over the mass of bright flowers on the little sand promontory jutting out toward the sea. I was glad to know that it was an American gift.

I was not anxious to go to the soldiers' cemetery at Adinkerke after my visit to the hospital, but it was on the program and on the way, so we went. And I was glad. If I had been touring through this country in the days when the world was happy I am quite sure I should have stopped at the old church, anyhow; stopped and looked at it, because it is so impossibly old and so appealingly ugly.

It faces the churchyard and one enters at the rear through a little gateway in a high wall skirting the street. It faces the churchyard, with wide-open portals; and as we came round by the little path worn in the grass, out of those portals marched a priest and altar boys in solemn funeral procession. Behind them came a coffin covered with the Belgian flag, borne by Belgian soldiers, and followed by a company of men with heads bared and in uniforms stripped of cartridge belts, holsters and everything warlike. It was the funeral of a soldier. We stepped back and my officers drew up with their caps against their breasts. They carried him across the narrow courtyard, through the gateway into the cemetery, and down between banked masses of flowers on soldiers' graves to a new trench at the far end. It was a very little burial ground before the war and had only a few old graves, whose time-blackened crosses still stand off in one corner, leaning this way and that in an attitude of what seemed to me to be wonder and aged curiosity. So have some of them stood for centuries, and they have never looked upon this like before.

It is because so little Belgian soil is left to receive Belgian dead that this cemetery has grown so amazingly. In days to come it will be a place of pilgrimage for tourists and the reverent; mothers will search for the names of sons; wives will search for the names of husbands; sons and daughters will carry new immortelles to be placed on the graves of found fathers. It is the saddest spot in Europe.

Not mothers and wives and sweethearts and children have crowded it with the sad brightness of flowers and gay ornaments—mothers and wives and sweethearts and children, prisoners in their own land, know nothing about it yet; comrades have known: comrades who spend their last francs for a stiff cluster of tin roses, a wreath of bead heartsease, a vase of white wax lilies, or as a subscription to a fund for a headstone. Most of the crosses are wooden and are painted black, with the names and dates and the regiment numbers in white; but there are a few permanent ones in stone, bearing in detail a record of the honors of the men who lie beneath them.

Then there are long rows of *inconnu*—unknown. These are under masses of low-growing natural flowers, which are tended

(Continued on Page 28)

A SOUND AUTOMOBILE

This is the kind of an automobile that bears the name Chalmers.

It is sound in design because it is simple.

It is sound in construction because of the excess quality in its materials.

It is sound in performance because it is built to drive at the speeds at which an ordinary man drives.

It is sound in price because it is sold at sensible figures, made possible by the quantity production.

It is a sound car to own because the upkeep is low.

The Chalmers is the quality car at a quantity price.

Five-passenger	Touring	- -	$1090	Six-passenger	Sedan	- - -	$1850
Seven "	Touring	- - -	1350	Seven "	Limousine	- - -	2550
Two "	Roadster	- -	1070	Five "	Town-car	- -	2550
Three "	Cabriolet	- - -	1440				

(all prices f. o. b. Detroit)

(Continued from Page 26)

by the old men, the same old men who keep the graveled walks immaculate, and pridefully water and trim the great mound of geraniums in the center of it all. And then there are other old men; they work away down at the other end, clearing away the briers and the brambles and the high grass on the long slope, and digging fresh trenches according to the symmetrical plan that has been laid out for the extension.

When I walked along there I found one trench gaping open, and they had just put down into it the boy I saw carried out of the church. He was the third. The coffin next to his was nearly covered. His was not. They must not throw the earth in and have it fall on the smooth floor of the grave; the next coffin must be set close up against his, and then they would begin to cover him, and they would thrust the long end of his black cross down deep at his head—and so on until the trench was filled. And it would not take long. The piles of sod and the bunches of immortelles were lying close at hand with which to make it all beautiful and bright.

The unconquered part of Belgium is the most pitiful, the most tragic little bit of territory on earth to-day. It has just two inhabited towns and some villages, of which Adinkerke is one. La Panne I call one of the inhabited towns, though it has been cleared of most of its civilian citizens and is inhabited mostly by soldiers. Then there is the lovely old town of Furnes—or Fiurne, as the Belgians call it—which won great fame during the battle of the Yser, and where a few people still cling to their homes and live in hourly dread of shells—which, let me assure you, is a trying-enough experience for an hour or two. What it must be through days and weeks and months on end I cannot conceive.

Nieuport, up on the coast, is not in German hands; but it is wholly destroyed and is still made the target of frequent long-range bombardment of big guns looking for French or Belgian batteries supposed to be located somewhere near it or in its ruins. Ramscapelle, where the big action was fought and whence the Germans were driven back across the Yser, to be held there, is nothing but an old ruined mill, with a tall smokestack still standing—though with two big shell holes through it near the top—and a couple of houses on a corner, which are now used as a first-aid dressing station, the first behind the firing line. A little more than five miles away across the flats lies Dixmude, whence the Germans direct an almost constant action; and about ten miles farther to the south is Ypres, of epic history.

The Charm of Furnes

The quaint Old World charm of Furnes has almost entirely escaped the general wreck and devastation, and it is sure to stand in the future in the light of a curious and interesting contrast. A great many big shells have dropped on the town, and a dozen of them or more have lighted in its Grande Place, the wide, brick-paved square round which are grouped all its treasures in medieval architecture. Some damage has been done and a few houses have been totally destroyed; but, all in all, one looks round and realizes that restoration will not be very difficult. I felt all the time on this trip as though I was going just a little while before great crowds of visitors who are sure to flock to this part of the world as soon as the way is open for travel again. It is just across the narrowest part of the Channel from England; and, in spite of all that has happened in all parts of the world, Belgium continues, together with invaded France, to be the center of our real heart interest in the war.

Everybody will want to see the evidences of what Belgium has suffered for her principles and her honor, and I think everybody will want to go into this little corner, where she has so long and so strangely maintained her national entity. You see, I am counting quite confidently on the war's being over before anything else too awful happens; but Furnes may go the way of her sister towns before that happy day arrives.

Meantime it is a curious place. I shall always be glad I saw it under the threat of dropping shells. During the reigns of the Counts of Flanders it was an important place, the seat of a lordship; and so it acquired a rare dignity which has clung to it. Also, it has been the center of great religious fervor, and the scene, every year since the beginning of the twelfth century, of a unique religious festival which has always attracted large numbers of visitors. I may be wrong, but I think the only years since the beginning of the twelfth century in which this festival has not been observed were 1915 and 1916. It occurs at the end of July; so it really was in progress when the world war came into being. So it is that we live in the time of the making of interesting titbits of future guidebook information.

Furnes has a charming old church which was founded in the ninth century, and another, the Church of Saint Nicholas, which was built in the fourteenth century and is one of the most remarkable pieces of brick structure in the world. These are only just behind and stand almost against the Hôtel de Ville, a Renaissance building whose beautiful bell tower, built in 1618, has been the target for all the German shells. It is little short of miraculous that this group of buildings has so far escaped. The spire of Saint Nicholas has been slightly damaged, the cloisters just beyond have been wholly demolished, and the Hôtel de Ville has been shattered as to glass and plaster and a few precious ornamentations; but two or three big shells rightly aimed would have wrecked them all beyond hope of restoration.

The Old Man's Plan

The Hôtel de Ville is now an architects' lair, and never before in this world have there been men engaged in such a strange occupation. A learned gentleman in spectacles received us and conducted us over piles of débris in the hallways to a back room, where two other learned gentlemen were working over blueprints. And such blueprints! They have been fortunate enough to save a few original old drawings of destroyed buildings, but some of the plans they are afraid of losing for all time; so they are trying now to make new drawings of them from memory. Also, they are engaged in a work of preservation. They have taken everything of value out of Furnes and have carted it off to France for safe-keeping. The German guns are only about five miles distant, you see, and Nieuport was destroyed from twenty miles away.

This haunt of the strangely occupied workmen had rather a numbing effect upon me. I found myself wandering from room to room in a dazed kind of way, not getting the sense of it all from a Belgian viewpoint, surely, but feeling bitterly resentful that such things should be. In the spacious and dignified Salle de Réception one looked into a gaping hole in the wall where had been a magnificent carved mantel; one looked at blank torn spaces on the walls where had hung Spanish leather panels dating from the days of the Spanish occupation; the splendid doors, the work of an artist of the beginning of the seventeenth century, had been replaced by pine boards, nailed together on strips and hung on ten-cent hinges, which bit into the ancient facing cruelly.

True, they had all been removed to a place of safety; but think of the work and the expense of it! And think of the necessity for disturbing these things where they have stood since the days of modern civilization's infancy.

In the Salle des Mariages was a Snyders chimney piece that could not all be taken away, and there were artisans busy copying in small sections of plaster its minutest details. From the little chapel, peopled with the stately velveted ghosts of the heroes and heroines of a thousand stories of picturesque life, they had removed the choir stalls and the tapestries, and even the carved handrail of the balcony. The stained-glass windows—not masterpieces, but ancient and precious—were broken into thousands of pieces.

The chief architect, who was pleased to have visitors—he had not had one before in months—was anxious that we should explore the whole place thoroughly, and himself led the way in the long climb to the top of the lofty bell tower, pointing out as we went along wonderful little details of the art of the old-time builders—perfect small arches; vaulted ceilings over stairway landings; handrails carved out of the solid stone wall—things I knew he was longing to gather up in his loving arms and carry off out of reach of danger.

We were followed by the assistants, as eager as boys for a half hour's play and new companionship, and by the commandant and the doctor, the doctor bringing up the rear and muttering all the time that his figure needed that kind of exercise anyhow, and that he was "dod-gasted"—or something like that—if he was going to be left behind if it took his last breath.

From the top of the bell tower the whole of unoccupied Belgium lay before us, with the inundated area along the Yser spreading away as far as the eye could see. From the southward, down toward Dixmude, came the far-away crackle of an artillery duel and an occasional familiar big boom.

Then I heard the story of the inundation. The history books all tell it in a most commonplace way, and I doubt that the story of the little old man of Schoorbakke will ever go down in history at all. The Belgians were supposed to know nothing about the mysteries of their canals from the standpoint of defense, and the records tell about how hard they worked in October, 1914, to dam the lower reaches of the Yser canals so that the Yser River, already swollen by long-continued and torrential rains, should overflow its banks and make the flat ground between Nieuport and Dixmude impassable for armies and guns. And they accomplished this.

On the twenty-eighth of October, when the little remnant of a gallant army was at its last breath of resistance, the water began to flow over the banks and to seep out through the fields and across the country, creating a great bog. The Germans, however, were not stopped by this—they floundered on; and the records say that the Belgians "then succeeded" in opening the sluices of the canals and producing a great flood, which rose, not by inches but by feet, overwhelming the German Army, driving many back in a mad rush for safety to the far side of the Yser, driving hundreds forward, to be taken prisoners by the Belgians, and drowning hundreds more in the fields where they struggled in the awful fast-rising tide.

But I was assured by these perfectly sober-minded and honest Belgian friends that the Belgians did not know how to open the dikes without creating widespread disaster, and that they were in despair of ever solving the problem when a little old man of Schoorbakke came one day to the army headquarters—right there under that tower where we stood, in that very old Hôtel de Ville—and announced that if they would let him he would drown the whole German Army for them. He was a little difficult at first, because he wanted to do it himself, and, after the way of very old men, had little faith in the upstart young engineers and officers who besieged him with questions. But finally he gave in. He had an ancient plan of the canals which had been handed down through generations of his family, his father and his father's fathers before him having been keepers of the dikes.

The Amazing Chemist

Nobody knew that such a plan was in existence, and it was exactly what the engineers wanted. With it they could, by a few minor changes and the swift building of a dam or two, flood a certain area without letting the waters loose out of the sea. The little old man of Schoorbakke made one querulous condition, which was that every Belgian should be got first to a place of safety. He had been living right under both the German and the Belgian guns and did not know that he had been standing "on a burning deck whence all but him had fled."

And there lay the waters—"to be got off the land somehow; it will take years and much money," said the architect; and between us and the waters there were long lines of trenches and an occasional tall steel-network observation tower—nothing else; a broad expanse of desolation and nothing. Sherman didn't know anything about war. And I have often wondered what Gustave Doré would have done with our new models of the Inferno.

There was an amazing chemist over across the square who had to be called on. He had a Business as Usual sign across a shell hole through one side of his shop which was six feet in diameter—the shell hole. There was no glass in any of his windows, because it does not pay to put in new glass until the breaking is all over; but he had them neatly boarded up with shingles, with wide cracks left to let in the light and the cold. And how his roof must leak! It is going to be a hard winter for some people. But then, two winters have already been lived through. He once had a nice shop. In the shattered showcases there were all the interesting odds and ends that one usually finds in a drug shop. And there were some American toilet articles—some tubes of tooth paste, some sticks of shaving soap and two pieces of other soap. I took occasion, just out of curiosity, to ask him the price of the American tooth paste.

"Five francs," he replied, and we both laughed; then he added: "Anyone who can afford to buy imported tooth paste can afford to pay for it"—which sounded reasonable enough.

And there were American films on the shelves, with "To be developed before November, 1914," stamped on the boxes, and packages of photographic papers, brown and speckled with age. But he had some good drugs and was doing his best to cater to the needs of the few people left in the town. He lived in rooms back of the shop and took us in to show us his "ventilation." A big shell had cut a diagonal hole right through the whole building; but it had bounced in some mysterious way and landed out in the square, where it exploded without doing any further harm than to break a few hundred already broken windows, and to snick a few more pieces out of the walls of the buildings all round.

The chemist was in the back room when this happened, and he showed me just where he had been standing. Of course there are a good many exclamation points in a conversation of this kind; and after I had given vent to a full measure of astonishment and incredulity and horror and all that sort of thing, I foolishly asked the man whether it had not completely unnerved him. One will ask such questions. He laughed, looked at me in a whimsical kind of way over the tops of his horn-rimmed spectacles and said: "I can get along without any more of it, madame."

At Ramscapelle

Then there were the Canadian ladies. "The Canadian ladies" is what everybody calls them, and they give one a realizing sense of the wherefore and the efficiency of war-relief work. There is war relief and war relief; but when you are engaged in the simple act of feeding a lot of people who could not otherwise eat, there is something very satisfactory about it.

The Canadian ladies, two of them, live in a neat little temporary wooden house, flanked on one side by a large storeroom full of bread and canned goods, and on the other by a supposedly shellproof and bombproof cellar. Across the roadway is another long wooden building which is the school for such children as have been compelled by circumstances, or the stern decision of determined and defiant parents, to stay where they are; and this, also, is flanked by a supposedly shellproof cellar.

To understand the economic situation in a town like Furnes it is necessary to remember that all industry is at a standstill, and that there is no money changing hands—at least, not in the form of wages. There may be plenty of food to buy; but how is a family dependent on a daily wage that it no longer gets to buy it? The men are all at the war—or dead; and how are the women and the children and the aged and the infirm—in Furnes nearly two thousand souls in all—to get along?

That is where the Canadian ladies come in. They furnish a good daily meal to the children in the schoolhouse across the way, and they maintain their big storeroom like a shop, in which a ticket of proved necessity is legal tender. They are feeding more than a thousand people in the face of such constant risk as few women would ever care to face, and the money which buys the food for the brave but helpless citizens all comes as a free gift from Canada. Just so does your own war-relief donation find its way to the right spot through any of a thousand different avenues.

We went on to Ramscapelle, where the road behind the Front comes to a sudden end, and where Marvel hid his car away on the near side of the first-aid dressing station for fear some German would see it and try to put it out of commission. The whole roadway up to this point is hidden from view by high board screens across the fields, which look like giant billboards or backstops gone to seed. Beyond the two small buildings where the first-aid doctors are, which, with the old ruined mill, are all that is left of Ramscapelle, the road slips off into bogs of mud, barbed-wire entanglements, old trenches and shell holes innumerable—the scene of one of the hottest small engagements of the war.

A canal which skirts the roadway its full length runs placidly on through this desolation, its grassy banks tattered and torn

and its way choked in places by débris, but still pursuing its forever course to the Yser and the sea. Ramscapelle is exactly opposite Nieuport, across this canal and an open field. Should we risk the open field and walk to Nieuport? The commandant said "No." When the Germans up this way have no other immediate use for a shell they usually drop it into Nieuport.

I have seen a good many devastated towns and villages—some down in Lorraine that were both burned and shelled, and in which not a wall remains standing. But Nieuport, seen across the flat against its sand-waste background, is gaunt and majestic in a special way; and all its brave stories of siege and resistance, of stress and storm and struggle for a free faith in God, rise before one, to be dumbly denied by the stark fact of total annihilation. I should not like to belong to the people who must look upon these things in so many places for years and years to come, and say "We did it!"

I asked the commandant which of their ruins they were going to leave untouched for the benefit of American visitors after the war, and he answered:

"All of them! Every last one of them! Ypres, Dixmude, Louvain, Mons, Malines, Nieuport—all; until every American who cares to has had a chance to see them just as they are."

THE MAGIC OF MIXED METALS

(Concluded from Page 7)

in mass and the simple contact between surfaces are sufficient to cause electro-chemical action. Of course, in practical use, iron and steel are bolted together in countless ways. Even if they were not, most iron and steel are impure, being mixed with other metals, and this probably sets up galvanic action. Air carries corrosive gases and vapors, and machinery is often placed where water impregnated with chemicals can act upon it. So the rust problem is constantly getting worse, and the metallurgists are eager to do something to solve it, and undoubtedly will in time.

Pure iron will not rust, even if exposed to the air. But pure iron is a pretty scarce commodity in everyday affairs and, besides, is not strong enough to meet many of the uses to which iron and steel must be put. Therefore, though this rust problem has been studied by one group of investigators who are working for pure iron, there is a second group seeking the ideal coating for iron, and a third group that believes the best prospect for rustless iron and steel lies in the direction of alloys.

Even the coating of iron with other metals is in the nature of alloying. Most of the coating is done with zinc, which is electro-positive to iron, or neutral in galvanic action. One new process, an improved method of galvanizing, involves the heating of articles of iron and steel in zinc dust, forming an iron-zinc alloy over the surface. Another coating process forms an iron-aluminum alloy.

Some excellent results in retarding rust have been secured by alloying iron and steel with a metal that was formerly considered highly injurious to them—copper. A fraction of one per cent of copper delays rusting, at least. There is also considerable promise in alloys of iron and steel with small proportions of the rarer metals, such as molybdenum, vanadium, chromium and titanium. The chief difficulty here, just now, seems to be one of cost. For such alloys would be too expensive for many uses of such common metals as iron and steel.

Why Brass Corrodes

Far better progress has been made with acid-resisting alloys of iron. The modern world makes and uses enormous quantities of strong acids, such as nitric and sulphuric. Machinery for their manufacture, concentration and use must be acid-proof. Glass, chemical earthenware and platinum are acid-proof, but not very satisfactory for the purpose. Platinum is too costly for large apparatus, and neither glass nor earthenware make ideal machinery. Ordinary iron and steel succumb to acids, but within the past few years the metallurgists have produced silicon-iron alloys that resist acids admirably. They can be made up into almost any form required, and not only have enlarged acid plants but are said to better the quality of acid.

There is no dodging the fact that modern industrial life is hard on metals. During the past few years the metallurgist has been conducting a regular clinic for the diagnosis of ailments, in metals and alloys, developed by wholly new conditions under which they must be used.

When electricity began to be introduced on shipboard, for instance, copper and brass showed unsuspected susceptibility to corrosion. The chief engineer found that his condenser tubes were going to pieces. The captain complained about damage to propellers. The navies of the world wanted to know what caused deterioration of brass cartridge cases.

Most of the old brasses and bronzes failed in service, and even newer alloys suffered from obscure troubles.

All the nonferrous metals, such as copper, zinc, lead and tin, have defects when exposed to fumes, gases, sea water, mine water, electric current, chemical solutions, factory liquors, acids, and other things common in present-day industry.

Right here man begins to realize how badly Nature has dealt with him in furnishing his world. For the two metals that are ideal, from the standpoint of resisting corrosion, are precisely the ones with which Nature has been most miserly—gold and platinum. If we could build machinery with these, and had enough silver for our electrical transmission systems—silver is the best conductor going—the world would be a much more agreeable and economical place in which to live. Nature appears to have locked up vast stores of these precious metals at the center of our globe, giving us just enough for trinkets, watchcases, spoons and incandescent-lamp filaments. But we are steadily making headway with corrosion-resisting alloys in the nonferrous group.

The bronzes and brasses are now being improved by alloying them with rarer metals, which gives them resistance to corrosion, greater tensile strength and other desirable properties. Manganese bronze is one of the most widely used. For years the metallurgists tried to strengthen brass with iron, but lost ductility and other qualities. Then it was found that manganese acted as a distributing element for iron in brass, and the trick was done. Manganese bronze is not a true bronze, because it contains only a modicum of tin—if any at all—being made, variously, of copper, zinc, iron, aluminum and manganese. This was the first of the nonferrous alloys to be modified to meet modern conditions; but since its development, about twenty-five years ago, the brasses and bronzes have been improved in many ways for special purposes, particularly to resist corrosion in apparatus that requires large quantities of fairly cheap metal.

Corrosion is also a problem in small, expensive things, like laboratory utensils, for which platinum has often been employed, despite its great cost. So platinum substitutes are being sought, and also found in so far as some alloy renders a single service performed by platinum, such as giving the ornamental effect of this metal in jewelry, standing up under corrosion in the laboratory, or answering in dental work. One instance in this field shows the diversity and fascination of the hunt for alloys that will answer a single purpose. Platinum alone has the property of expanding under heat at the same rate as glass. So it had to be used to make the air-tight joint in the electric circuit of incandescent lamps, because nothing else would do. An alloy that would accomplish this purpose would lead to decided economies.

But it is with the alloys of iron and steel that metallurgists have accomplished most, for this is the broadest field. Our lighter, stronger, quicker-running, better-balanced machinery calls for special materials for different parts, and also special alloy steels for working metal in the machine shop. When the development of these steel and iron alloys began, some of the metals now in common use were mere names in the list of the elements. Silicon metal is a good example. Although one-fourth of the crust of our crusty old globe is made up of nonmetallic silicon, the metallic form was so scarce fifteen years ago that a museum specimen of a few grains cost several dollars. Now, silicon metal is about five cents a pound and has numerous valuable functions. Iron alloyed with silicon makes splendid material for electrical transformers, for instance, because silicon increases resistance to electricity. Tungsten, vanadium, manganese and other rare metals have passed, in the same way, through various stages. At first they were cabinet curiosities and were sold as precious metals, then they were on the market at so many dollars a pound, until at last they became ordinary staples.

Remarkable improvements have been wrought with these ferro-alloys. First they were used in small chunks for cutting tools in the machine shop. Then some daring designer of high-class automobiles, unhampered by expense, had the supreme audacity to incorporate them in his car, for small parts subject to severe stresses, where they gave strength, lightness, faster speeds or other refinements in mechanism. Then they were put to service in other parts of the car, and in cheaper cars, and eventually into other machinery, until to-day their use is very wide and constantly growing wider, and they are as yet but in their infancy. The locomotive builders have begun to use ferro-alloys for tires, axles, crank pins, piston rods, wheels, frames and other parts where they give greater wear, lightness and safety. Results are so striking that ultimately the whole design of railway equipment will be changed.

Alloy steels are even making their way in track work. First they appeared in frogs and switches, where heavy traffic causes costly wear, particularly in street-car systems. These products, made of chrome and manganese steel, gave such durability that transportation men began to think about alloy-steel rails, and they are now experimenting with rails of titanium, silicon, copper, chrome, nickel, aluminum and other steel alloys.

In connection with titanium this fact is interesting: Unlike some other metals used for alloying, it does not remain in the rail itself, but acts simply as a scavenger to the hot metal. Having a great affinity for oxygen, it frees the steel of slag and impurities. Aluminum also has virtues as a deoxidizer.

THE FAIRVIEW GIRL CROP

(Concluded from Page 13)

that can lift betrothal and wedding into importance in the neighborhood life? Wouldn't these things in themselves give to that life more of "the light that never was, on sea or land?" Wasn't the life of the farm girl suffering from suppression of romance?

I couldn't get much out of Marian, who is troubled with the congenital Dunham dumbness as to things of the soul; and I went about wondering how a research worker, of the sort that has once or twice come to Fairview to earn doctors' degrees by tabulating us, would or could go about making a survey of things invisible, impalpable, inarticulate—the things that, according to Daisy, determine the state of the girl crop.

Of course he couldn't tabulate or analyze it; but he could tell, with much dullness, how a few country teachers under the leadership of a Tennessee hill-billy named Tom Whelpley, collaborating with a country preacher and his wife, have successfully introduced pageantry, drama, stagecraft, poetry and painting into a Corn Belt farm neighborhood, to the considerable benefit they all use that word "considerable"—of the society.

We have a real stage—a little one, to be sure—which Tom Whelpley designed when the new Consolidated Schoolhouse was built.

And the plays are really bully! Lots of folks come out from town to see them, and pay their good money for tickets, expecting to see a Cherry Sisters show, and remaining to praise. I'd rather see one of these pieces any time than East Lynne or The Two Orphans. Adolph Tulp, who is, of course, scene painter, stage carpenter, and a watchful waiter for a German dialect part, tells me that in a few years we shall have the Passion Play of Oberammergau in second place.

Daisy has taken pains to tell me that the new dramatic movement isn't the whole of the campaign for making a better girl crop, and one that will stay on the ground, but is only a part of it.

Aren't You *Ashamed* to Have Corns?

WHEN all you have to do to *prevent* corns, bunions, callouses, flat feet, ingrown nails, etc., is to stop wearing narrow, pinching, bone-bending shoes—and put on broad-toed, comfortable Educators instead?

For Educators are designed by scientists to prevent and relieve *all* foot-ills—to "let the feet grow as they should." There are Educators for

MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

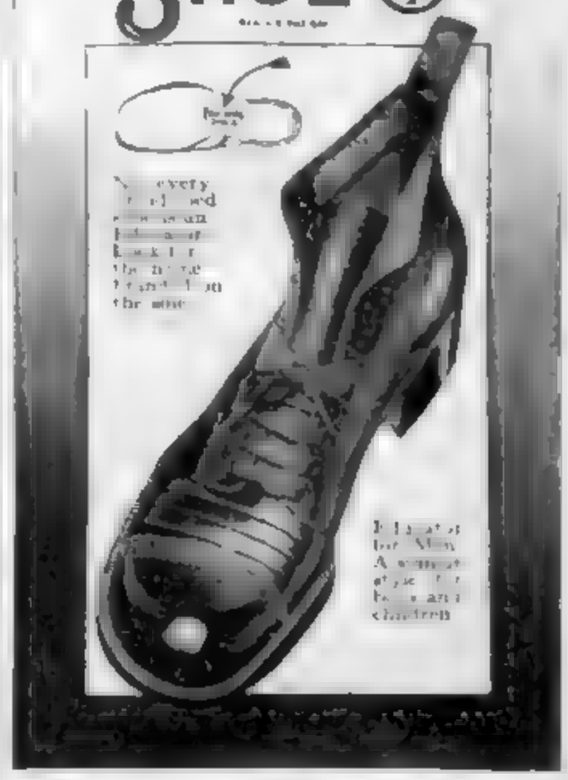
Get your family into them today and make all your feet happy. But be sure you *get* Educators! Look for EDUCATOR branded on the sole—it's your guarantee of the correct orthopædic Educator shape.

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" is a free booklet written by orthopædic authorities. Full of *startling information* about the feet. Send for your copy today.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
14 High St., Boston, Mass.

Makers also of All-America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfairs for Women.

Rice & Hutchins
EDUCATOR SHOE ®



AMERICA'S GREAT RAILROAD

The Union Pacific

And the Man Whose Foresight, Energy and Genius Made It the Almost Perfect Road

IT is a band of steel, that unites the two oceans, the West and the East, in a great Pacific Union. Sixty years ago, President Buchanan said: "Without such a road we cannot protect California and our Pacific Coast possessions against invasion."

Abraham Lincoln was deeply interested in the construction of this great railroad, advocating it, not only as a military necessity, but because he believed that the building of this national highway, this iron band of commercial union, would keep East and West united in interest and close communication.

Hence the name "Union Pacific," typical of the permanent, Pacific Union between the East and the West of this country. The UNION PACIFIC was the name appropriately chosen for the great railroad.

UNION

(Continued)

The history of this great railroad is the history of this nation. It follows the natural path from the East to the West.

It is within the nation like one of the great arteries within the body.

And like a great artery, it spreads out as it travels, finally, like a great fan, covering the Pacific all the way from Seattle to Los Angeles.

* * * * *

Daniel Webster said that nothing beyond the Mississippi could ever have much value. That great genius of *words* would have been surprised could he have been told that a great genius of *deeds* would spend hundreds of millions in a few short years *improving* a national belt of steel, the Union Pacific, carrying on its chief work in that region of which Webster thought so little.

Senator Green, of Missouri, addressing the Senate on April 17, 1858, had said:

"I believe the Pacific Railroad will increase the productive power and wealth of the country millions and tens of millions, although I believe every dollar invested in making such a road will be lost to the stockholders, whether built by the Federal Government or by private enterprise."

It appeared that this prophecy of financial disaster might become permanent reality. The railroad was indeed in bad financial condition when its destinies were first directed by E. H. Harriman and his associates.

He knew that a great engine of transportation, faithfully serving the people and putting service first, could not possibly fail financially or otherwise. For the people reward those who serve them.

Mr. Harriman had faith in the West and in Western people. He appreciated the great natural resources and the spirit of Western endeavor and inspired others by his faith.

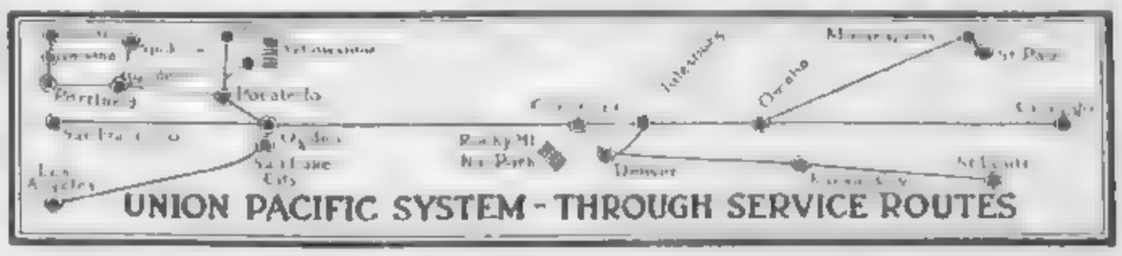
He set about his task in a manner typical of his character, saying that the first thing was *to put money into the Union Pacific.*

Since the reorganization of the Union Pacific, in 1897, less than 19 years ago, $269,700,000 have been actually invested in extensions, branches and revision, including double-tracking, shortening the road, ballasting the line with scientific accuracy, and other improvements. In addition to this vast sum there went into the railroad and its development all the energy, ambition, mental power and high aspiration of a great railroad builder.

* * * * *

The great railroad, as great as the mountains and plains across which its locomotives travel every hour of the day and night, is that Union Pacific.

Thomas Jefferson gave to this nation the territory that it serves, and to which it gratefully acknowledges its obligations, its existence.



James Buchanan was its advocate.

Abraham Lincoln desired it and spoke for it, saying that it would hold the East and the West in pacific union.

Grant and Sheridan policed the building of it—protecting the workers from savages.

Great men planned it in the past; thousands of faithful workers at every station and on every mile of track serve this railroad in the present.

* * * * *

The Union Pacific is one of the great industrial triumphs of republican government, the result of individual initiative, combined with wise government interest and co-operation.

Those to whom its management is entrusted find their greatest satisfaction in the fact that this powerful railroad is a servant of the public, contributing to the nation's health, facilitating circulation of wealth and of population, rendering service to the farmer and to the manufacturer—SERVANT OF ALL THE PEOPLE.

This is the first of a series of advertisements which will tell the Story of the Union Pacific and the part it plays in the development of the Nation.

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PACIFIC

THE SPREADING DAWN

(Continued from Page 6)

the room but the house. In proportion as she who had been Cornelia Vanderpyl lost her hold on the material the material dissolved.

Since it was no longer needed it was no longer there. She could do without it. What she already recognized as anguish was only in the second place connected with the physical.

And yet full perception came only by degrees. Being, as consciousness still expressed it, outside the house, she expected at least to find New York. In that part of Fifth Avenue she knew exactly what she ought to see. There would be a great hotel—there would be shops and offices—there would be the line of the street running uphill or downhill according to the way one looked—there would be vast shadows in the distance, spire and tower and cube—there would be on earth and in the sky the pallid lights that herald daybreak. But there was nothing. If in the experiences through which she was passing there was one that could be called a shock, it was in understanding that New York, too, was but a creation of the consciousness. That that should be true of old Mrs. Vanderpyl—that it should be true of her room, her house, and of everything she possessed—was comprehensible. But that it should be true of that stupendous Manhattan, founded on rock, buttressed with money, built up story on story and pile upon pile, was startling. That all that was steel and stone and gold should have had no reality but that which the mortal mind had given it was so inconceivable that she looked persistently and eagerly for the teeming island of her birth, and found there nothing but darkness.

That was her next cognition—that of darkness. It was darkness without a ray, darkness which, as the Bible put it, could be felt. It was not alarming; it was only desolating and discomfiting.

Even so, she understood that it had no relation to the physical darkness with which she had hitherto been familiar, but that it proceeded from within.

She was inclined to be indignant at this knowledge, however, rather than humbled or repentant. After all she had been a great woman in her day and generation. She might have expected some concession. What was it she had been accustomed to hear? That in this situation there was generally an angel, or some initiated relative, to act as a guide. But here she was left to find her own way, alone, neglected and ignored. Where were Lewis and Nugent? Lizzie and Molly and Georgina? What would she not have given to catch a glimpse of any one of them? How were they thinking of her? What madness would seize on them as soon as they learned of her purposes? How would they ever bear what she was about to bring on them?

And how was she to bear it herself? That after all was the vital question. To them it was but a temporal matter; to her it entered into the conditions of eternity. What she had done she had done in full command of her faculties, considering herself cleverer than the majority of women. She had turned from the respectable old lawyer who had managed her business for years, as soon as he began to protest against the provisions of her will, going then to a wretch whom she never would have employed had he not lent himself to her purposes. Even he had warned her that such a testament could be attacked, though he pointed out the fact that if the Vanderpyl heirs were to have it disallowed they would get nothing at all, not being her blood relatives. She remembered the joy with which she saw she would place them thus between the deep sea and the devil, and oblige them to take their choice.

"This must be hell," was the reflection that came to her. "This must be what they call the lake of fire and brimstone—and I've no one but myself to thank for getting into it."

She had little or no sense of time. Time was already to some degree the attribute of an outlived state of mind. There would be no yesterdays or to-morrows in the new state of existence, but she was still near enough to the past to know they obtained in that from which she had emerged. There would be a moment when they would learn what was in her will—but that moment was not yet.

If in the meanwhile she could destroy the document there was an earlier one in the hands of her old lawyer friend that would then come into operation. It was not generous, but it was incomparably more generous than this. Could she only return by the way she had come she might undo the ill she had prepared before it could be sprung on its victims. If, as it seemed, all was the effect of mind, then mind might recreate what it had uncreated.

She gave herself to that. Place and distance having gone the way of time she was no longer hampered by either. Because of this she suddenly found herself back in the library of her house in Fifth Avenue.

It was night apparently, as the mortal world reckoned night, but mortal light and darkness were neither helps nor hindrances to sight. All in the room was as it had been for years. If there was a difference it lay in the tremulous unreality of things which had once seemed solid and stable. If mind had reconstituted them it was with the uncertainty that pertains to that which is essentially made of dreams.

She knew what she had to do. In a secret drawer was a key that unlocked a safe which was also in the room. With her thought so strongly fixed on the key it was a matter of course that she should see it shining in its hiding place. The desk had not been unlocked, nor the intervening objects removed, but there it was.

Her difficulty came in seizing it. When she made the attempt she seemed to lack the means. With alarm she began to understand that between the spiritual and the material there was a gulf that might not be crossed. To reconstruct the material was one thing; to go back and make use of it was another.

To the agony of remorse she added now the exasperation of powerlessness. That things so trifling as a key and a sheet of paper should defy good intentions was enough to drive her into frenzy.

And yet mortal hands could handle them! If she could get aid!

She found herself in the room where Nugent was sleeping soundly. He had gone into chambers of his own on taking up with business and politics; but doubtless because of what had happened he was in his old room at home in order that Lizzie and Georgina should feel that there was a man in the house.

"Nugent!" she called. "Nugent!"

But Nugent slept and snored and made no response.

She seemed to herself to be holding out her hands imploringly. "Nugent! Nugent!" But still Nugent slept and snored.

She was in Georgina's room. Georgina, too, was asleep, her thick hair waving on the pillow, an arm tossed with a wild gesture on the rose-colored eiderdown quilt. "Georgina! Dear Georgina!" But there was the same silence, the same indifference.

Lizzie Pentreath's room was at the top of the house—an austere white room like the chamber of the Blessed Virgin in an old Flemish picture. As her concentrated thought reproduced it, with Lizzie lying rigid and composed in the small nunnery-like bed, Cornelia Vanderpyl felt in a measure reassured and comforted. Here was goodness; here was love; here if anywhere she would get help.

She didn't speak; she waited. Her yearning was so great that it seemed as if Lizzie must wake and respond to it. But Lizzie only stirred.

She stirred restlessly. Then she murmured in her sleep:

"Yes, Cornelia. I'm coming. Tell me what you want me to do."

Eagerly, volubly, Cornelia Vanderpyl poured out her request. Lizzie was to take the key she knew of; she was to find the will; she was to burn it. There was another will which she, the testatrix, wished to have go into effect automatically.

Lizzie woke with a start and sat up.

"Is anyone there?" she asked, peering into the darkness.

"Yes, Lizzie; I am—Cornelia. Oh, don't be afraid of me."

"Is anyone there?" Lizzie demanded again, more terrified.

"Yes, Lizzie. Cornelia is here. I've found the way back."

But Lizzie still peered into what for her was the night, drawing a long, frightened breath. Putting out her hand she fumbled for the electric light beside the bed—and once more all faded away, and Cornelia Vanderpyl found herself in darkness.

She was in darkness, and again outside the range of place and space and time.

Out of her being there went up a cry, to what she hardly knew. "Oh, help me! I'm not worthy of help—but help me! There must be such a thing as Love. But how can I find it? How can I make use of it? I've lived for hatred. I've done thousands of hateful things—and one more hateful than all the rest. But in Love there must be ways by which I can make amends."

As if in answer to this call there dawned a far, barely perceptible streak of light. It was made not so much of flame as of color, and yet of color such as she had never seen on earth. She could not have said where it was in any language that would indicate locality. Like the darkness that had shut down on her it proceeded from within.

She was back in her house in Fifth Avenue. She judged that it was morning, though morning and evening had become to her words without significance. Lizzie and Georgina were at breakfast, and Nugent was entering the room. He was cheerful, clean and rosy, his tribute to his aunt's demise being a black tie. Lizzie, too, wore black, though that was as usual, and Georgina a filmy white peignoir.

"Slept like a top," Nugent announced briskly as he took his seat at table.

"So did I," Georgina stated, in her slow, trailing tone.

Lizzie was silent for a minute, admitting at last that she had had a dreadful dream.

"I dreamt Cornelia had come back ——"

Nugent guffawed.

"That was a nightmare!"

"Nugent!" Georgina reprimanded with mock severity. "How shocking! And the poor thing not buried yet!"

Lizzie continued.

"I thought she was trying to make me some sort of explanation ——"

"I was, Lizzie," Cornelia Vanderpyl endeavored to interpose. "I was beside your bed ——"

"Did she really seem to speak?" Georgina asked listlessly.

"It wasn't anything I could understand. She wanted me to do something ——"

"She'd be sure to want that," Nugent laughed again, "wherever she is. If she couldn't keep people busy there'd be war in heaven. Reminds me of the story told of one of the young English princes. 'Will nobody bob to grandmamma in heaven? She won't like it if they don't, you know.' Poor old Aunt Cornelia won't like it if they don't, you know."

Georgina joined in the laugh, but Lizzie's lip quivered.

"If there was anything I could do for the poor darling ——"

"Oh, but, Lizzie, there is."

It was agony to Cornelia Vanderpyl that they shouldn't see and hear her. It was not as if she was dead in any sense that made her less a living being than themselves.

"I shouldn't make my life bitter over that, Cousin Lizzie. You don't owe her anything, any more than the rest of us."

"We all owe her love, Nugent."

Nugent shouted.

"Love! Well, I should worry! That's the last thing."

"No, it's the first thing. We ought to repay her in some way for all she's done for us—and it's the only thing we've got to do it with."

Nugent, who was in high spirits, laughed again.

"Cousin Lizzie, you remind me of the old Scotchwoman in Dean Ramsay's tales, who, when there was nothing left to pray for, begged that the Lord would have mercy on the poor de'il."

"I need love, Nugent," Cornelia Vanderpyl cried, in the vain hope of making herself heard. "It's all that can do me any good."

"I could have been fond of her," Georgina drawled musingly, "if she had ever let me; but she never did. She was so stately and grand that I was all ready to worship her when I was a little girl. But if I ever showed it she pushed me away. It used to give me the most awful crying spells. You remember, Cousin Lizzie? If you hadn't been here to comfort me I should have died."

"If Cousin Lizzie hadn't been here," Nugent declared, indorsing his sister, "I should have run away to sea at fourteen. Aunt Cornelia, poor old girl, wasn't stingy with money; but how she could make you smart in taking it. Even now"—he looked from the one to the other and lowered his tone—"even now I can't get over the feeling that she's going to play some ghastly trick on us."

They knew what he meant. Though they never did more than refer to it distantly, their thoughts were all on the will. Lizzie undertook to reassure them.

"Oh, no, dears! She'd never have done a thing like that. She's told me so often——"

But the power of holding to the material failed the being who could do it only by great effort and from time to time. Once more she was alone in the darkness.

That is, it was darkness except for that dim streak of light that was like no dawn in the mortal universe. Dawn in the mortal universe is cold, remote, impersonal. This light was alive and part of herself. Far away as it kept itself, and shedding no ray on the night immediately surrounding her, it was, nevertheless, companionable and encouraging. Without it she would have had less heart for her task.

That task was still to obtain help. The intensity of her desire was such that she was again able to recreate Lizzie's virginal white chamber and stand by her bed.

"Oh, Lizzie, listen to me; try to understand me. I'm in hell, Lizzie, and you could do something to get me out."

There was no response. Lizzie slept peacefully, the moonlight across her bed.

"I can tell you what hell is, Lizzie. It's being able to see with clear eyes instead of with blurred ones. It's knowing all that was possible and all one has missed. It's not inflicted on you; you inflict it on yourself. It's inevitable; it's what you are. Oh, Lizzie, wake up! Help me!"

But Lizzie only muttered and moaned in her sleep, making inarticulate sounds of affection and willingness to aid that were useless as practical assistance. Cornelia Vanderpyl could only wait for the great catastrophe. She had prepared it for others; but it was to fall on herself.

It was because of her own share in it that she was present as a spectator when what she had jocosely called her purposes were finally worked out. Being indifferent to all other happenings in the mortal world, no more than a shadow of them crossed the threshold of her consciousness.

Fear summoned her, however, a passionate, devouring fear, when, in the twilight of a winter's day, six figures dressed in black assembled in the library of the house in Fifth Avenue.

They came from laying what they called her "mortal remains" beside the spot where she had placed those of Anthony Vanderpyl twenty-six years before. That to her was of no importance. It belonged to the realm of mortal dream, of unreality, of nothingness. She cared for it no more than if they had buried a lot of her old clothes. Her sole preoccupations now were love and hate and good and evil. All she knew of the atmosphere into which she had passed was that it had become abhorrent that hate and evil, or anything that sprang of them, should enter into it. To be associated with them was a torture, a madness. The only elements in which she could exist without anguish were those that kindled the distant light which had dawned within. But even that had begun to add sharpness to her misery, since it revealed possibilities of harmony and bliss, of knowledge and activity, from which she was cut off—an Abraham's Bosom to which she could never attain. None the less, her yearning for it was so great that on reconstructing the conditions of mortality she came close to Lizzie Pentreath instinctively.

Lizzie was seated on a sofa. She had taken off her coat and gloves and thrown back the black veil that made a peak, like the head-dress of a nun, over her close-fitting, old-fashioned bonnet. Georgina in her voluminous mourning was a graceful, languid figure, like a grand duchess in grief. Mrs. Lewis Vanderpyl emphasized the remoteness of her connection by a large, dashing black hat, worn at a rakish angle, and a dress short enough to display her pretty feet. Lewis as usual sat near her, dandling his silk hat on his knees. Nugent, doing his best to be self-possessed, stood

with his back to the fire, his hands nervously flapping the tail of his frock coat. Though no one spoke there was a sense of febrile tenseness in the air. Those eyes that were not fixed gravely on the floor were turned toward Jeremy Sinnott, the small, neat, elderly man of business whose firm had for years taken care of the late Mrs. Vanderpyl's property.

To Cornelia Vanderpyl the room itself was no more than a tremulous, insubstantial background for the figures that stood out against it. They continued to be distinct when the inanimate was fading beyond her power of reproduction. It caused her some terrified impatience that Jeremy Sinnott should be so deliberate in his handling of the papers strewn before him on the big center table at which he sat; and yet when he began to speak she would gladly have silenced him.

The will he was about to read, he explained, was not that which he himself had prepared some eight years previously, but one the late Mrs. Vanderpyl had dictated and signed within the past twenty months. He had known of her intentions in this respect and had done his best to dissuade her from putting them into execution. He had gone so far as to refuse to draw the instrument up, though she had informed him that the project had been carried out, and had instructed him as to where the document would be found in the event of her demise.

No eyes were now fixed on the floor. All were turned with amazement and questioning toward each other, and then to the lawyer as he began to read.

To Cornelia Vanderpyl it seemed as if the preamble, together with the enumeration of small legacies to public and charitable institutions, would never end. From the sheer clinging to her of mortal habit she felt that she must either break some vital organ or faint or go mad. The very suggestion threw her back on the fact that she was beyond such weaknesses, and the relief they brought, to all eternity.

Jeremy Sinnott came to the chief bequests.

To each of the Vanderpyls the sum of ten thousand dollars was left outright.

"To my cousin and constant companion, Elizabeth Pentreath, in recognition of her many years of faithful service"— a large sum of money. It was not an enormous sum, or one which the other heirs considered more than just.

Then, with much legal phraseology, came the creation of a trust. It was of some hundreds of thousands of dollars the income of which was to be paid "to my nephew, Lewis Anthony Vanderpyl, if at the end of two years from the date of my death he have divorced, or been divorced from, his present wife, Mary Bracegirdle Vanderpyl." Should Lewis Anthony and Mary Bracegirdle Vanderpyl still be legally man and wife when two years from the death of the testatrix had elapsed, the trust was to be terminated and the whole principal paid to Elizabeth Pentreath to be hers absolutely.

Lizzie's little scream "Oh, not to me!" gave utterance to the awe which was otherwise too dumfounded for expression. Cornelia Vanderpyl threw herself on her cousin, round her, over her, enveloping her, like a cloud about a small black mountain pinnacle. The lawyer read on.

A second trust was created. It was similar to the first though smaller in amount. It was in favor of Mary Bracegirdle Vanderpyl, if at the end of two years from the death of the testatrix she had either divorced, or been divorced from, her present husband, Lewis Anthony Vanderpyl. In case the conditions were not fulfilled this trust was also to be terminated, and the principal to be paid absolutely to Elizabeth Pentreath.

Molly's tone was clear and decisive.

"You can have it now, Cousin Lizzie. I'll not take it. I'll starve first!"

Lewis gazed fixedly at the crown of his silk hat which he still dandled on his knees. Nugent and Georgina stared straight before them, as victims waiting their turn at the guillotine. Lizzie sat with head bowed, overwhelmed by this strange turn of fortune. Cornelia Vanderpyl hung over her, beseeching her. "Oh, Lizzie, don't you see? You can save me."

A third trust was similar to the first, both in spirit and in the amount of money it disposed of. If at the end of two years from the death of the testatrix Theodore Nugent Vanderpyl had renounced business and politics, and had entered on a diplomatic career, with the reasonable intention of making it a lifelong profession, as far as that was possible to an American citizen, he was to receive the same income as his elder brother. In case of the non-fulfillment of the terms the trust was to end, and the principal to be paid absolutely to Elizabeth Pentreath.

In Georgina's case the conditions were different. A fourth trust, equal to that in favor of her brothers, was established on her behalf. Of this, so long as she remained unmarried, she was to receive the entire income. When she married the amount of the trust was to be reduced by half, the remaining half going to Elizabeth Pentreath. If she married one Francis Wallingford Stiles, the income paid to her was to cease, the trust to terminate, and the principal to follow the rest of the estate into the absolute possession of Elizabeth Pentreath, who was also named as residuary legatee.

Having read the names appended the lawyer folded the document carefully, saying as he did so:

"The legality of this will can be contested. I've only to point out, however, that if it can't be probated the whole estate must go to Mrs. Vanderpyl's next of kin, who are Mercers living in the state of Illinois."

It was the situation Cornelia Vanderpyl had contrived with ingenuity and anticipated with amusement. As to the legality of the will she hadn't cared a jot. She had wanted to put the Vanderpyls in a fix; and in a fix she had put them. Nothing had ever been more neatly carried out. She had them where they couldn't say a word.

They were literally silenced. The blows that had fallen had been far beyond expectation. Each one had often considered the possibility of receiving less than he or she had expected; but no one had foreseen this devilish exercise of choice. It was worse, in a way, than being entirely cut off. The fact that by following their lower impulses they could all in the end be relatively rich threw the burden of refusal on themselves. Not one of them had so far echoed Molly's generous repudiation. In ways to which she had never looked forward Cornelia Vanderpyl could see that a poison was working in their minds.

She lost them again—lost them to return to her own blankness and helplessness. She began to see that time and place were relaxing their hold on her. Each effort to bring up again the mortal world was harder than the last. The only reality was in the blisses and activities and companionships she felt to be round her, but to which she had no key. A hint of them was occasionally borne to her, as a strain of music can be carried on a wandering wind; but there was no way she knew of by which she could enter into them.

But the old world was fading. It grew difficult for her to see so much as Lizzie's room. If by a mighty effort she carried herself back to it, it was as to a room made of moonbeams, all shimmering, shifting iridescences, with Lizzie herself as no more than a pale moonbeam form. When she came there, however, Lizzie never failed to be troubled, to toss restlessly, to mutter unintelligibly, though she didn't wake.

And when at last Cornelia Vanderpyl forced her way back to the midst of the assembled family, it was with a pain which she knew could not be repeated many times more. It was again the library—but, as she would have said, a library made of mist. Walls, books, furnishings, had the changing, vanishing imagery of pictures seen in clouds. Even the living figures were tenuous and ghost-like.

Lizzie was again seated on the sofa, but in a house dress. Georgina reclined in an armchair, her profile pensively resting against her hand. Molly, with hands folded and feet crossed, took a determined, upright pose in a small gilded chair. It was Lewis who now held the stand before the fireplace, while Nugent tiptoed softly up and down the room.

"So that in two years' time the money would be all mine," Lizzie was saying tearily.

Georgina made the first response, speaking as though the matter were one to which she was indifferent.

"So far as I'm concerned, Cousin Lizzie, I'm going to marry Frank Stiles, and I'm going to do it soon. He's asked me to consider, and I have considered; but I'm not marrying him for money, nor he me."

Nugent still seemed to be arguing with himself as he paused in his movements to address the meeting.

"I can't give up my work, now can I? What sort of a figure should I cut in diplomatic life? They wouldn't have me, and I shouldn't be any good if they did. Money's all very well, but if it comes to that I can make it."

He resumed his tiptoeing, and for some minutes there was silence. No one looked at Lewis, though it was felt that it was his turn to speak. There were ways in which his renunciation would be greater than that of any of them, since he not only had no income but no definite profession.

"Well, I guess you're right, Cousin Lizzie," he said quietly after what seemed long thinking. "In two years' time the money will be all yours. Molly and I are going to retire to the country and nest in a tree." With his hands on the arms of his chair as one about to rise he added: "Well, I guess that settles it all, doesn't it?"

But Lizzie sat still and wiped her eyes. "I've been having a most dreadful time ever since poor Cornelia died. I don't want to be foolish, and I know I'm not a bit more superstitious than other people; and yet it seems to me as if she was always coming back."

Nugent dismissed this fancy.

"That's nerves, Cousin Lizzie."

"Yes, I daresay it is; and yet—and yet—I can't help feeling that poor Cornelia would like me to do something."

Nugent stopped abruptly to look down at the sweet old lady. Lewis, too, stared at her across the room. Georgina summoned her to declare herself more plainly.

"Do what, Cousin Lizzie?"

Lizzie faltered apologetically.

"You see, it's this way. I don't believe poor dear Cornelia meant to do any harm; and if she did I'm sure she's sorry for it now. I'm not superstitious, and yet —— But it's no use telling you. You wouldn't believe me. But if poor dear Cornelia hadn't died at all she couldn't be more really in this house than she's been for me ever since—ever since she left us. And I know she's not happy. She wants me to do something; and I can't think what it would be unless it's —— You see, dears, your poor Aunt Cornelia never knew anything about love. She didn't. She was always afraid someone would marry her for her money, which was exactly what happened to her. It was what your Uncle Anthony did. She was devoted to him heart and soul; but when she found out that he had never really cared for her—and—and hadn't been true to her—you must forgive me for naming such a thing—it practically broke her heart. It warped her. It made her hard and cruel. She wanted to avenge herself on someone; and you poor innocent darlings were the easiest victims. . . . But now that she's in another world, where love must be the law if there's any other world at all, it's come to me—it's come to me just as if she whispered it in my ear—and begged me and implored me—but it's come to me that I can do what she herself would have done if she'd seen things clearly—what I'm sure she'd like me to do as she sees things now. . . . And if, as you say, the money's to be all mine—and you'll trust me ——"

The spring with which Georgina landed at Lizzie's feet was silent and swift, like that of some graceful feline animal.

"Oh, Cousin Lizzie, you darling!"

Nugent's voice shook as he warned her: "You mustn't be unjust to yourself."

"Oh, I'm nothing. Darling Cornelia has more than taken care of me for my lifetime by her first legacy. I shall be seventy-one my next birthday; and if you'll trust me—and let me talk to Mr. Sinnott about how I can patch it up—there must be ways—and I am fond of you, dears. . . . When you were all little it was as if I was your own mother. . . . Poor Cornelia didn't understand how to love or be loved by anyone. As far as I'm aware no one ever did love her in all her eighty-two years—unless it was me—and I didn't count. But now that she sees what love is ——"

And so to Cornelia Vanderpyl the mortal world went out. It went out like a landscape when the last ray of daylight has faded from its face. Where there had been something there was nothing, and she turned to the realities. Only, as she turned, there was more light.

It was light in which there was color, harmony, vitality. Much was still dark, and yet it was a growing light—a light that drew her, that cheered her, that made her hope—a light with attributes of fadelessness such as belong to no earthly dawn.

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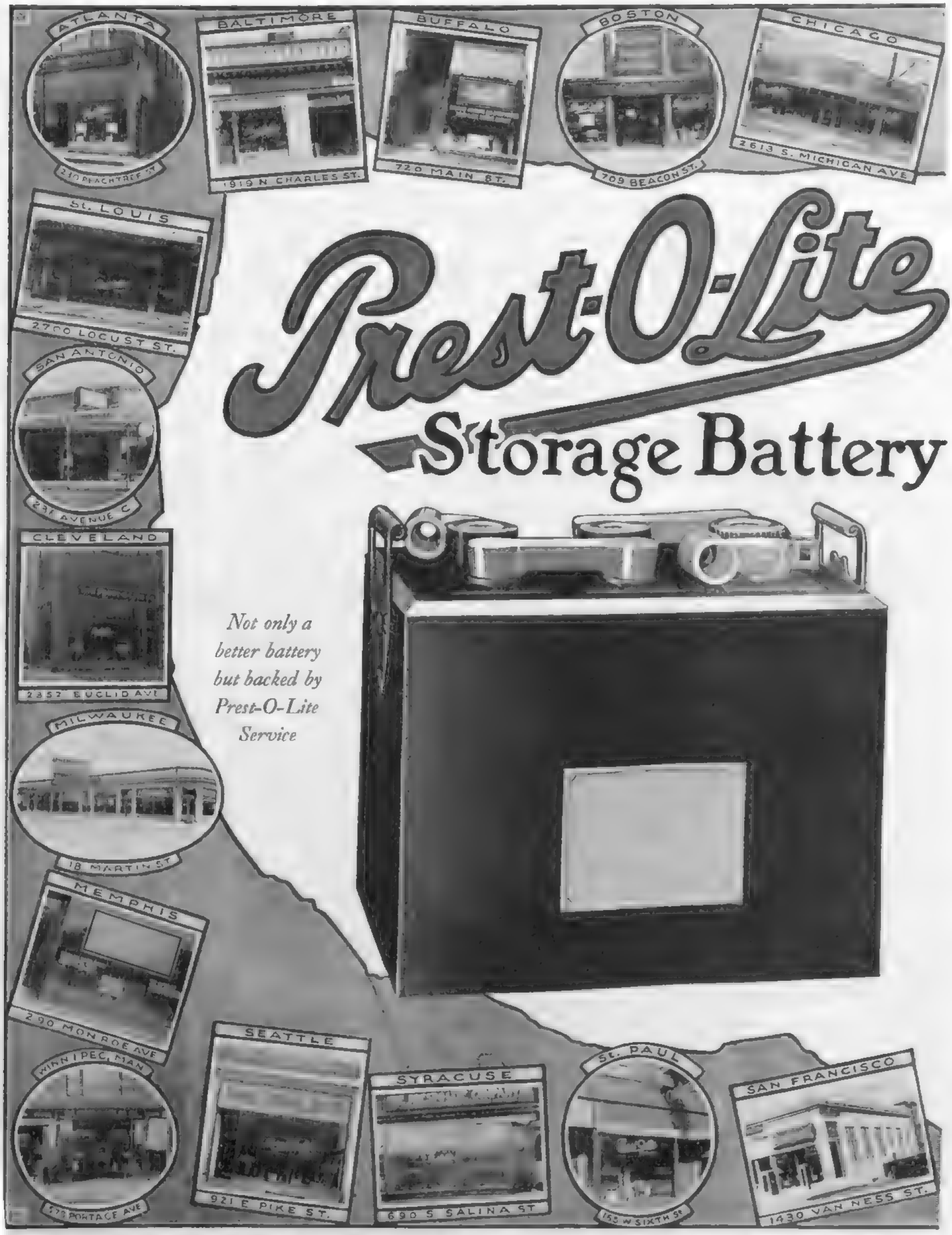
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THE TRUTH AND THE CORPUS DELICTI

(Continued from Page 16)

"—— but Mr. Carnes is not here, and that stupid jailer won't let you go."

"Yas'm; I reckin you is got to 'sult de high sheriff. Cunnel, dese white folks sno is behavin' curious."

"Looks that way to me," the Colonel had been thinking. "Maybe I'd better get Lawyer Farish."

"Lord! Lord! Cunnel, you ain't fixin' to hold nary lawsuit over Julius?"

"Possibly so; possibly so."

"Well, Cunnel, I'm here to tell you dat triflin' nigger ain't wuth it."

"Sh!" Betty warned him, with a suspicious glance at the grating.

"Den, Cunnel, all I got to say is, ef you hires Muster Lawyer Jeff Farish dis lawsuit is nigh 'bout over wid."

"We'll see; we'll see."

"It sho beats my time—makin' sech a fuss over a sneakin' yaller nigger ——"

"Sh! Sh!" Betty silenced him again.

"Hush, Zack!" The Colonel looked down upon his old black friend and gave sound instructions: "They might try to prove that you had something against Julius. And don't let that smart-Aleck detective persuade you into signing any paper."

"No, suh; not me."

"Or bulldoze you into a confession—or ——"

"Huh! I knows how to keep my mouf shut." And Zack showed precisely how he did it.

"Now remember: Don't talk to anybody—not a living soul!"

"Yas, suh. Be deef-an'-dumb asylum—dat's me."

"Then, at the proper time, if we must go into court, you will tell the plain truth and fear no man."

"Cunnel, lemme onderstan' you real good: All I got to do is tell de troof, an' you does de res'?"

"Yes; and I'll see that you come out all right."

Betty rose, patted her uncle's great, strong arm, and smiled at the faithful servant who rested behind so sure a bulwark. Zack shuffled after them to the door, bobbling his kinky head, wholly coinciding with Miss Betty that truth is mighty and must prevail.

The machinery of the law got started punctually; and so did everybody else, raising a dust on every road that led to Mayersville. Managers and planters swore helplessly as their pickers melted away from the cotton rows. Then the managers and planters overtook their negroes on the way to court.

It tickled Old Reliable clear down to his toes to have all those niggers—and white folks too—jamming the courtroom, pointing at him and talking about him; made him feel proud for everybody, white and black, to be looking on while he was shaking hands with Miss Betty, the Colonel and Mr. Murray Duncan.

Pudgy old Squire Frantz appeared kind of bigetty about holding a lawsuit in the big courthouse, and acted like the main judge, Brien, who arrived up there twice a year from Vicksburg. Squire Frantz had dragged out his long-tailed black coat, which he used to wear in the undertaker business before people quit dying round Mayersville. Being summer time, a collar nigh choked him, and he got red in the face. Nevertheless Zack appreciated his thoughtful testimonial.

The Squire tried not to be too proud when he picked up a mallet and blimblammed on the desk. "Mister Sheriff, lemme have order in my cote!"

After that, mighty few white folks were allowed to talk, and no negroes at all.

Zack sat down to enjoy his eminence, right between Colonel Spottiswoode and his invincible lawyer, Mr. Jeff Farish.

Miss Betty and Mr. Duncan took seats behind him. But when all was said and done, from Zack's point of view the whole thing seemed like a rigmarole of foolishness. At the first off-starting Sisserilla Judson flirted round in front of the Squire and held up one hand—wearing the black-lace gloves that Old Reliable had traded from a Syrian peddler. Zack scowled; Rilla was always poking her mouth into other folks' business.

"Be sworn!" said the clerk.

Rilla kissed the Book, swearing to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Tell de troof. Dat's right!" Zack nodded at the Colonel and the Colonel nodded back.

Sisserilla plumped herself into a chair and jabbered out a "passel o' nigger news" how she was standing at the big gate with Julius before he got killed. The main thing that pestered Zack was the underhand way Rilla behaved toward her own color. There she sat, right before a lot of white folks, blabbing all of Zack's business—how he bragged his brags that he was "fixin' to stop Julius' clock," just because Zack was jealous. Then she came out real plain: Zack Foster shot Julius from the Spanish daggers!

Muster Lawyer Jeff Farish certainly did ask her plenty of questions: Wasn't it dark under those trees? And foggy? Could she recognize a black man? Couldn't Rilla be mistaken?—all such as that. Rilla clamped her teeth, like Rilla always did when she got mulish. Old Reliable flopped round in his chair and wouldn't listen to "no sech woman."

After the lawyers turned Rilla loose the sewing-machine agent swore a whole lot; said he was a detective, and chewed the rag about the high-heel tracks behind the Spanish daggers—footprints that fitted Zack's high heels, with the same kind of brick dust and mortar on Zack's shoes—and his pants—couldn't even leave that out!

Mr. Henry Carnes likewise swore, trailing the sewing-machine agent. Old Reliable didn't think Mr. Henry ought to do so—he being so friendly with Mr. Henry's pa ever since Mr. Henry was a little boy. The lawyers jowled and wrangled. Zack got tired listening until Miss Betty began talking to the Squire. Miss Betty argufied powerful rapid about how Zack never did so, because Zack at the same time was pressing the Colonel's clothes. Of course Mr. Murray Duncan backed up what Miss Betty said; everybody knew Mr. Murray was going to stand square by Miss Betty.

Colonel Spottiswoode came next and made it stronger. Zack never did so. He was positive. Zack was a faithful servant and an excellent man. Then Mr. Lawyer Jeff Farish said:

"Now, Your Honor, we shall call Zack Foster."

Miss Betty and the Colonel looked straight at Zack; but neither of them spoke—not out loud. Zack understood that they were expecting him to tell the truth, like that spectacled clerk was swearing him to do—"Tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; so help you God!"

"Boss, I'll sholy do so. Cunnel always learnt me dat."

"What's your name?"

"Zack Foster, suh; but ev'ybody, white an' black, calls me Ole Reliable."

"Now, Uncle Zack, tell the Squire everything that happened on last Thursday night."

"Mister Jeff, you 'zires me to tell 'em de troof? Dat Julius nigger commenced imposin' on me de fust minute he sot foot in Cunnel's house. I didn't like de way Julius behaved; didn't like nothin' 'bout Julius. He 'low a nigger is jes' as good as a white man, an' what he done to white men in Washington, D. C., was a plenty. But dat ain't neither here nor yonder, ontil Julius sot up to Rilla, when she done promised to marry me."

The audience had relaxed on the benches as if the trial were ended. Now they began to lean forward and listen. Miss Betty's lips had parted in a half smile, then tightened suddenly, as if she were determined not to have a tooth pulled.

"What's that?" Colonel Spottiswoode clutched both arms of his chair.

Lawyer Farish kept trying to say something and motioned for Zack to hush. But Zack got under full headway and kept traveling.

"Dat night Julius 'scorted Rilla to de festerval, which dey knowed Buddy Huff done bust. Whilst I was pressin' Cunnel's clo'es I seen 'em prance out de side gate an' go gallivantin' 'long de levee. I could see 'em good through de do', an' ever' so often I'd step out in de yard. Dar dey sot on de levee, wid deir heads togedder. Dat sho got me peevish at Julius. Atter so long a time dey promenaded todes de gate so slow you could hardly see dey was movin'. Den Julius hangs over de gate, honeyin'

Rilla, whisperin' dis an' dat. Squire, I nacherly couldn't stan no mo'. Dat's when I crep' out in dem Spanish daggers an' made my fire."

The Colonel muttered something to himself:

"Well, I'll be dam —— Never can tell about a nigger!"

Miss Betty turned kinder pale and gasped:

"Oh, Zack, Zack! I cautioned you to tell nothing but the truth."

"Dat's de troof, Miss Betty."

"But you were right there—in our house—with us; pressing uncle's suit."

"No'm!" Old Reliable grinned craftily. "Whilst Rilla rushed roun' de front way I dodged in de back do' an' grabbed my iron. Dat's how come I had de iron when you hollered for me to fetch a lamp. Ef you don't believe dat, jes' look in Cunnel's lef'-han' bureau drawer an' find his pistol, wid one shot gone. I kin prove dat!"

For one dazzling and delicious moment Zack Foster, alias Old Reliable, reveled in the spotlight triumph of truth—every eye glued upon him, every lip silent, every ear dreading to miss his lightest word. Then Lawyer Farish and the County Attorney jumped up, both talking at once. Lawyer Farish seemed mightily put out about something.

"Your Honor," announced the County Attorney, "we shall proceed no further. By his own confession this defendant is guilty of murder."

"Murder!" shouted Lawyer Jeff Farish. "You've never established the corpus delicti!"

"The corpus delicti?"

"Certainly! How can you charge murder without proving a death?"

"Well, Your Honor, he's guilty of shooting with intent to kill."

"A bailable offense!" retorted Lawyer Jeff. "We now ask Your Honor to fix the amount of this defendant's bond, pending further investigation."

Colonel Spottiswoode rose, glaring from one to the other, while the lawyers disputed about a corpus delicti. After a long time Lawyer Jeff made his move to postpone the whole lawsuit until the next Wednesday. Folks commenced putting on their hats and crowding out. Zack likewise got ready to leave and fell in behind the Colonel. But Mr. Henry Carnes cut him off from the door.

"Lemme go, Mister Henry; I'm bleeged to travel 'long wid de Cunnel!"

Lawyer Jeff turned and spoke in an awful solemn voice:

"Stay here, Uncle Zack. I'll ransack heaven and earth to save your neck."

"Save his neck! Oh, Jeff!"

Miss Betty wasn't the crying kind, but her lip began to tremble, like it did when that little boy got hurt in the gin.

"Yes," Lawyer Farish whispered. "This looks very serious." And he patted her on the back when he said it.

The Colonel never said much.

"Jeff, I'll be over to your office right away. We've got to do something. Murray, please take Betty home."

Mr. Murray Duncan caught Miss Betty's arm, kind of tenderlike, and led her out.

Old Reliable couldn't help but think it was a mighty peculiar lawsuit.

The next Wednesday morning—trial day—managers found it impossible to hold their cotton pickers; worse than trying to guard a double handful of loose fleas. Picker after picker, as he worked to the end of a row, dropped his sack and vanished in the woods. And if the manager galloped after one the others scattered. So the managers called it off and proclaimed a legal holiday.

Everything went to Mayersville—everything that could ride or walk or crawl—horseback, muleback, in autos, buggies, wagons and on foot.

"Reckin dey'll hang Brudder Foster dis mornin'? It's a nice day."

"No; not till dis next comin' Friday."

"Huh! I 'spected to see sumpin!"

They expected to see something; and they did see something—different. They saw Old Reliable grinning at his acquaintances from behind Lawyer Farish and Colonel Spottiswoode. They saw Miss Betty and Mr. Duncan sitting anxiously behind him. They saw Squire Frantz mount the bench and rap for order.

"Everything ready?" the sheriff whispered to Mr. Doyle.

"Sure; we've got to rush that nigger into St. Louis before he hires a shyster lawyer."

Then Sheriff Carnes lifted his hand and beckoned.

"All right, Seth; bring him in."

Everybody looked toward the door, where Deputy Seth Bagster entered with a handcuffed prisoner—a yellow man, wearing no hat, only a bandage round his head. Negroes held their breath and wondered, until Rilla Judson sprang up and touched off the fireworks:

"Oh, my Lord! Julius, how come dey cotch you?"

Julius Dupre neither answered the woman nor lifted his eyes. Babel broke out, excited and uncontrollable:

"Dat's de man what got kilt! Dat's de man what got kilt!"

The first wave of astonishment lifted Lawyer Farish to his feet, like everybody else; then he dropped into his chair again, wondering what was best to do. This unexpected resurrection would undoubtedly save Old Reliable's neck; but Julius Dupre, alive and testifying, rendered a penitentiary sentence absolutely certain. Farish braced himself and waited for the prosecution's next assault.

"Your Honor"—from the County Attorney—"Your Honor will please bear in mind that we are conducting a preliminary investigation, seeking to develop a state of facts. I shall, therefore, ask Mr. John Watkins to make a statement."

Colonel Spottiswoode bent over and whispered to Farish:

"That's the mechanic I had to repair my gin."

John Watkins told his story without drama. He was a secret-service man. His colleague, Mr. Doyle, had previously come to Mayersville, trailing Sig Waller, wanted for two murders in St. Louis. Being telegraphed for, Watkins followed. Doyle had arranged through the sheriff for Watkins to spend a few days on Seminole Plantation as a mechanic, tinkering with the gin.

He searched a room formerly occupied by the negro called Julius Dupre, satisfying himself that Dupre and Sig Waller were the same.

The credentials upon which the false Julius Dupre had obtained employment were stolen by Sig Waller from the real Dupre, a well-known white chauffeur of St. Louis. Waller's burglaries, with Buddy Huff, were made easy by the use of Colonel Spottiswoode's automobile. Several of them had occurred at houses where Miss Spottiswoode frequently visited, driven by Dupre—for instance, the Wayland home. Here Watkins produced Mrs. Wayland's diamond earring, which he had found beneath a mat in the Spottiswoode car.

Having identified his man, Watkins told how he laid his trap. That's when Sisserilla Judson began to wriggle. Watkins observed Rilla secretly packing eatables into a basket and followed her to the garage, where a string was cautiously let down from the window. Last night the fugitive Julius had been so quietly bagged that neither the Spottiswoodes nor Sisserilla heard it. Buddy Huff had already been captured at Memphis.

Watkins sat down and the quiet Mr. Doyle stepped forward, taking some papers from his pocket.

"If Your Honor please, we hold a requisition for Sig Waller, alias Julius Dupre, which has been honored by the Governor of Mississippi; and we now desire to remove our prisoner—at once."

Things whirled round so swift that Old Reliable got bumfoozled; and so did Squire Frantz.

"Hold on! Hold on!" the Squire demanded. "What becomes of this here trial?"

"Your Honor," the County Attorney explained, "two charges of murder are pending against Waller and Huff in St. Louis—killing a woman, and killing the officer who tried to arrest them. Further proceedings herein would require the detention of Julius Dupre as chief prosecuting witness. We prefer to get rid of him. This defendant, Zack Foster, has accidentally helped to capture a very dangerous criminal. So the State is willing to discontinue the present hearing—if such course meets with approval from the learned counsel for the defense."

The Learned counsel for defense—being Mister Lawyer Jeff Farish—came mighty near laughing out loud.

"Here, Zack; grab your hat!"—that was all Mr. Jeff said.

"But, Mister Jeff, is I come clear?"

"Sure! You are a free man."

As the faithful servant, honorably vindicated, Zack's face beamed upon his loyal friends:

"Dar now, Cunnel, you sho is spoke a parable: 'Jes' tell de troof—an' ev'thin' turns out all right!'"

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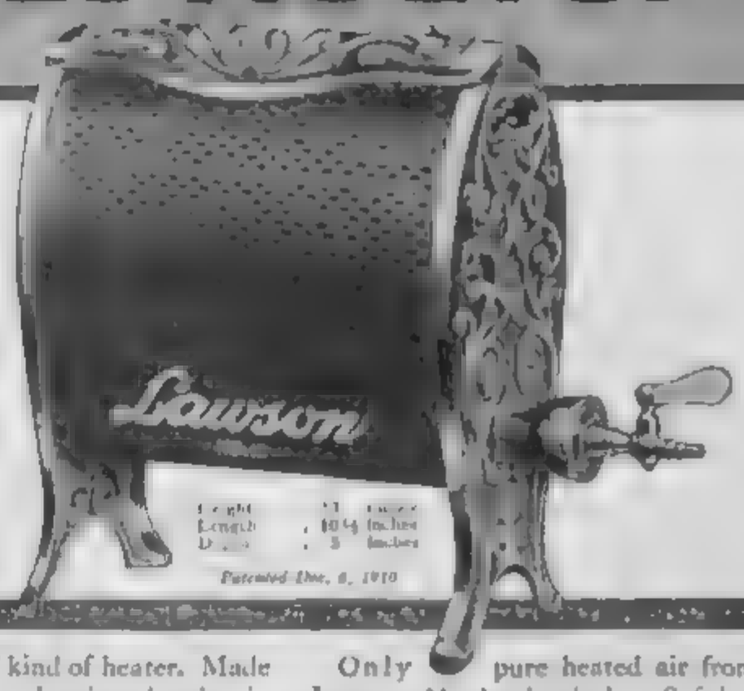

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SOME MEN AND A LADY

(Continued from Page 10)

She told him she was the only daughter of a family struggling in the throes of genteel poverty. There had been a brother, but he had died; and there was a hint of the likelihood of having saved him had there been money enough to supply him with necessary luxuries.

One day, at one of the few outings she allowed herself, she met Mr. Creevy. He was so charming to her; so sympathetic. He was different from most of the young men she had known. She went out so little, anyway, and had so few opportunities of seeing people. To her he seemed like a prince in a fairy tale, poor innocent girl that she was! Johnny could understand perhaps what his friendship and interest had meant to her. Her life was very hard, very lonely in those days until he came.

Then Mr. Creevy had fallen in love with her and asked her to marry him. Of course she accepted him. Situated as she was, she would probably have done so in any case; but she had loved him very deeply. Now she understood that she was far too young and inexperienced to have known her own mind. They had been very, very happy together for a while.

The Pacific rolled by quite a perceptible distance during the pause that followed—a dramatic interlude while Mrs. Creevy looked back over the shadowy memories of her happy past; or possibly the calm before the storm while Mrs. Creevy looked over her arsenal and carefully chose her weapons for the next onslaught.

When she began again it was with a tremor in her voice. From where we sat, without seeing her, it was impossible to tell whether she was trying to cry or merely trying not to laugh. There had been a bitter awakening from her dream. She began dimly to realize that Mr. Creevy was not the idol she had imagined him to be. His real nature began to manifest itself. Slowly at first, then more and more rapidly with the passing years, she understood that her life was bound to a brute. It was very pathetic, really. He revealed himself as a coarse, unfeeling tyrant—jealous, exacting, cold. She saw that he no longer cared for her, had probably never really cared for her at all.

She led a miserable existence in the loneliness of the luxury with which he surrounded her. She used to pray that something might happen to his fortunes, so that they would be forced to start life again together. How devotedly she would have toiled for him! But the Creevy fortunes were unshakable. For a moment, there in the cabin, we were afraid that she was going to say she was only a plaything, a beautiful toy for his idle moments. But she did not. It would have been a pity if she had.

Time passed and he neglected her for other women. She could not bear to speak of that period in her life—the indignity, the misery, the despair of it. She could not bear to speak of it; but we noticed that she did speak of it very effectively for quite a long time. Of course she could have tried for a divorce, but the whole idea of divorce was so absolutely abhorrent to her that she preferred to suffer in silence.

At this point the salesman rose to the full height of his corpulent bulk and executed a noiseless toe dance round the cabin. It emphasized what was perhaps the high-water mark of Mrs. Creevy's discourse.

So the dreary days passed. They had no children. Thank God for that! The doctor thought that was her finest preparatory effort. Finally things became unbearable. Mr. Creevy took to beating her. Oh, she did not say it as crudely as that, or as suddenly. She led up to it very skilfully, ending with the half-whispered admission that "Then, one night—he struck me!"

She lived now in continual fear of bodily harm, until at last she could stand it no longer. With a few belongings hastily packed away, and whatever money she had of her own, she fled from the Creevy mansion forever. She had friends in Honolulu who would take her in, and thither she turned her hunted footsteps. Of course this version of her recital suffers from our own cynical attitude toward it. In the original it was a masterpiece of subdued pathos.

She stayed in Honolulu for a time, trying to conceal her plight from her friends and wondering what was to become of her. Suddenly news was brought to her that her poor mother was very ill, desperately ill, at death's door, and her heart yearned to rush to her bedside, but there was the terrible fear that he would hear of it and come to claim her. While she hesitated, wavering between conjugal fear and filial duty, other distressing news reached her. Mr. Creevy had traced her flight and was on his way from Pittsburgh to invade the security of her refuge. If she returned to San Francisco he would know of it.

There was one way of escape: Take the next boat from Honolulu for the East, which would be the one ahead of her husband's. This she did, and that was why she was there on the steamer, alone and miserable. Well, not quite alone, since Johnny Marsh was there; and not quite so miserable as she would have been had he not been there. She had escaped Mr. Creevy, but she had abandoned her mother; and now she could not sleep for reproaching herself.

Did Johnny know that for three days before the steamer sailed she had given orders that no cables were to be delivered at the house for her, and that she had thrown overboard, unread, the letters from home which the steamer had brought for her? Her mother might be dead or dying, but she had not dared open the mail for fear of what it might contain to force her to return.

That struck us all as something rather novel in the way of catch-as-catch-can romancing. Not the dying mother—that was true to form; but that inspired business of the unopened letters. It is doubtful whether Mrs. Creevy herself had ever done better. It struck Johnny Marsh very hard. We heard him say "Gosh!" in tones of uncontrollable woe; and, of course, Mrs. Creevy knew that he was hers, heart, hand and pocketbook. She reached for the pocketbook almost immediately. She had told him so much, and he had been so splendid about it, that she might as well tell him the rest. It was terribly mortifying and she did not know what he would think of her; but there was no one else she could trust. She had had just enough money to buy her ticket to Yokohama.

What was to become of her, a lonely woman in a strange land? She was terribly frightened, and she knew now that she had acted foolishly and wickedly; but what was she to do? She might cable her friends in Honolulu for funds, but that would betray her whereabouts; and besides, to tell the whole dreadful truth, the fact was that after she had settled for her necessary expenses on board she would not even have enough left with which to cable. She was simply distracted; and there were times when she saw nothing but ——

She left no stone unturned, did Mrs. Creevy, even to contemplated suicide. The fact that consuls exist in foreign ports for the purpose, among others, of repatriating indigent nationals did not occur to her apparently. It certainly did not to Johnny Marsh.

Of course he offered her the unlimited use of his resources. He did it very nicely, very diffidently, with the general air of one receiving a great favor.

"If you only would!" was his mood.

After prolonged negations Mrs. Creevy finally decided that she would. How could she ever repay him! Not for his help alone, but for the renewed faith in humankind, the revived hope in life he had made possible for her.

And here Johnny Marsh did one of those absolutely unexpected things of his—sublime, delightful, ridiculous!

"I wonder if you would let me kiss you!" he asked.

She did; and we prayed that it might burn her soul—if she had one. The Chief put his hands over his ears and stamped his feet, and swore an amazing string of marine oaths; and when he had done they were gone.

The next morning we had a stormy session with Johnny Marsh, and quite fruitless of course. We routed him out of a corner, where he was preparing for further converse with Mrs. Creevy, and chased him down to the Chief's cabin under a pretext of showing him Sam's collection of jade—a collection entirely nonexistent—but we had to have some sort of excuse and in Honolulu Johnny had expressed a liking for jade—a statement which gave rise to the salesman's rather poor joke to the effect that most boys of his age would have preferred jades to jade.

Well, we ran him into the cabin and pushed him into a chair, and sat round him like a lot of mummies. Now that we had him there, we saw it was not going to be so infernally simple to tell a boy like Johnny Marsh that he had been made a fool of. We did not dare tell him that we had listened to his conversation with her the night before, and we hardly knew how to expose her in a manner which would convince him. It was all the more difficult owing to the fact that none of us had any right to interfere in his affairs at all, when you come right down to it.

The Chief's booming "Well, young man, what have you been doing?" was not a happy beginning. It made Johnny suspicious right away and he took on a very haughty air. He had been doing nothing in particular, and if the Chief was not ready to show his jade he would have to be going along—in a your-face-is-familiar-but-I-don't-seem-to-remember-your-name sort of tone. It was a bad start, but we tried to jolly him about leaving us and spending all his time with beautiful ladies. That flattered him, as we were afraid it would; and after a while we had him blushing and smiling.

Finally the doctor asked him whether he had not been seeing a good deal of Mrs. Creevy. Johnny had; and the doctor exclaimed at his good fortune and expressed the opinion that Mrs. Creevy was a very charming woman. Johnny thought she was too; tremendously so—quite the most charming person he had ever —— At this point he checked himself and looked rather uncomfortable.

Had Johnny any idea how old she might be? the doctor went on. No, he had not; but she was quite young—he felt very sure of that.

"She is awfully well preserved, isn't she?" mused the doctor, addressing no one in particular; and Johnny began to look haughty again.

"How do you mean, 'well preserved'?" he asked.

"Why, just that," replied the doctor—"well preserved. I understand she is over forty. Isn't that right, Mudge?"

"Er—so I've heard," the salesman stammered.

Rather weak support, and the doctor looked appealingly at the Chief.

"Why, yes," said the latter, scowling at Mudge. "I've seen her, off and on, on this run for years. First time must have been fifteen or twenty years ago, on the old Sumatra—and she was Mrs. Creevy then!"

We all looked absently at the ceiling, wondering how Johnny would take that. He did not take it at all. We must be mistaken, he said. Mrs. Creevy was quite young and had been married only a few years.

"Nonsense, kid!" exclaimed Mudge. "She's old enough to be your mother and wise enough to be my grandmother. Can't teach her to suck eggs!"

Johnny grew very angry and said a number of irrelevant things about the proper respect due a lady, to which we paid no attention whatever; in fact, the doctor went right on in his impersonal way, as though Johnny had said nothing.

"Why, yes," he observed; "she's an old-timer. I thought you knew. Hasn't she told you the story of her life yet? She usually does."

She had, but Johnny could not admit it. He retorted that he had not come there to discuss Mrs. Creevy.

"Is that so?" said the Chief. "Well, now, son, you listen to me."

And, with that, he proceeded to give Johnny what you might call a bird's-eye view of Mrs. Creevy's career. Not so much her career, either, as her purpose in life and her methods of attaining it. Armed as he was with the exact knowledge of the previous evening's developments, he made several statements and ventured on a number of post-mortem prophecies that must have made Johnny squirm. Should have made him squirm, rather; for, of course, they did no such thing. Mudge, the salesman, finished it off with a very sporting bet that she had already asked Johnny to lend her money; and Johnny sprang to his feet. We could tell by his face that we had accomplished nothing.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said, "and I don't want to know. What Mrs. Creevy says or does is no business of yours, and I won't stay here and listen to any more of your insulting talk."

Exit very haughtily, chin in the air, and very red behind the ears. We let him go.

"Not what you might call a roaring success!" said the Chief.

"Hardly," replied the doctor. "The rest of this voyage will be very merry."

"Merry as a morgue!" growled the salesman. "We've spilled the beans there, all right. Ring for Ah Fung, Chief, and order me a drink. If I didn't like that poor long-legged simp I'd be all for fixing up a deal with the Creevy and copping some of the proceeds. 'I wonder if you would let me kiss you!' Bah! He deserves all that's coming to him—the great big boob! That's right, Chief—a tall glass. And, boy! Chop-chop!—savvy?"

That was just what it came to in the end: We had to fix up a deal with Mrs. Creevy. We arrived at that conclusion in trepidation, each of us secretly dreading the possibilities of such an interview; but what else was there to do? When we had finally made up our minds to tackle her, and force her by whatever means at our disposal to relinquish her lien on Johnny, Mudge drew us all together.

"Look here, boys," he said, "you've got to count me out. I'm with you in this affair and I want to see you get away with it; but, for the love of Mike, don't ask me to have anything to do with that woman!"

"Go on!" said the Chief. "Where do you think you get off with that stuff? We need you in this; you're one of the star witnesses."

"That's just it," said the salesman very dolefully. "I haven't said a word to her since she came aboard, and she hasn't recognized me. And if I can beat it ashore in Yokohama without her remembering me, you bet I'm going to do it. You can see how it is, can't you? You boys are all single men and it doesn't much matter what you do; but I'm a married man and I can't get mixed up in any affair like this—not for one second; honest, I can't!"

"Oh, you!" exclaimed the doctor. "So she's got something on you, has she?"

"Well—damn it—yes," replied the salesman. "I suppose she has to a certain extent. It's all past history now and a lot of kid's foolishness; but if she spots me here there's no telling what she's liable to pull off. I pass, I tell you!"

"Mudge ——" began the Chief; but the salesman turned to him with such a pitiful expression we all had to laugh.

"Aw, have a heart!" he begged. "I'll give you all a swell blow-out in Yokohama if you pull this off without me."

"All right, all right!" said the doctor. "Go hide yourself and think of your miserable past. You're no good in an emergency."

"My line's hardware—not emergencies," retorted Mudge, and withdrew.

This put the whole affair up to the Chief, as he was the only one left who had ever actually had dealings with Mrs. Creevy, and the authority of his first-hand knowledge of her history was essential to our cause. He could not see it in that light at all for a long time, but we finally convinced him.

"Oh, very well!" he sighed. "Only, if I've got to speak to her after all, I wish I hadn't shaved off my mustache—that's all."

We had to wait a day or two before we had an opportunity to see her by herself. During all that time Mudge sat gloomily in the farthest corner of the smoking room playing solitaire. We would put our heads inside the door and say "Here she comes!" and leave him shrinking behind a month-old copy of the Pacific News. Johnny Marsh passed us on deck without a look, and came down very late to meals.

At last, one evening, we found her alone on deck, probably waiting for him.

"Here's our chance," said the doctor. "Go on, Chief. We're right behind you."

According to the plan we had formed, the Chief moved off alone down the deck, with us following slowly. He stopped just as he was passing Mrs. Creevy, and suddenly turned and looked at her.

"Well, Nan," we heard him say, "you don't remember me, do you?"

Mrs. Creevy faced round with a startled look, which she controlled almost immediately, and smiled at him vaguely.

"I'm really very sorry," she said slowly. "I don't seem to recall—some friend of my husband's perhaps. I have such a terrible memory for faces. You must forgive me."

At that moment we joined them and hailed the Chief as though we had been looking all over for him.

"Ah, there you are!" said the doctor, pretending not to see Mrs. Creevy. "Come on and bridge; we need a ——"

"Excuse me! Just a second," said the Chief. "Mrs. Creevy, may I present my friends?—Mr. Cole; Doctor Gurney."

We bowed; we uttered apologies; we shook hands. We were all delighted. So far no mention had been made of the Chief's name.

"Shall we walk?" suggested the doctor. "So much better than bridge."

We walked, Mrs. Creevy in our midst, talking very rapidly about a number of unrelated matters. Finally we brought up against the rail overlooking the forward hatch, under the bridge. It was the quietest place we had been able to think of, only approached from one side. Mrs. Creevy walked right into it. When she turned she found herself face to face with two figures in dinner coats bulking large in her way, and another in white leaning against the rail beside her.

"Well, Nan?" said the Chief.

"Well, Sam?" said Mrs. Creevy, and laughed.

Of course she had known all the time who he was. We thought of the cherished mustache and smiled in the darkness. We thought of the salesman too. She had probably recognized him as well. We caught ourselves admiring her, which was not what we were there for.

"What's the game, Sam?" asked Mrs. Creevy. "You haven't changed a bit, have you?"

"Neither have you, Nan," replied the Chief. "Still at the old tricks, hey?"

"Now, Sam, don't be horrid!" said Mrs. Creevy. "Besides, these gentlemen ——"

"These gentlemen know all about it," said the Chief—rather brutally, we thought.

Seen close up, she was really extraordinarily good-looking.

"All about what?" asked Mrs. Creevy, eying him sideways.

"All about you and your little game," replied the Chief.

He was no word-mincer, of course. We thought we might have put it differently in his place.

"Now look here, you poor stiff!" exclaimed Mrs. Creevy, rather startlingly. "Don't stand there like a stuffed monkey and talk to me like that. I won't have it. Let me pass, please."

It is astonishing how some women can talk like bartenders and get away with it. We involuntarily stepped aside; but the Chief put out his hand and stopped her.

"Better stick round, Nan," he said. "We've got something to tell you before you go."

"Very well," said Mrs. Creevy; she probably wanted to find out how much we did know. "Go ahead! Mind if I smoke? Haven't dared so far this trip."

The Chief gravely offered her his cigarette case and we both of us lit a match for her. Mrs. Creevy was dominating the scene to a certain extent.

"To come right down to brass tacks," said the Chief, "it's about Johnny Marsh. You've got to drop it, Nan. Nothing in it for you."

"Who says so?" asked Mrs. Creevy, blowing rings very prettily. "I like that kid; he's different from most. Sort of reminds me of you, Sam, when you were young."

The Chief looked wildly about him like a startled horse. "If I choose to play round with him for a while it isn't going to hurt anybody. I like him, I tell you; and I haven't liked anyone for years."

"Maybe it's because you like him so much you borrow money from him," said the Chief.

"It's not so!" said Mrs. Creevy, her hand tightening on the rail behind her. "Who told you? Did he tell you?"

"No; he didn't tell me anything," said the Chief. "He's not that sort. We heard you—all of us. If you will do your tricks right under an open cabin window it's your own fault."

"So that's it, is it?" said Mrs. Creevy. "Well now, you just listen to me, Sam, my dear. This affair is no concern of yours. I'll do what I please, without any interference from you or any of your friends. I like your nerve—coming round here and telling me what I can do and what I can't do! Who do you think you are, anyway?"

"Shut up, Nan," said the Chief quietly. "You're making too much noise."

"Shut up yourself!" exclaimed Mrs. Creevy. "Say, if hot air was music you'd be a whole brass band!"

The Chief was very angry. We, on the other hand, were rather amused. We did not seem to be accomplishing much, but we were enjoying Mrs. Creevy immensely. She was much better this way. But the Chief was very angry.

"Well, it's music you've got to dance to," he said. "Now you listen to me! You can't pull off anything like that here. I know all about this, and you know I do. Now either you drop this whole business and send the kid back where he belongs or I'll fix you! Do you hear me?"

"Oh, yes; I hear you," said Mrs. Creevy. "How do you think you're going to do it?"

"Very simply," replied the Chief. "You seem to forget you're on board ship. All I've got to do is report this to the Captain and your goose is cooked; and you know it."

"You wouldn't dare!" Mrs. Creevy taunted him. "Give yourself away? Not much!"

"Give myself away—hell!" said the Chief. "Do you imagine I care now? On the contrary, my evidence will be very valuable. I don't suppose you've forgotten?"

Mrs. Creevy thought for a moment, while we looked suspiciously at the Chief. There was a story here we should have to get out of him.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" she asked.

"Fix the kid so he'll drop you like a hot potato—that's all," said the Chief rather crudely. "You can do it all right, Nan." Was there a slightly reminiscent tone in his voice? We thought so. "And mind no double-crossing. You'll get no money out of him on board. I'll see the Purser about that; and I happen to know he's about run through his pocket money for the voyage. And you won't find it so easy to cash a check in Yokohama or any other place. Remember Billy Michaels? Well, he's consul in Yokohama now. I guess you're wise."

"I'm wise," said Mrs. Creevy. "Looks as though you had me cold this time, Sam. No penitentiary for mine. I suppose you think you're pretty smart, putting one over on me, don't you? Vengeance is sweet, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh, I don't know!" said the Chief, laughing for the first time. "You're all right, Nan—when you're asleep."

She left us without a word, and we turned and watched her go down the deck. When we looked at each other again we were all smiling rather foolishly at nothing in particular.

She went below immediately, and Johnny Marsh spent a disconsolate evening looking for her; while we tormented the salesman with lurid accounts of how she had asked after him and threatened to sue him for nonsupport.

The next morning she did it—immediately after breakfast, surrounded by children and missionaries; just like a scene in a play. Johnny was standing right near her and heard every word. So did we. So did everybody else.

"My dear," she said, turning to one of the matrons, "there's that awful Marsh boy again. I simply can't get rid of him. Why, do you know, the other evening he tried to kiss me! Simply attached himself to me at the dance. I tried to be pleasant to him; he seemed a nice-enough sort of boy; but appearances are so deceptive." She lowered her voice, thereby increasing its carrying power to the uttermost ends of the ocean. "Really, you know, I don't think he is quite a nice sort of person—well, you know what I mean ——"

We vanished from the scene, chiefly because we did not wish to have to look at Johnny Marsh. Poor boy! It must have been rather awful. On the other side of the deck, where no one could see us, we took off our hats and solemnly bowed in the direction of Mrs. Creevy.

And that ought to be the end of this story; but it happens not to be. Johnny Marsh kept to himself a good deal after that, and it was only by very careful, tactful treatment that we got him to walk and play with us as before. He never spoke to Mrs. Creevy again; and, of course, the subject was not referred to by us in his presence.

In the intervals of cheering Johnny Marsh we found ourselves seeing a good deal of Mrs. Creevy during the few remaining days before her departure in Yokohama—all but the salesman, of course. We felt that she really deserved some consideration; and, besides, there was no getting away from the fact that she was tremendously attractive. Knowing what we knew, with all the cards on the table, there was no possibility of complications, and we very naturally concluded to let bygones remain in their proper place and make the most of Mrs. Creevy's amusing company.

The result was, we spent many hours with her; and on several occasions a glimpse of Mrs. Creevy in laughing conversation with a well-set-up white uniform showed us that the Chief was renewing his youth without much effort, for all his smooth-shaved lip. Those were really very pleasant times, and Mrs. Creevy made herself very delightful and entertaining to all of us. She bore no malice, and we found no reproaches for her—only a good deal of honest amusement in the whole episode.

On the last night before we reached Yokohama, after Mrs. Creevy had gone below to finish her packing, the Chief gave us a farewell party in his cabin. Johnny Marsh came and made us a very nice little speech, very frank and very grateful; and we separated firm friends. Then, after he had gone, we sat round for a while over a final whisky and soda.

"By Jove!" said the doctor all of a sudden. "I clean forgot. Suppose the Purser'll be on the job to-morrow morning early? I want to go ashore in the first boat, and I must get some money."

"Glad you mentioned it," I said. "I need some too."

"He'll be in his office," said the Chief. Then something seemed to strike him, for he looked at us both rather curiously. "Say," he asked slowly, "what's this about wanting money? I thought you had quite a roll yesterday when you were playing fan-tan with the Chink."

"I did," the doctor answered—"that is, I didn't; not so very much."

He acted quite strangely about it; and the salesman put his head out from behind the bunk curtains and looked at us all for a long time without saying anything. Then a pleased, hopeful expression came into his face.

"Doc," he said, "hadn't you better tell your Uncle Mudge what you've been doing? That fan-tan's a crooked game, among others."

It took a good deal of persuasion, but the doctor finally gave in.

"Well, I know you'll laugh at me," he said; "but I might as well tell you. Fact is, I lent some money to Mrs. Creevy. Now wait a minute, you idiot! Give me a chance to explain. This was no con game. She was really pretty well strapped, I guess, after missing out on Johnny Marsh. She borrowed some money to go ashore; pay it back before the ship leaves."

The salesman said nothing—only his eyes grew very large. We none of us said anything. At last the Chief spoke in a very mournful tone of voice.

"How much did you lend her?" he asked.

"A hundred and fifty dollars," replied the doctor defiantly.

All of a sudden I came to my senses.

"But—good Lord!" I blurted out, "so did I!"

Mudge opened his eyes as wide as he could possibly stretch them, and then did the same thing with his mouth, in preparation for a Niagara of sound; while the doctor and I stared viciously at each other.

"Hold on a minute!" said the Chief; and his tones were more lugubrious than ever. The salesman closed his mouth again and took a deep breath. "Let me get this straight: You lent her a hundred and fifty, Gurney, and you, Cole, the same. That makes three hundred dollars. Then I'm afraid she's cleaned up five hundred dollars out of this bunch!"

"What do you mean?" we all shouted.

"I lent her two hundred dollars," said the Chief—"all to be paid back before the ship sails. Good-by! Good night!"

Mudge simply exploded. He roared; he bellowed; he beat on the walls with his fists, so that Ah Fung came tumbling in wild-eyed; he broke a chair; he burst two buttons off his vest.

"Oh, you beauties!" he gasped, holding on to the curtain rod to keep from falling out of the bunk. "Oh, you milk-fed beauties! Isn't she a peach? God bless her! I love her! Suppose you're going to get it back? The same old stuff! The grand old royal bunk! She got to you! She got to you ——"

Slowly we turned and faced Mudge. In unison we held up our hands above our heads. "Shoot!" said the Chief. "And shoot quick!"

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NEW OPERATIC RECORDS

MURATORE, leading tenor of the Chicago Opera Company, this month gives us two selections that are permanent favorites with all opera lovers. Those who have listened to Muratore in opera, or on previous Pathé records, do not need to be reminded of the warm, flowing quality that distinguishes this great singer's voice. It is totally unlike the strident hardness of many tenor voices.

64006	Romeo et Juliette (Gounod), "Ah! leve-toi, soleil," Sung in French, Carmen (Bizet), "Air de la Fleur," Sung in French, Lucien Muratore, Tenor, Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C M (about 12 in.) $4.00

TO choose between Muratore in opera and Muratore in Neapolitan songs would be difficult. To each he imparts his characteristic expressiveness, plus his naturally beautiful voice. These two songs by Tosti, whose 'Good-bye' will live forever. Muratore sings as no tenor has ever sung them before.

64009	Non M'Amate' Piu! (Tosti), (You Don't Love Me Any More), Sung in Italian, Il Pescatore Canta! (Mazzoi and Tosti) (The Song of the Fisherman), Lucien Muratore, Tenor, Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C M (about 12 in.) $4.00

NEW RECORDS OF STANDARD SONGS

"BONNIE, Sweet Bessie" and "My Ain Folk" were loved by our fathers and mothers. They are as beautiful today as years ago when sung to the accompaniment of the little old organ. Craig Campbell's clear tenor imparts a charm and idealism to these home songs that delights every hearer.

62017	Bonnie, Sweet Bessie (Root and Gilbert), Scotch Dialect, My Ain Folk (Mills and Lemon), Craig Campbell, Tenor, Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C M (about 12 in.) $1.50

"IN the Gloaming" is another old home song that lives forever. Coupled with Charles Gilbert Spross's irresistible "Will-o'-the-Wisp," and sung by Eleonora de Cisneros' rich mezzo voice, the result is a record that is bound to be one of the best sellers. Don't miss hearing it.

52015	In the Gloaming (Harrison), Will-o'-the-Wisp (Ch. G. Spross), Eleonora de Cisneros, Mezzo-Soprano, Pathé Salon Orch. Accompaniment	29 C M (about 12 in.) $1.50

NEW BAND AND ORCHESTRA SELECTIONS

HERE are two superb selections for lovers of sonorous band music. They have an added interest in the fact that the famous Garde Republicaine Band is shortly to make a tour of America.

35097	Danse Napolitaine (Desormes),	Garde Republicaine Band of France	29 C M (about 12 in.) 85c
	Tarantelle de la Poupée (Wittmann),	Garde Republicaine Band of France	

THESE two offerings with their fascinating bell effects show the Pathé Grand Orchestra to superb advantage. As always in Pathe orchestral selections, the *full orchestra* effect is noticeable.

35086	The Enchanted Bells (Kamp),	Pathé Grand Orchestra, with Bells	29 C M (about 12 in.) 85c
	Marche de la Bannière (Stritko),	Pathé Grand Orchestra, with Bells	

POPULAR HITS OF THE MONTH

A "TAKE-OFF" on the Hawaiian craze; a musical play interpolation; two popular ballads; and some stirring ragtime make up this month's popular list. When rendered by such favorites as Winsch, MacHughes, Burr, and Collins and Harlan, the result is sure-fire success.

20090	Oh! How She Could Yacki Hacki Wicki Wacki Woo (Murphy, McCarron and von Tilzer), Louis J. Winsch, Baritone,	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Pickin' 'Em Up and Layin' 'Em Down, from "Broadway and Buttermilk" (Chas. N. Grant), Louis J. Winsch, Baritone,	Orchestra Accompaniment	
20099	She is the Sunshine of Virginia (Mac Donald and Carroll), Gordon MacHughes, Baritone,	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	The Melody of My Dream (Author Unknown), Henry Burr, Tenor,	Orchestra Accompaniment	
20073	Down in Honky Tonky Town (McCarron and Smith), Louis J. Winsch, Baritone,	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Come Along to Caroline (Harris and Olmar), Louis J. Winsch, Baritone,	Orchestra Accompaniment	
20079	The Two-Key Rag (Joe Hollander), Collins and Harlan, Orchestra Accompaniment		27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Brutus, Caesar, Anthony Lee (Mahoney and von Tilzer), Arthur Collins, Baritone,	Orchestra Accompaniment	

NEW INSTRUMENTAL NOVELTIES

HERE are two much-loved examples of pure romance and rhythm in music. "Love's Dream" will never grow old. And the popularity of "A Little Love, A Little Kiss" indicates that it will be another enduring favorite. As played by this trio of soloists the effect is one of haunting beauty.

40060	Love's Dream After the Ball (Czibulka),	Pathe Symphonic Trio	29 C M (about 12 in.) $1.00
	Un Peu d'Amour (Silesu), "A Little Love, A Little Kiss,"	Pathé Symphonic Trio	

NEW DANCE RECORDS "DE LUXE"

BRIMMING with "pep" and "go," this month's list contains six headliners. You will especially like the English novelty, "London Taps," the present rage, heard nightly at all the popular "dansants."

20087	Pretty Baby (van Alstyne and Gumble), Fox Trot, Van Eps-Banta Dance Orchestra		27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Tossing the Cat (Chas. L. Johnson), One or Two-Step,	Van Eps-Banta Dance Orchestra	
20097	A Broken Doll (Tate), "London Taps" or Fox Trot,	Pathé Dance Orchestra	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Step With Pep (Kaufman), One or Two-Step,	American Republic Band	
20098	Oh! Babe! (Klickman), Fox Trot,	Pathé Dance Orchestra	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Go Get 'Em (Manhole), One or Two-Step,	American Republic Band	

Dealers everywhere are equipping other phonographs to play Pathé discs.

A SCRAP OF PAPER

(Continued from Page 19)

"I seen a letter to him," she announced. "He forgot it one morning. It was on his bureau. I hadn't read it all when he come back and bawled me out sump'n awful, but I seen the name and address. It was from somebody what signed herself Kirby and lived in the Greenwich Studios."

"A man," said Harry thoughtfully.

"She began it 'My dearest Dick,'" said the slavey.

"A girl," said Handsome Harry. He stripped another bill from his roll, and the maid gasped with delight.

Handsome Harry hardly heard the gasp, for he was running downstairs. It was characteristic of him that in his excitement he did not forget to reward the maid. Like nearly all crooks, he was generous. Easy come, easy go. Two women, the richer by one hundred and fifty-five dollars for his call, stared blankly at each other. It was a long time before they got their breath. Then the mistress spoke.

"The first thing I do, Mamie," she said earnestly, "is to get me that tailored blouse for twenty-two-fifty I saw at Lacy's."

"And the first thing I do, Missus Kimball, is to get me a pair of new garters," said the slavey. "These ones I has is all wore out and, believe me, I ain't trustin' fifty-five in bills to them! No, ma'am!"

Then, fairly started and limbered up, their voices beat against the air like hail upon the windowpanes. About this time Handsome Harry, having learned Kirby's last name by a glance at the cards above the letter boxes on the ground floor of the Greenwich Studios, and having learned her professional specialty by asking the elevator boy, entered the young woman's apartment and, by his lightning assault, learned at once that she was, if not in love with Dixon Grant, at least a dear enough friend to justify him in having followed the maxim "Seek the woman."

Reassured that Grant was not really dead, Kirby sank into a chair; the color came back to her cheeks; her eyes, that had been staring, now narrowed. She surveyed Handsome Harry as though he were some subject for her deft brushes. She was a real artist, which means that she did more than transfer features and coloring to ivory—she transferred character as well. She had that ability to read souls invaluable to those who live by their brains. For of these is the artist. It is his brain, more than his cunning hand, that lifts him to fame. And she read the character of Handsome Harry in that swift glance from under lowered lids that she bestowed on him before he spoke again. She read his dishonesty, the cruelty latent beneath the impulsive generosity, the craft behind the frank countenance, so good-looking in an animal way. And she did not fear him.

"Well, recovered? Sorry I had to shock you, but you can guess why, Miss Rowland. Now, then, let's not waste any time. Where is Grant?"

"Not admitting your right to question me," she answered, "I do not know where he is."

"And the fact that you don't order me out of here proves that you know all about the paper I put in his pocket," said Harry shrewdly.

"And if I do?" Her hand strayed to a flat desk by the chair into which she had sunk, and toyed with a silver paper knife.

"Why, then you don't dare order me out," was Harry's reply.

She realized that Handsome Harry had been drinking heavily; but whether he had drunk enough to be on the verge of sudden intoxication or not she did not know. She knew that anger sometimes hastens the effect of liquor, and did not wish to anger him more than would be necessary, for there were a hundred reasons why this erstwhile possessor of the document whereby she was to reconstruct civilization should not go to pieces in her studio. She did not know yet that liquor's only effect on Handsome Harry was to render him more crafty, more cruel, more dangerous than in his normal condition.

He watched her face and, somewhat of a character reader himself, knew that he had no mean opponent to deal with.

"What's Grant going to do with that paper?" he demanded. That she knew of Grant's intentions he did not doubt for a moment.

"What did you intend to do with it?" she countered.

"Sell it for a million dollars," he answered frankly. "I found it; I had to slip it into his pocket because I was due to stand a pinch." He had dropped all pretense of tutored culture now. "I put it in the handiest place, thinking I'd get it back O. K. I didn't. Grant has it. But"—and his voice was hard—"I don't intend Grant or anyone else to slip in ahead of me. I'll divide; I'm no piker; I'll play fair and square. But I want that paper!"

"You stole it?"

"It came into my hands by accident. It left my hands by hard luck. But it takes more than hard luck to put me out of business. I've found out where Grant's best friend lives; it won't be hard for me to find out where Grant himself is. And if I have to find out without help I'll get it all, I won't divide."

"Are you sure there'd be anything to divide?"

"Masterman offered me a million for it," he snapped.

Her eyes flashed at this further proof of the paper's value, though none was needed. He saw the gleam and mistook it for greed.

"You want to be fair," he said. "If it wasn't for me Grant and you wouldn't have had a chance at it. You don't want to make an enemy of me. Besides, I'm not a new hand at this game; you might get rattled and caught. I can handle it like an ordinary business deal. And I'll be fair. Suppose you got hold of Grant now and we all have a little dinner together? We'll talk it over and ——"

"I don't know where Grant is," she interrupted. "And if I did I would not tell you."

"You mean you're not going to let me in on it?"

"Exactly," she smiled.

He stared at her.

"My life, Miss Rowland, is worth a million dollars to me or it isn't worth a cent. No, I'll correct that—half a million dollars. For half a million dollars I'll do anything. I'll risk my life; for that money I'll go to the chair. Understand what I mean?"

"You'd commit murder for that paper?"

"For half its value," he replied. "Get Grant to take me in, and everything will be fine. Leave me out, and I tell you, Miss Rowland, I'll go to the chair for one or both of you. I mean it."

"But supposing that we plan to make no profit? Supposing that we plan to use the paper for the benefit of the people? Doesn't that appeal to you? Wouldn't you care to come in with us?"

"Suppose Mars is inhabited; what of it? Let's not talk moonshine. Do you or don't you intend to tell me where Grant is, or have him meet me and declare me in?"

"I do not," she answered.

For a moment it looked as though he would spring.

"I could scream—once anyway—before you stopped me," she answered.

He relaxed. "There are more ways than one of killing, Miss Rowland," he said grimly. "Put up the paper knife; you don't need it. I'm going to tell you something. I'm known as Harry Mack to the police. I've never killed anyone yet, because it's not been worth my while. It is worth my while now. You probably think I can't find Grant, but I will. And there'll be no further chance to dicker. I'll have that paper from him, and grab it all. Or if he's sold the paper to Masterman, I'll do no bargaining. As surely as I'm sitting here with you I'll kill him, if I wait ten years. It won't be a case of give me my share and we'll call it square. I'll kill him. Now—am I in with you or not?"

He had not raised his voice; he was calm as though he were indeed Sir Fitz-Roy discussing some ordinary topic with a lady. His very repression lent earnestness to his words. He meant what he said; there was not the slightest doubt of that. Furthermore, he would do as he said, if possible. Another risk must be borne by the man that Kirby loved; a greater risk than those already invited, because the man who threatened knew Grant's identity, which as yet the millionaires did not know. Yet the girl accepted it.

"You are not," she said.

Mack rose, and with a return of his borrowed identity bowed to her. Then very quietly he left the apartment. She rose and walked to the window; she watched

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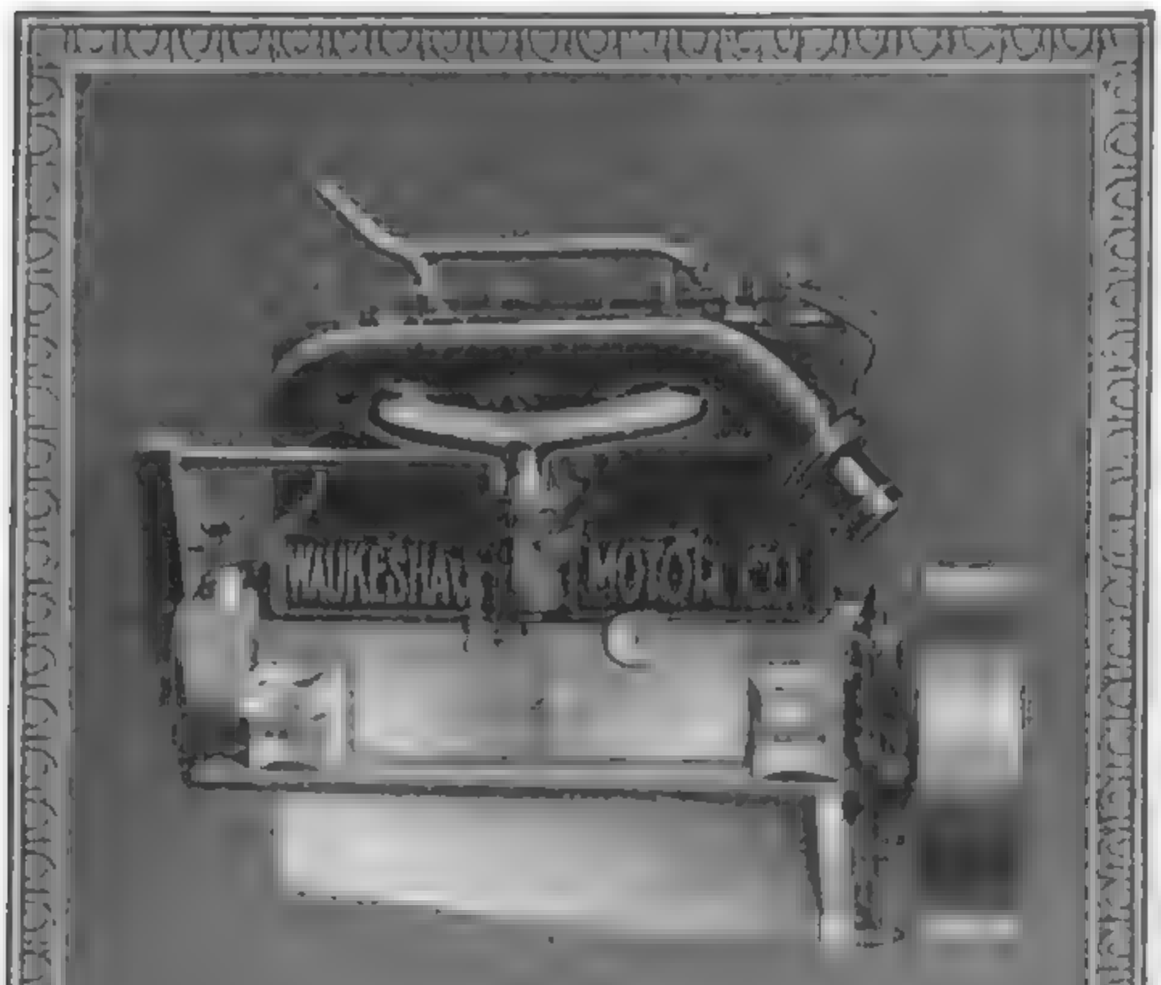

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him cross the street and turn a corner. She turned back to the center of the room. Suddenly she felt herself shaking.

"O God," she said softly, "it is for Your people; give me strength!"

VII

BLAISDELL bit his nails; Cardigan tore viciously at scraps of paper, littering the floor; only Masterman preserved the appearance of calm. But even his voice shook:

"Well, what have you done, Greenham?"

Terence Greenham, junior partner in the detective agency, and the real brains of the firm, shrugged his shoulders.

"Little as yet, Mr. Masterman. But our men will soon pick up Mack again, and then ——"

"And he no longer has the paper I told you to get," thundered Masterman. "I told you that paper meant millions! And your men let Mack slip away from them! And now someone else has it. I'm ordered to "

He sat down and wiped his forehead. When he spoke again he was a little calmer.

"I need not tell you the contents of that paper, Greenham. If you or any of your men recover it you will know at once that it is the document I want. Further, you will be paid well for forgetting its contents. Sufficient now to tell you that it is a document whose publication would not only ruin us three in the room, but cost us, possibly, our lives. It must be recovered!"

"It will," began Greenham eagerly. "My men can't be fooled long by any crook that ——"

Masterman's stony face frowned the detective into silence.

"I've told you that Mack hasn't it any longer. Just now I was telephoned to by a woman. I learn that she is young, pretty, wore a blue tailored suit, hat with green feather, has brown hair and gray eyes. The telephone operator at the Disnore gave me that information. The Disnore house detective failed to capture her. She informed me that she had possession of that paper."

"A pal of Mack's," said Greenham.

"Let me finish," roared Masterman. The detective flushed. The master of transportation swallowed a little water from a glass on his desk. "This woman is not a pal of Mack's. This is proved by the fact that I had offered Mack a million dollars for the return of that paper. I wish now I'd kept my faith with him and not let those fools in your employ follow him! This woman is not after money—for herself. She asks a price greater than a million. She asks—she orders—that universal transfers be granted in this city. Universal transfers! Do you realize what that means? It means the ruin of every road in the city. It means—— And Greenham, I can't refuse her!"

Terence Greenham was absolutely trustworthy. But even if he hadn't been, it would have been necessary for Masterman to tell him of Kirby's demands, for in no other way could the gravity of the situation be impressed upon the detective. For Greenham, thanks to Masterman, was by way of being a rich man himself; his sympathies lay with the rich. He could understand the dire consequences of permitting to remain free a force that could dictate the policy of the transportation lines of New York. The detective asked one question:

"And the orders of this woman, will they be confined to transportation in this city?"

"They will be confined," said Masterman slowly, "to what organizations are controlled, directly or indirectly, by myself and my associates."

"And that means ——" Greenham was aghast.

"That until that paper is recovered that woman is absolute master of this country. And a master for evil! A woman anarchist! One who will destroy, wipe out! Greenham, she must be found! That she is no friend to this Mack is shown by her demands. He wanted wealth for himself; she—there's no knowing what she wants! But whatever it is, she must have it! Greenham, what are you going to do? She must be found before midnight!"

Terence Greenham had executed many orders for Masterman; orders that involved millions. But the present situation, as he readily saw, involved still more. It staggered him.

"Before midnight? But, Mr. Masterman, I don't even know her name. A general description—that might fit a thousand women—and you know nothing? You have no clew as to how she got the paper?"

There was a silence. Masterman looked at Cardigan, at Blaisdell, but they were helpless, bereft of ideas, able to think only of the peril that confronted them. Blaisdell thinking of his life, Cardigan of his wealth. Masterman shrugged his shoulders; he lifted a face deeply lined.

"I know nothing about her," he said. "That she is the friend to whom Mack referred I cannot believe, for her demands are so different. That she is the person whom he tried to reach by telephone ——" He stopped. More than a great executive was Martin Masterman. He had that insight into the brains of men that made him able to anticipate and forestall their best-laid plans. A greater detective than a dozen Greenhams rolled into one he might have been. His eyes lighted.

"Your men called up the numbers Mack asked for, didn't they? And learned nothing. Yet he wasn't telephoning for mere pleasure. He had a reason! And after one of those calls he evaded your men. Why? Because he had learned what he wished, Greenham!" In his excitement he rose now and paced the office floor. "Don't you see? Because he had learned what he wished! Because he called two numbers, and the fools who work for you asked but for one! It's what I would have done, and this Mack, he's as clever as I!" A great admission for the mighty Martin Masterman to make. "Am I right?"

The reports of his detectives were fresh in Greenham's mind. He saw how so simple a trick, yet so clever, might have deceived his men. He picked up the telephone, and was immediately connected with the superintendent of the telephone company.

"Terence Greenham talking, from Martin Masterman's office, on the latter's business. I want ——" He spoke for two minutes; then he was silent, holding the receiver to his ear. A moment later his rigidity told that he was listening.

"Yes, any one of the calls. Broad 69,000? And that is? Bryant, Manners & Co. Much obliged."

He hung up and sat still a moment. Shamed that the master of transportation had seen through Mack's trick, Greenham worked his own brain to its utmost. Like nearly every other detective, fiction to the contrary, Greenham lacked imagination to any remarkable degree. He discovered the perpetrators of crime by questioning stool-pigeons in the majority of cases. He followed old and routine paths. But it was his painstaking covering of every lead that brought him results. His mind responded to the pressure of the moment and he thought of a lead as yet unfollowed. He leaned toward the transmitter again. He asked for a number.

"Police Headquarters. Give me the Commissioner. Terence Greenham talking. . . . Commissioner Murray? Terence Greenham. I want to speak with Detective Connors. Important. . . . Connors? This is Terence Greenham. You pulled a man today. The Masterman man. . . . Where? Bryant, Manners & Co.? All right. And see that your lips are sewed. Thanks."

He rang off and turned to Masterman.

"Mack was out of sight of all three of you for a minute to-day," he said. "Connors told me what you didn't ask him—that he pulled Mack in Bryant-Manners' office. Yet he couldn't have been in there more than a minute. You had him under your eyes for all but a minute or so."

A gleam of hope shone in Masterman's eyes. "You think then ——?"

Greenham pulled his watch from his pocket.

"It's five now. I don't know when I'll have anything to report. Mr. Masterman, you'll be at home all this evening?"

"I'll be waiting up to hear from you," replied Masterman grimly. "And Blaisdell and Cardigan will be with me."

The others kept silence; the hours of strain had been too much for them. They could only sit dully by, not fully comprehending, while the detective and Masterman talked. Greenham reached the door.

"If it was anyone in the Bryant-Manners' office—I'll get him."

"Her," corrected Masterman. "And this is something extra, Greenham. The usual retainer doesn't apply. If you land that woman by midnight, ask for what you want; I'll give you a blank check—I'll give you ——"

"And you'll stand behind any measures I take to get the paper?"

For a minute the master of transportation looked into the detective's eyes.

"You get that paper," he said. And Greenham thought he understood.

(Continued on Page 45)

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(Continued from Page 42)

He left the office. Two minutes later, accompanied by his brother Robert, and trailed by half a dozen operatives, he entered the bucket shop. The junior member of the detective agency knew what he wanted; a lead like this was simple. To Mr. James Manners he gave a description of Handsome Harry Mack, which Masterman had given him.

"Sir Fitz-Roy Bray, of England," said Manners nervously. "Surely, Mr. Greenham, you have nothing derogatory to tell me of Sir Fitz-Roy?"

"Nothing except to tell you that he's Harry Mack, classiest gun in the con game, Manners," responded Greenham. "Better look up your dealings with him. But never mind that now. Has he any particular friend here? Did he telephone anyone here to-day?"

Manners, unnerved by the information that his most exalted client was a swindler of parts, and feverish with anxiety to examine his books to learn whether or not anything had been put over on him already, yet not daring to offend the brothers Greenham, who might, if they chose, investigate his business with disastrous results for the owners, summoned the telephone clerk.

"Sir Fitz-Roy? Sure, he asked for Dixon Grant, and when Grant wasn't in he asked for his address. I gave it to him, and ——"

"What is the address?" interrupted Terence Greenham.

The clerk supplied it.

"That's all, Manners," said the detective, "except to keep quiet about our little call. And if this man Grant shows up in the morning and you haven't heard from us, let my office know. You say he never took an afternoon off before without permission?"

"And never will again," said Manners. "Chums of crooks ——"

"Couldn't be very chummy if Mack didn't even know his home address," said Greenham, the younger. Then, fearful that he had said too much, or at least violated the proverbial resemblance to a clam of the species detective, he left the office with his brother. Outside he gave that less brilliant worthy his ideas:

"Mack saw Connors after picking up that paper. He ducked in here and gave it to Grant. Grant double-crossed him and Mack went after him; that's why he asked for the address. Meanwhile, Grant has either slipped the paper to some girl or told her all about it. That's plain as Bill Taft's smile. I'll get up to Twenty-third Street and find out what girls young Grant knows. Cinch that he isn't there; if he's clever enough to double-cross Mack, he's clever enough to have lighted out. But the girl is the trail he leaves. Robert, you take a few men and go up to Mack's hotel on the off chance he'll turn up there. He's valuable to us yet, never mind what Masterman says."

He turned and signaled one of the operatives, who discreetly followed them:

"Schmidt, you come with me." He spoke again to his brother: "Forgot something. Find out where Mack—or Sir Fitz-Roy—banks. Detail a man to be there in the morning. I'll phone you at Mack's hotel—the Blare, Manners said? All right? So long."

Followed by Schmidt he dashed down a street that led to the Elevated, while his slower-witted brother assumed command of the five men left behind, and in the Subway started uptown for Mack's hotel.

Handsome Harry had paved the way for Terence Greenham. The flash of a bill and the mention of his errand, and the slavey who opened the door gave them the information upon which Mack had so quickly acted. And the excited landlady corroborated it eagerly. The two women had more to gossip about and were at it joyously before Greenham reached the sidewalk.

"I'll bet there is a murder somewhere in it. If these men are detectives, who was the gent with the fifty-dollar bills?" demanded the landlady.

"It's a girl! Mr. Grant, he's eloped with some millionaire's daughter, and ——"

And so they had it, and were still having it when Greenham and Schmidt reached the street on which stood the Greenwich Studios.

"Wait at this corner," ordered Greenham. "If I'm not back in twenty minutes come after me with your gun out. Mack might be there—Grant—Lord knows who. Twenty minutes."

He started for the Studios.

Kirby Rowland was not an extraordinary girl physically. She played a little

Inventor:
Here's the model of my new Baby Grand!

Dear Old Lady:
By far the best you have done yet but never mind how fine it is, you must keep on. Remember, we have learned from you yourself, to look for improvements, improvements, improvements.

Will you ladies never be satisfied? even with the *best?*

We hope you never will!

'Way back in 1830, a certain wife did her baking in a medieval oven of brick—unimproved for centuries. Her husband, Joel Rathbone of Albany, with a keen sympathy for his wife's burdens, invented the first Acorn stove, a four-legged curiosity. Crude—but what an improvement!

More improvements still were needed, because Johnny sometimes filled the wood box with damp stove wood and some coal dealers thought slate was coal! After making cooking fairly certain in spite of uncertain fuels, the makers of Acorn Stoves—Rathbone, Sard & Company—improved fire boxes so as to keep coal bills small.

But too much of the kitchen work was still done with a stove poker! Many a fair Priscilla of yesterday dreamed vague dreams of cooking minus dirt and drudgery, and she has lived to be a dear old lady, now enjoying a luxurious, three-oven gas range—a joy to a good housewife. If you could ask her, she would say kind things about the capacity of this 87-year-old firm for making improvements.

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gas, coal, combinations and electric

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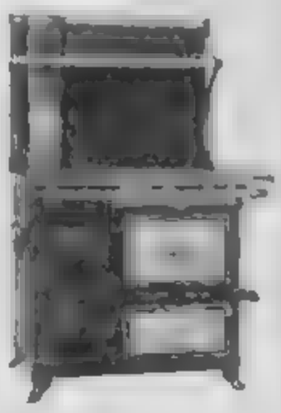
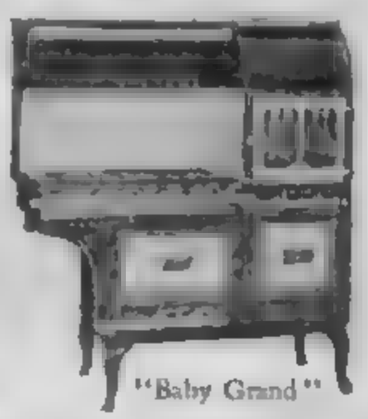


Unless you have visited your own gas company's display lately, or your dealer's there is a surprise in store for you in some of the new Acorn conveniences.

Go today to see the Acorn gas-coal combination

Cabinet gas range, the inventor's best (so far)



"Baby Grand"

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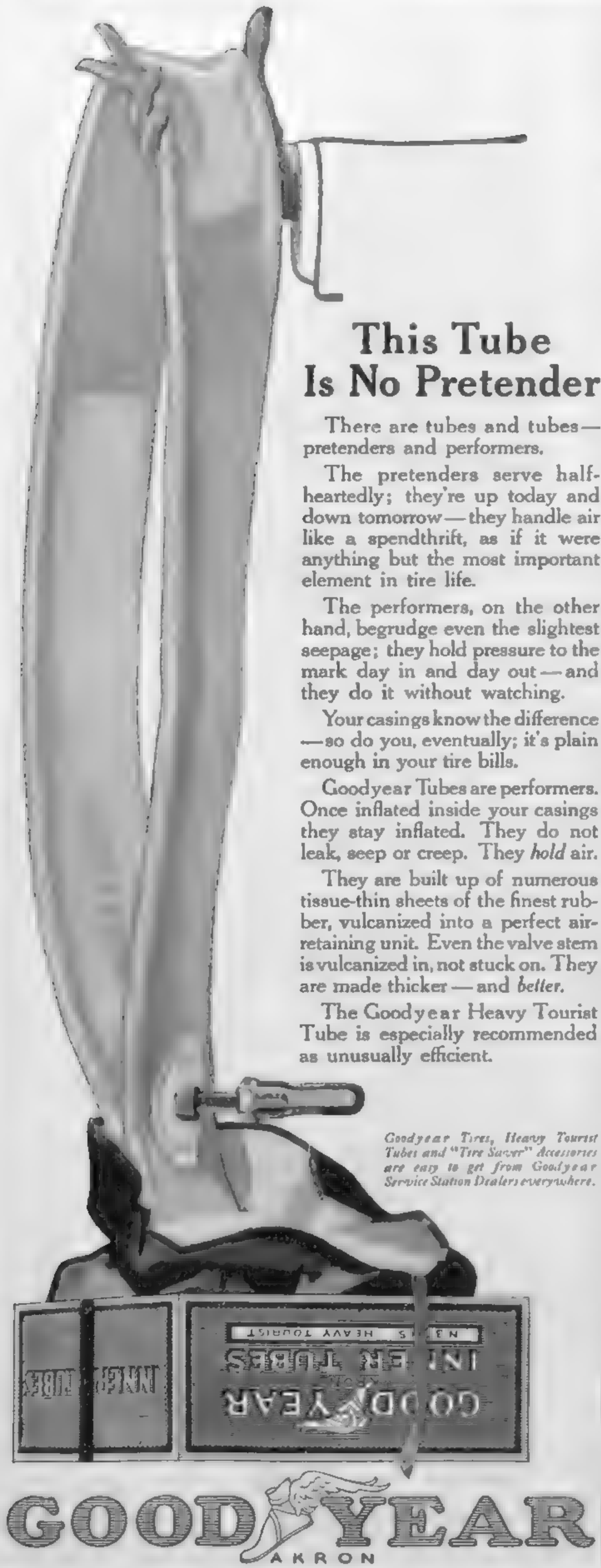

This Tube Is No Pretender

There are tubes and tubes—pretenders and performers.

The pretenders serve half-heartedly; they're up today and down tomorrow—they handle air like a spendthrift, as if it were anything but the most important element in tire life.

The performers, on the other hand, begrudge even the slightest seepage; they hold pressure to the mark day in and day out—and they do it without watching.

Your casings know the difference—so do you, eventually; it's plain enough in your tire bills.

Goodyear Tubes are performers. Once inflated inside your casings they stay inflated. They do not leak, seep or creep. They *hold* air.

They are built up of numerous tissue-thin sheets of the finest rubber, vulcanized into a perfect air-retaining unit. Even the valve stem is vulcanized in, not stuck on. They are made thicker—and *better.*

The Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube is especially recommended as unusually efficient.

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

tennis, golfed occasionally, canoed, and was an average sort of outdoor girl, but her strength was not tremendous. Far removed from the girl of the early Victorian era, she was not the fainting sort, the kind to grow white at sight of blood; neither was she the woman, devoid of nerves, that modern conditions are bringing forth. She was a wholesome girl, but not at all suited to undergo great strain without reaction. She was suffering reaction now.

She had been endowed with more than good looks, more than brain—with insight, with vision. To some, of little faith in man, vision is a curse. But to those of faith, vision is a blessing. It causes them to disregard the present, to realize that all is part of the Great Plan, which has not yet reached fulfillment, but that ever progresses, in accordance with His wish.

To her, of insight and vision, had come the means, she believed, could she but handle them, to advance Time a century—to force the predatory powers to give now what another century would see taken from them. And when she prayed for strength she prayed, not as a weakling, but as one who realized her own physical limitations and wished she had none. For her nerves were shaken, not merely by her scene with Handsome Harry, but by what that scene meant in added dangers and difficulties. It was hard enough to work in the dark, to pit her youthful brain and heart against the craft and animosity of Masterman and his associates. But now that one of the underworld, keen, cunning and unscrupulous, was her avowed enemy and knew of her identity, her course was trebly perilous. Moreover, at any moment Handsome Harry Mack might destroy her effectiveness in any one of a score of ways.

Strength came back to her after a while. Her brain began to itemize the things she might do, the difficulties that would inevitably arise. She realized clearly that she must hide! Even as Grant had been forced to hide, so must she.

Action followed swiftly upon reaction now. If the man who called himself Sir Fitz-Roy Bray one moment and Harry Mack the next had been able to trace her relationship to Grant and her address, so might the emissaries and agents of Masterman. Further, Mack might come back! True, Grant was to telephone to her studio; and Grant would worry if she were not there. But what were the worries of one person, however dear, compared to the consummation of her scheme!

She snatched up a suit case, and then dropped it. If Martin Masterman had been willing to pay Harry Mack a million for the return of the paper, he would be willing to spend great sums in tracing her, if he learned her name. And a woman who carries a suit case is more conspicuous than one who does not. She would leave without baggage, and at once! Exactly where she would go she did not know. That was a question better decided after she was away from her studio. She opened the door and stepped into the hall. A man alighted from the elevator as she closed the door, and approached her. He lifted his hat:

"Miss Rowland? My name is Greenham—Terence Greenham. Mr. Martin Masterman has retained me to look you up in regard to a certain paper."

Even in the dim light of the hall the detective could see that her face grew white, that her bosom heaved. It was going to be very easy. He had the right person too. She gave herself away when he mentioned the paper. Yet the elevator boy, in answer to a bill, had informed him that Miss Rowland—Greenham had worked the same scheme of looking at the letter boxes to learn Kirby's last name—had received a caller not long ago, and the caller's description accorded with that of Handsome Harry Mack. Had Mack come away empty-handed? Or were he and the girl accomplices? Another moment would answer these questions.

The frightened girl turned back to her apartment.

"If you'll come inside ——" Her voice quavered. Greenham smiled. Martin Masterman had spoken of blank checks!

She was opening the door now, and the key rattled as her fingers shook. She drew back and motioned Greenham to precede her. Courtesy and caution both demanded that he should not do so, but Greenham was human, and elated at what promised to be an easy victory. He stepped into the apartment. The door closed upon him with a crash, and, in the hall, Kirby hurled herself upon it, while fingers that trembled no longer turned the key. She turned and raced down the hall. The descending elevator stopped for her, then bore her swiftly to the ground floor.

Upstairs in her apartment Greenham had thrown himself against the door, but it was too strong. He cursed once, then laughed. He rushed to the window, threw it open and leaned out. Schmidt, at the corner, caught his signal. He came swiftly down the street, on the opposite side. As Kirby emerged from the building Greenham signaled once more. Schmidt crossed the street. Kirby had gone but a dozen yards when the Greenham operative touched her arm. She wheeled.

"Don't be in such a hurry, ma'am," said Schmidt. "There's a gentleman back in your apartment that ain't finished talkin' to you, ma'am."

His fingers tightened on her arm. She jerked her arm suddenly, and the fingers bit into her flesh.

"Come quiet, ma'am," Schmidt counseled, "or I'll put somethin' on your wrists that ——"

"By what right?" she gasped. "By what right do you stop me? I'll call for help! I'll ——"

Many of the tradespeople in the vicinity knew her well. Many of the tenants of the shabbier apartments near the Studios had reason to love Kirby Rowland, the lady who took their children on summer excursions, who hunted up jobs for workless husbands, who sent coal and groceries to the poor. Without a warrant these men had no right to detain her. Her friends among these tenements would come to her aid. Yet a rescue would entail questions that must be answered. Her quick wit did not desert her. Also, like every other modest woman, she hated a scene. Already people were staring at her and the man who held her arm.

"Let go of my arm," she said. "And I'll ——"

She did not finish the sentence, for in the midst of it something hard and bony hit Schmidt behind the ear. He dropped Kirby's arm and turned to defend himself from a pair of fists that were like sledge hammers, and that would have dropped at the first punch anyone less hardened to blows than Julius Schmidt, late heavyweight champion of the police department. As it was, the blows staggered the detective; he fell into a clinch; there came the crash of heavy blows against ribs. The two men went down together, the detective on top. The man underneath writhed and hurled Schmidt over; Kirby saw his face—it was Mack!

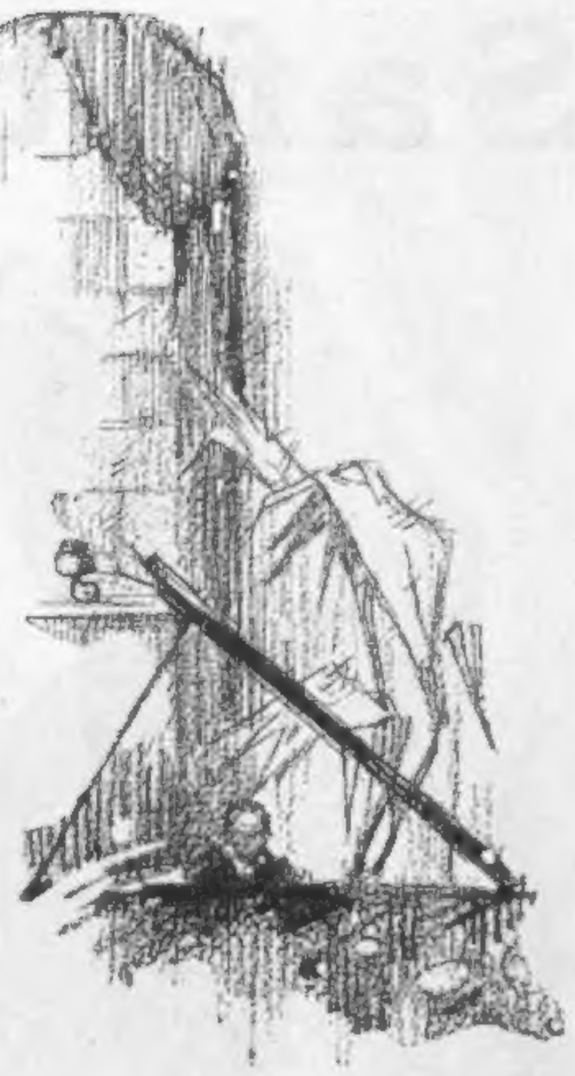
"Beat it, Miss Rowland, beat it! I'll hold the dog till you're gone! Beat it!"

It was no time to ask questions or to offer thanks. She merely obeyed instructions. Through the front door of a tenement, along a hall, out upon a fire escape, through a back yard, upon another fire escape, through another building, and out upon a street! Not for nothing, it now seemed, had she learned the habitations of the poor when on missions of charity.

Back on the street Mack drove his fists into the face of Schmidt, striving to break the detective's bulldog hold, for now that the girl had escaped Mack clamored and fought to be free. Chivalry had not been behind his assault upon Schmidt. Hard common sense had been the incentive, for he realized that if Kirby Rowland were captured she might surrender the paper, and gone would be the dreams of wealth for Handsome Harry Mack. This was his reason for leaping from the saloon where he had been waiting and watching—save for two minutes when he used the telephone—for Kirby Rowland since his quiet departure from the Studios. Better that he himself, Harry Mack, be captured than that the document signed by the millionaires pass back into its signers' possession. But better still if both girl and he went free! Schmidt was on top now. Handsome Harry lifted his knee suddenly. The detective sprawled limp upon the body of the crook! Mack gained his knees, his teeth showing in a snarl. Then suddenly the lips covered the gums and he smiled, for he found himself looking into a gun held by Terence Greenham. The door of Kirby's apartment had given way before a chair wielded by the detective. Still smiling, for it was part of his code to smile at defeat, Handsome Harry rose to his feet, brushing the knees of his trousers sedulously.

"Well, now you've got me, what you going to do?" he asked coolly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Musical History made at the Biltmore . . .

NEW YORK, October 9th: Seldom has a New York audience been stirred as was the selected roomful of musicians and critics at the private recital by Leopold Godowsky in the music room of the Biltmore Hotel on Sunday afternoon, October 8th.

Godowsky entered the crowded room amid a wave of applause and crossed the heavily carpeted platform to the big concert grand. The audience—the élite of New York's music world—settled back expectant. The whispering hum of conversation gave place to a tense silence as Godowsky seated himself at the piano.

Then there came reverberating under his master touch, the marvelous strains of Chopin's Ballade in A flat. At its conclusion the artist bowed his acknowledgment to the applause which subsided only when he left the stage and took his seat with the audience.

Again the audience settled back in their chairs. The brilliant lights of the giant crystal chandelier were dimmed until a soft glow suffused the room.

Then came the dramatic moment of the day—the first delicate melodies of Chopin's Ballade again reached the audience. In the dim light all eyes focused on the piano—in fancy they saw the magic fingers of the master striking the keys.

But no! They had seen Godowsky leave the platform—even now he sat there with them in the first row of chairs, while the melody of music came forth from the piano without human aid.

The Ampico Reproducing Piano had played Godowsky's encore—every cadence ringing true and clear in masterful and perfect reproduction of the playing heard but a moment before from the hands of the great master.

At the close of the piece there was a tremendous outburst of applause that outdid even the ovation accorded the flesh-and-blood Godowsky. The brilliant audience, their amazement turned to admiration, realized that they were present at the first public demonstration of the ultimate Reproducing Piano.

Again Godowsky appeared before the piano, seemingly as pleased as the audience at the wonderful demonstration just experienced. He now played the Liszt "Etude de Concert" and the difficult "C Sharp Minor Scherzo" of Chopin's, after which the audience instinctively turned to the Ampico. Without the slightest hesitancy the Ampico responded, playing both records so true to the artist's own interpretation as to seem almost uncanny.

After the recital many lingered to discuss this remarkable joint-concert. The unanimous opinion was that, aside from the convincing demonstration, the fact that an artist of Godowsky's eminence was willing to let his art be contrasted with that of science, branded the Ampico the genuine "last word" in Reproducing Pianos.

The Ampico is equally remarkable in that the personality of the artist may be immediately and entirely eliminated. Reversing the Automatic Expression lever, the operator may by means of the sensitive dynamic controls impart his own interpretation according to his mood of the moment. He may enjoy the entire gamut of musical composition from the world's classics to the popular modern song.

The Ampico may be had in the world's oldest and best pianos: the Chickering (established 1823), Haines Bros. (1853), Marshall & Wendell (1836), and the celebrated Knabe (1837). A handsome illustrated catalogue will be sent free on request.

THE AMERICAN PIANO CO., 437 Fifth Ave., New York

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Biltmore
Oct 8th

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The one thing above all others that is truly Maccabeean in the story of The Maccabees is how the Order grew strong by grappling with error.

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The members resolved to reconstruct their system of insurance protection upon a sound and scientific basis, no matter what the cost might be.

They paid the price for their courage in the loss of membership that ensued.

But out of this apparent loss came a permanent and enduring strength.

The spirit and character of Maccabeeism were purified as by fire.

Immediately the Order began to register a solid, steady growth which has gone on uninterruptedly ever since, as evidenced by the increase in its assets from about $4,000,000 to $21,000,000.

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It means mercy, and tenderness, and conscientious *care of the young, the weak, the old, and the helpless.*

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It has more than 300,000 members belonging to 5,600 lodges—tents—in the United States and Canada.

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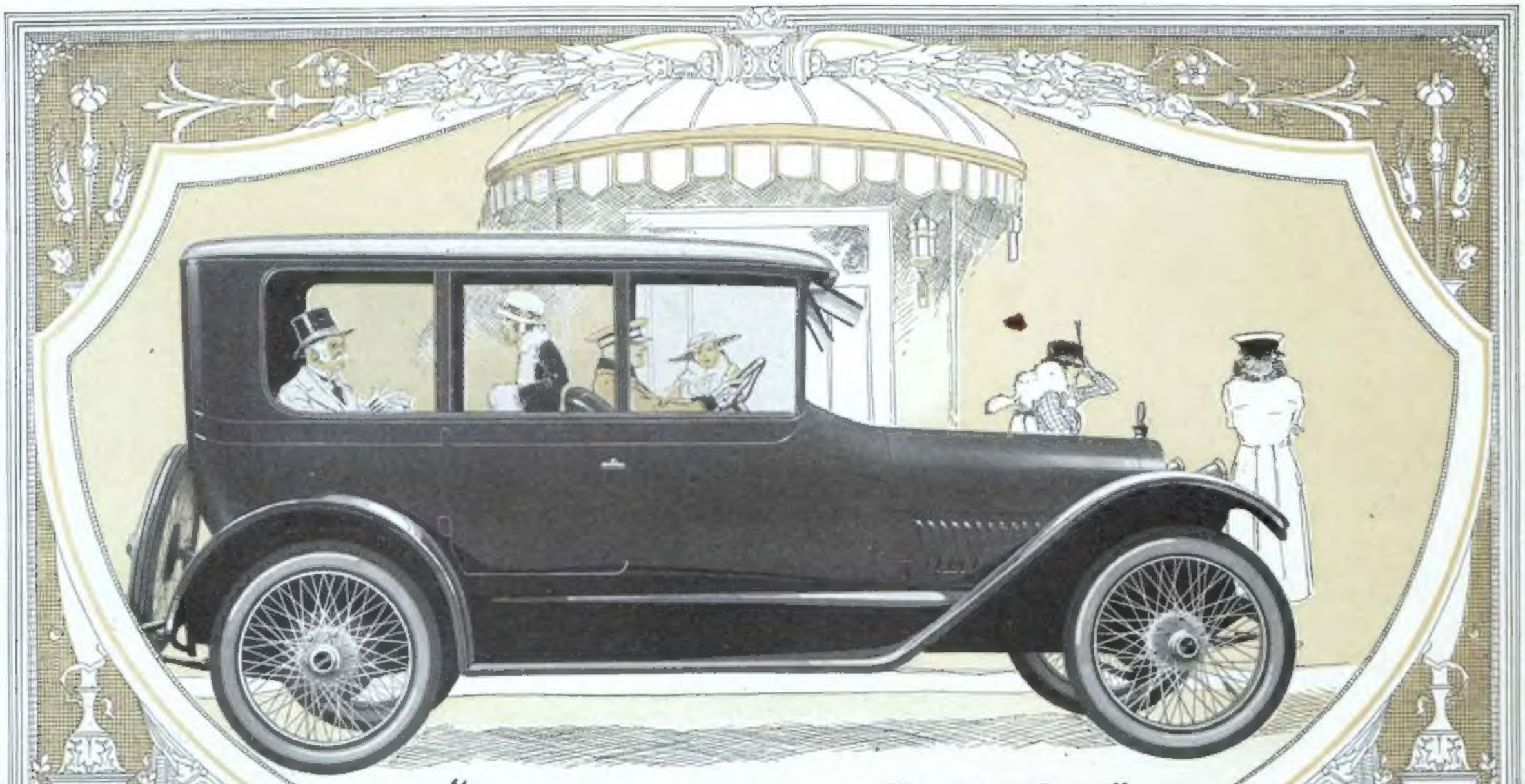

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"America's Greatest 'Light Twelve'"

For thirty-two months demand has exceeded supply
—order now to insure prompt delivery

Why has the demand for the Haynes "Light Six" *grown and grown* every day for *thirty-two solid months?* Why has that demand constantly *kept ahead* of Haynes production?

Why have our factories run continuously, *night* and *day*—and still been behind the demand? Why have we had to *double* and *re-double* our facilities—and still have been unable to catch up with demand?

The answer is in the Haynes itself—the car that more than satisfies the demand for a big, roomy, handsome automobile, with top-notch power, speed and stamina—all this with unusually *low up-keep cost.*

You want good looks in a car—and the Haynes will delight you in that respect. But you also want to know that you are getting a motor and mechanical construction which will stand up to its work and outperform higher-priced cars year in and year out. The Haynes "Light Six" has given thirty-two months of proof—and that is why the excess of demand over production continues today.

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Congoleum Art-Rugs possess qualities that appeal strongly to discriminating housewives. They have great beauty both of design and coloring. Their rich patterns harmonize with any decorative scheme. They are washable and sanitary. To keep them clean you simply go over them with a damp mop. You don't have to beat or sweep Congoleum Rugs. Therefore there is no unhealthy dust.

"A damp mop keeps them clean —it's wonderful not to have any dusty sweeping or beating"

This is Congoleum Utility-Rug No. 92. The 6 x 9 ft. size costs only $3.90.

No Fastening Required

And they lie flat without fastening. No kicking up or curling at the edges. They actually "hug the floor."

Low Prices

Consider the following prices, cheap for any rug and particularly low for rugs possessing such unique advantages.

Congoleum Art-Rugs are made in a variety of patterns and two sizes as follows:

9 x 10½ feet, $10.00 each 9 x 12 feet, $11.00 each

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Our line of Congoleum Utility-Rugs also offers wonderful possibilities for careful buyers. They are even lower in price than Congoleum Art-Rugs. There is a wide range of patterns and sizes so that you can find a rug suitable for every room in your home where a *low-priced* rug is required. Beautiful in design. Washable and sanitary. Lie flat without fastening.

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